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GENTLEMEN ERRANT

INTRODUCTION

IN the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Europe was still her own chief school and training-ground. The Voyagers, a great and gallant company, were already opening both the new gates of the West and the ancient gates of the East to the desire and need of man; and their labours and perils were to bring to later generations, if not the Golden Age and Golden World of their dreams, at the least a spacious earth and a limitless horizon. But, in the days of the Renaissance, the small old continent of Europe still bound the skies of the most of her children. It was by dwelling in Europe's courts, by fighting in Europe's quarrels and by praying before Europe's shrines, that the Complete Gentleman of every nation left 'shapeless idleness' and graduated in the arts of life. Thus he perfected his chivalry and thus he practised his religion; thus, if poor, he earned his livelihood and thus, if rich, he spent his patrimony; and, if of high estate, he furthered thus either his master's business or his own. In this way, too, he won strange and chequered wisdom, and in this way he not seldom lost such scanty book-learning as he might chance to possess. It is probable, however, that the knowledge of men and things which he thus arduously

achieved was of more value to him in his uneasy career than the reading of many books. Of all men, says Coryat (and for once he is both eloquent and wise), he may be most fitly promoted to the glorious honours of public affairs who, 'having before travelled much and long with Ulysses, hath seene the divers manners and rites and the beautiful cities of many people.'

This, then, is the fashion in which the four noblemen of these chronicles learned their lesson of living; and this lesson it is—quick with the tumult and colour of the time—that renders their exploits worth the remembrance. Their annals are chiefly occupied, it is true, with individual experiences, and are by no means concerned either with the policies and intricacies of the many courts which their heroes visit, or with the splendour of thought and art and discovery that is wakening at their sides. But the researches of these heroes are so various and so far-flung, their adventures so characteristic and so gay, that they cannot fail to give a vivid picture of their time and setting.

For, with untiring industry and unquenchable hope, these Gentlemen Errant seek the ways and suffer the whims of a world of nations. Their Odysseys reach from Salisbury to Cracow and from Portugal to Denmark. They traverse the humming plains of Burgundy and Flanders, the leafy parks of England, the mellow gardens of France. They wander on the desolate Spanish uplands and in the fruit-filled Spanish valleys. They tread the lovely streets and lawless highways of Italy. They lodge in the squalid sties of Poland and camp on the dreary battlefields of the Low Countries. In the great Germanic Empire they are at home: they possess her stretching forests

and her strong grey castles, and in her high-walled, rich-stored cities they hold their courts.

Many, too, are the famous figures that appear in this pageant of years; for the period which the annals cover is one of the most important in European history. Within this century and a half happen the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation; the distribution of the printing-press, the revelations of Copernicus and the discovery of America; the growth, the triumph and the disintegration of the Holy Roman Empire; the evolution of England from the brilliant adolescence of the Plantagenets to the splendid maturity of the Tudors; the transformation of France from the formless impotence of half-dead feudalism to the ordered might of an absolute sovereignty; the conversion of Spain from a land of chaos to a land in bondage to the uttermost letter of law and orthodoxy; the abasement of Italy through the indignity of her politics and the exaltation of Italy through the supremacy of her art. And though these chronicles are but scattered pebbles on a crowded shore, though their heroes pass strenuous lives in almost perfect ignorance of the vast movements that are surging round them, yet even the meanest has not remained untouched by the mighty tide. The readers of history know more than the makers of history, and many a detail—insignificant to him who wrote it, though faithfully recorded—has for the student of to-day its appointed corner in that great temple of the past which each one must, in a sense, build for himself.

Of my own part in this book not much need be said. It has seemed to me that the early memorial literature of Middle Europe is not so familiar to

ordinary English readers as it might be; since, if in this respect Germany and Austria cannot rival the wealth of France, or even of England and Italy, they yet possess many chronicles of life and of travel of far more than merely patriotic interest. The Gentlemen of Germany, wrote the Gentleman of Provence¹—himself a diligent scrutiniser of men and marvels—‘are voyaging folk, searching out strange things no less and perhaps more than any people upon earth.’ And, although in the sixteenth century Sebastian Franck could still lament that there was scarce another nation so uninstructed as Germany in its own achievements,² the records of these inquiring spirits are neither so few nor so faulty as he and even later writers supposed. I have therefore chosen from among such of the less well-known chronicles as I chance to be acquainted with, four which appear to deserve a wider welcome than as yet they have found;³ and have endeavoured, by suppressing or compressing their more ‘prolixious and Teutonic’ divagations, to render them agreeable reading. Limits of space have forbidden the inclusion of much excellent material both in the selected and in the rejected annals, and the task has not been accomplished without much heart-searching and regret. My guiding-star through the difficulty is shown by the title under which the four histories are grouped. For I have followed the fortunes of

¹ Antoine de la Sale, in *La Salade*.

² ‘There is scarce any nation that knows so little of itself as the German. . . . Not that they, so innumerable a people, have not done and spoken much worthy of record . . . but that none have set down their speeches and deeds.’ Other nations have written great books about themselves: ‘only the warlike Germans remain soldiers and simple landsknechts, caring not for fame, leaving art, language, knowledge, wise words and deeds to others.’ (*Vorrede zur Germania*.)

³ See Illustrative Notes, 1.

those pilgrims of adventure whose vagabond businesses and pleasures promised the most lively and comprehensive panorama of the backgrounds of the Renaissance and the Reformation.¹

This, with the fact that in their dates they succeed one another more or less closely, is the thread that binds the papers together; and this, coupled to a desire that the epoch should be seen so far as possible through the eyes of its own children, must be my excuse for the array of quotation-marks and footnotes that disfigure their pages. The notes lay no claim to completeness or to being other than the chance gleanings of a very haphazard harvester. A due reaping of the wide and fruitful fields from which they have been gathered would be a serious labour, not, in the pleasant phrase of Sir Thomas Browne, 'to be performed on one legg.'

I am tempted, indeed, to shelter my faults both of knowledge and of skill behind the admirable defences of two masters of their craft. With Professor W. P. Ker² I would venture to write: 'Many serious difficulties have been evaded . . . and many things have been taken for granted, too easily. My apology must be that there seemed to be certain results available for criticism, apart from the more strict and scientific procedure which is required to solve the more difficult problems. . . . It is hoped that something may be gained by a less minute and exacting consideration of the whole field, and by an attempt to bring the more distant and dissociated parts of the subject

¹ I have also been of necessity influenced by the difficulty in some cases of procuring the originals. Thus it took two years to obtain even a second-hand copy of the one edition—itself some fifty years old, and most scantily equipped with notes and elucidations—of the biography of Wilwolt von Schaumburg; while of the elder Eyb's *Annals* it has proved impossible to procure a copy at all.

² In his Preface to *Epic and Romance* (1896; new edition, 1908).

into relation with one another in one view.' And with M. Anatole France¹ I would explain: 'J'ai beaucoup accordé, j'ai peut-être trop accordé au désir de faire vivre le lecteur au milieu des choses parmi les hommes du XV^e siècle. . . . Ce n'est pas par affectation de style ni par goût artiste que j'ai gardé le plus que j'ai pu le ton de l'époque et préféré les formes archaïques de la langue toutes les fois que j'ai cru qu'elles seraient intelligibles; c'est parce qu'on change les idées en changeant les mots et qu'on ne peut substituer aux termes anciens des termes modernes sans altérer les sentiments ou les caractères.' The diversity of my sources has, however, made vain any hope of preserving even a semblance of that unity of style which M. Anatole France so brilliantly advocates and achieves; while the development of the art of biography during the century and a half which the four chronicles cover renders it probable that to many readers of to-day the book will prove more entertaining at the end than at the beginning.

My chief helpers have been my husband and the many volumes whose names appear in the notes or in the list of authorities consulted. But I also wish to thank very warmly Professor W. P. Ker and Mr. Charles Whibley for much encouragement and advice; Mr. W. M. Macdonald and Mr. O. H. Prior for reading portions of the MS. and the proof-sheets; Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte for practical (if unavailing) assistance in my efforts to trace the passage through England of Rozmital and Schaumburg; and Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, Mr. Lionel Cust, Mr. H. Mayhew, Miss N. Carter, Miss Margaret Clifford, Miss F. Beales, with many

¹ In his Introduction to *l'ie de Jeanne d'Arc* (1908).

officials of the British Museum and London Library, for various acts of kindness and help. My debt is even greater to H. E. Count Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, to Prince Lobkowitz, Land Marschall of Bohemia, to the Officials of the Imperial Royal Archives and Imperial Family Library at Vienna, and, not least, to Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum, for the generous and patient manner in which, by their influence and knowledge, they have sought to further my search (in the main unhappily fruitless¹) for portraits, whether of those who lived or of those who wrote these Odysseys of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

For—to make an end—Odysseys they are, these chronicles: though it may seem an arrogance to borrow the incomparable mantle of Ulysses for wanderers of so small weight in the world as are their heroes of a day. But it is the spirit, not the achievement, that makes the disciple, and, for all their insignificance, these errant and often erring gentlemen strut their little hours with a will. They have seen and known much: cities of men and manners, courts and the ways of kings. They have tossed in ships and made the long roads their home. They have loved in haste and married at leisure, and on the ringing plains of Europe they have drunk delight. And, search as I may, I find no other word than Odyssey to express the tangle of travel, battle, love, penury and adventure that knits and knots their lives.

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 2.

Anno Dom.	Holy Roman Emperors (Germany).	Kings of England	Kings of France.	Castile. Kings of Spain.	Aragon. Kings of Portugal.
1460	FREDERICK III. and Eleonore of Portugal	HENRY VI. EDWARD IV <i>m. Elizabeth</i> Woodville	CHARLES VII LOUIS XI. and Charlotte of Savoy	HENRY IV. JOHN II and Juana of Portugal and Juana Henriquez	ALFONSO V.
1470				ISABELLA and Ferdinand	<i>m. Juana of</i> Castile, 'the Beltraneja'
1480		EDWARD V. RICHARD III. HENRY VII. <i>m. Elizabeth</i> of York	CHARLES VIII.	FERDINAND II and Isabella	JOHN II. 'the Perfect'
1490	MAXIMILIAN I. <i>m. Bianca</i> Maria Sforza		<i>m. Anne of</i> Brittany		EMMANUEL 'the Fortunate' <i>m. Isabella of</i> Castile
1500			LOUIS XII. <i>m. A. of Brittany</i>	JUANA 'la Loca' and Philip I.	<i>m. Maria of</i> Castile
1510		HENRY VIII. <i>m. Catherine</i> of Aragon	<i>m. Mary Tudor</i> FRANCIS I. and Claude of France	CHARLES I. later Emperor Charles V.	<i>m. Eleonore</i> of Austria
1520	CHARLES V. crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle		<i>m. Eleonore of</i> Austria, Queen of Portugal		JOHN III.
1530	<i>m. Isabella of</i> Portugal crowned at Bologna	<i>m. Anne</i> Boleyn			
1540		<i>m. Anne of</i> Cleves			
1550		EDWARD VI.	HENRY II.		
		MARY, <i>m. Philip</i> of Spain		PHILIP II.	
1560	FERDINAND I.	ELIZABETH	FRANCIS II. CHARLES IX.		SEBASTIAN
	MAXIMILIAN II				
1570			HENRY III.		
1580	RUDOLPH II.				HENRY the Card. United to Spain
1592					

Kings of Bohemia.	Dukes of Bur- gundy. Regents of Netherlands.	LEADING EVENTS (Taking of Constantinople, 1453).
GEORGE of Podebrad and Joanna of Rozmital	PHILIP 'the Good' and Isabella of Portugal CHARLES THE BOLD m. Marg. of York	Pius II. : Pope. Matthias Corvinus : King of Hungary. Paul II. : Pope. War of Public Weal. Rozmital's Journey. Frederick III. and Schaumburg in Italy.
LADISLAS II.	MARY, m. Maxi- milian PHILIP 'the Handsome' *A. of Ravenstein Eng of Nassau Alb. of Saxony PHILIP assumes government Margaret of Austria	Sixtus IV. : Pope. Albert Achilles : Elect. of Brandenburg. Conference at Treves. Siege of Neuss. Battles of Granson, Morat, Nancy. Mary of Burgundy d. Palsgrave Frederick b. Innocent VIII. : Pope. Bartholomew Diaz rounds C. of Good Hope Swabian League founded. Maximilian at Bruges. Sieges of Sluys and Granada. Discovery of America. Alexander VI. : Pope. Siege of Arras. Battle of Fornovo. Great Diet of Worms. Conquest of Friesland Louis XII. conquers Milan. Philip and Palsgrave Frederick in Spain. Bavarian War of Succession. Julius II. : Pope. League of Cambray. Break-up of League of Cambray.
LOUIS I. (Ludwig Ohne-Haut) and Mary of Austria		Henry VIII. and Maximilian in Netherlands. Leo X. : Pope. Battle of Marignano. Charles goes to Spain.
FERDINAND I. and Anna of Hungary	Mary, Queen of Hungary	Charles in England : May. Field of Cloth of Gold : June. Diet of Worms : Luther. The Knights' War. Peasants' War. Clement VII. : Pope. Battles of Pavia and Mohacz. Sack of Rome.
FERDINAND I. and Anna of Hungary	Mary, Queen of Hungary	Siege of Vienna. Diet and Confession of Augsburg. Repulse of Turks. Expedition of Tunis. Paul III. : Pope. Truce of Nice between Francis and Charles. Suppression of Monasteries in England. Palsgrave becomes Elector Palatine Frederick II. The Schmalkaldic War. Battle of Mülberg. Sigismund II. : King of Poland. Siege of Metz. Hans v. Schweinichen b. Abdication of Charles V. Elector Palatine Frederick II. d. Capture of Calais.
MAXIMILIAN II.	Emmanuel of Savoy Marg. of Parma	Death of Gustavus Vasa, K. of Sweden. Religious Wars in France begin.
	Ferd. of Alva	Inquisition in Netherlands. Soleiman II. d. Insurrection in Netherlands. 'Council of Blood.'
RUDOLPH II.	L. de Requesens Don John of Austria William I. of Orange	Battle of Lepanto. Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Anjou : King of Poland. Conde invades France. Sack of Antwerp. Drake's Voyage round the World. Deposition of Heinrich XI. of Liegnitz.

GENTLEMEN ERRANT

THE BOHEMIAN ULYSSES

INTRODUCTORY

Of the twin narratives that preserve the journeyings of the Bohemian baron, Lev of Rozmítal, through the kingdoms of Western Europe, the first—a ‘brief and jocund commentary’—was written in his native tongue by one Schaschek of Mezihortz, a Bohemian gentleman of family. The original record has disappeared, but a Latin translation, accomplished by Stanislas Pawłowski, Canon of Olmütz, and published a century later, supplies this loss. The title under which the diary is presented to the world swells with a pompous dignity eminently proper alike to its lofty extraction and its distinguished purpose. ‘*Commentarius brevis et jucundus itineris atque peregrinationis pietatis et religionis causa susceptæ ab Illustri et Magnifico Domino, Domino Leone libero Barone de Rosmítal et Blatna, Johannæ Reginae Bohemiæ fratre germano, Proavo illustris et Magnifici Domini Zdenco Leonis liberi Baronis de Rosmítal et Blatna, nunc supremi Marchionatus Moraviæ Capitanei. Ante centum annos Bohemice conscriptus, et nunc primum in latinam linguam translatus et editus. Ex condensu Reverendissimi Domini, Domini Joannis Olomucensis Episcopi Anno Domini MDLXXVII.*’ So runs the high-sounding legend. It must be admitted, however, that the manner of the contents scarcely fulfils the

promise of their title-page. For the style is rugged, with no semblance of literary effort or grace; and it is but the ever-varying interest of its theme that enables the reader, faint but pursuing, to reach the end.

The second of the two chroniclers was one Gabriel Tetzl, who came of an old and 'Council-eligible' family of Nuremberg. This record, composed almost certainly from memory after his return from the expedition, is written in the unpolished German of his day and province; and, like its companion, lays no great claim to the allurements of a literary style. But Gabriel is fortunately possessed of an untiring love for both the curious and the commonplace, and it is from him that we gather the most of those lesser observations—'details of superfluitie and deliciousnes'—that help so well to adorn the picture of any period. Moreover, his affluent pen reproduces so many of the strange fantastical legends that haunt the pathway of travellers, that at times he becomes a poet despite himself.

Indeed, in their love for legend and miracle both Schaschek and Tetzl are irrepressible, and the astonishing abundance of incomparable relics with impossible origins and properties that everywhere meet their gaze would almost engender a belief—if not in metempsychosis—at least in the miraculous multiplication after death of sainted appurtenances and limbs. But in this the scribes are the true sons of their day. In no epoch has the human spirit sought out the marvellous and the symbolical more unremittingly than in the Middle Ages. Real life was then so difficult and so painful, protectors so few and persecutors so many, that the smaller people of the world were driven for consolation to visionary joys and imaginary succours. In the comfortable enchantment of fantasy and myth, or the scarcely more tangible benefits of miraculous intervention, they sought amends for the dangers and distresses of existence; and

neither angels nor devils, saints nor sorcerers, miracles nor prodigies came without welcome to their receptive minds. Nor was the Church backward in supporting their strangest superstitions, since many a pagan fable and romantic legend flourished under her hospitable roof, while the wonder-working habits and histories of her myriads of relics were among the strongest weapons in her armoury.

And, although the Middle Ages were already passing away, superstition was not dying with them. For the fifteenth century—less creative, perhaps, but no less credulous than its predecessors—had not only inherited this characteristic in all its fullness but was to hand it on to succeeding generations with undiminished force. Indeed, a fresh and powerful impetus had newly been given to the marvel-mongers of Europe by the enterprise of Prince Henry of Portugal; and that ‘curiosity of far-off things’ that had once welcomed the Eastern mysteries of a Marco Polo, and even of a Mandeville, was now eagerly drinking in rumours of the yet stranger wonders of the West.

The credulity, therefore, of Schaschek and Tetzels, though fatal perhaps to their reputation as genuine historians, reflects no special discredit on their trustworthiness as painters of an epoch: indeed, it only adds both to the truth and to the charm of the picture. It is true, however, that it not infrequently leads them into the unforgivable sin of the wandering chronicler. For, so passionate is their absorption in the less admirable manifestations of their religion, that at times they wholly confine their account of some town or province to a detailed and tedious enumeration of its relics and sanctities. In fact, if guided solely by these historians and by the measure of attention which they mete out to the various sights of each city, you would suppose that the journey had no other goal than the adoration of a toe of St. Thomas at Canterbury or of a tooth of Sant’ Iago in Spain. Nor, by the way, is it altogether certain that this view of the matter is incorrect, since

it must be admitted that the ascription of political motives to the adventure is based upon conjecture and probability alone.

One other characteristic of the Bohemian chroniclers (and a very vexatious one) is their perfect disregard for correctness of nomenclature. The names which they severally ascribe both to the persons and to the places that they visit are often remarkable both for their ingenuity and for their diversity, and the two are seldom in entire agreement even as to the route by which the ambassador and his company proceeded on their way. Schäscheke's version is without doubt the more correct of the two, being evidently the official report of the expedition, drawn up on the spot and for the use of his master. His errors are, at all events, not owing to carelessness, as he has laboriously transcribed the names of countless villages of no possible interest or importance, together with the distances and documents of each smallest stage of the journey. It is infinitely to be regretted that the map to which he occasionally refers—this and that town being sometimes spelt otherwise *in mappâ*—is no longer forthcoming.

'But, howsoever, strange and admirable.' For, when all is said, the joint labours of these pilgrims of adventure have achieved a many-coloured and many-figured tapestry of Europe in the fifteenth century; and the most of her great sovereigns and cities pass as in a track of dreams before our eyes. From country to country and from court to court the gay procession goes: wondering, worshipping, tilting, dancing; fighting when there is need and feasting when there is opportunity. And on every page appear the 'knightly courtly and saintly' exploits, the pomps and prides and pieties, that adorned the life and occupied the mind of a person of quality in the shining days of the Renaissance.

Something, indeed, of the baseless fabric of dreams these diaries betray; something of their indistinctness,

something of their incompleteness, something of their improbability ; but something too of their tantalising and ever-changing charm. They are the issue, it is true, not of shaping fantasies but of the plain and often painful ways of daily life ; and they are not chiselled by cunning or delicate hands. Yet they are the true stuff that dreams are made of, and along with them we move in a pleasant region of sumptuous kings and proud princesses ; of knights and saints and dwarfs and pirates ; of jewelled swords and jocund singers ; of perilous seas and imperishable sanctities ; of skiey towers and solemn temples ; of secret forests, sudden dragons and scented mountain paths ; of high hills citted to the top and rich sea-palaces shining with silver and alabaster and pearl. Their earth, though curiously mingled with the roaring, ruffling, rushing earth of Villon and of Commynes, is still the gracious earth of the Golden Legend and the Roman de la Rose, an earth gay with poetry and pageantry, with 'antique fables and fairy toys,' with the love of God and the passions of men. It is an earth that but yesterday sheltered St. Francis and his little sisters the birds ; St. Elizabeth and her lap full of roses ; St. Brandon and his trees thick with fallen angels making a delectable noise ; St. Joan with her holy feet and her burning sword. The devious Louis XI. may be hypnotising France, and every country may be tangled and mangled by civil war ; but the lovely Melusine still cries from her enchanted towers, and Theodoric and his knights still haunt the falling castle of Verona.

Nor is this all, for the chronicles have also their prosaic but no less valuable side, and each new chapter of the pilgrimage has its own background of ancient peoples, of ancient manners and customs, and of the wide strange landscapes lying in the twilight of a morning world.

THE BOHEMIAN ULYSSES

‘Heureux qui comme Ulysse a fait un bon voyage.’

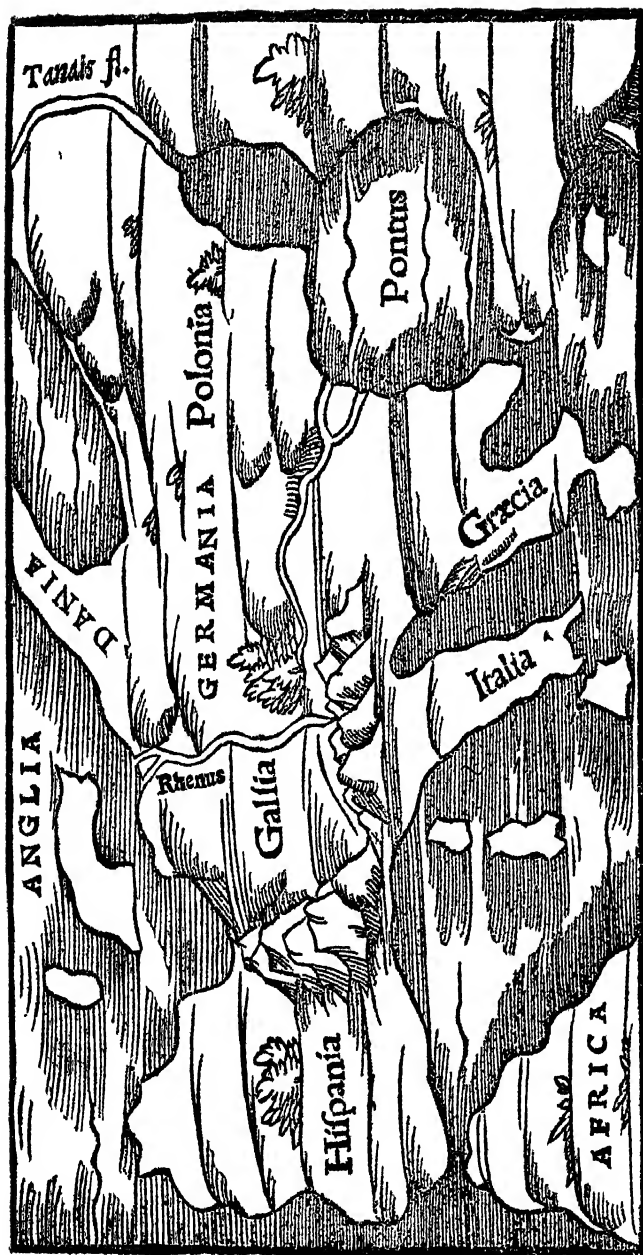
JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

I

IN the year of our salvation 1465, Lev Lord of Rozmítal and Blatna set forth—*peregrinus et alter Ulysses*, as Balbin names him—to search out the western corners of Europe.

In his own country of Bohemia he was already a figure of considerable eminence. Noble and of ancient race, he was from boyhood deeply immersed in that inextricable tumult of party passions which, for the thirty middle years of the fifteenth century, tore and entangled the kingdoms of Bohemia, of Hungary and of Poland. Nor had the marriage of his sister Joanna to George of Podebrad, the first ‘reformed’ king of the Bohemians, lessened his responsibilities.

Fifteenth-century Bohemia was, indeed, a very whirlpool of conflicting tides—a witches’ sabbath, wherein religion and rebellion, piety and politics, dogma and doubt and death, were rioting together. ‘In our age,’ wrote Æneas Sylvius, ‘much that is singular has happened there. Battles innumerable have taken place. Blood has been poured forth like water. Cities have been levelled with the ground. Religion has been despised and trodden under foot.’ Emperors and kings had not availed to quench the climbing fires of heresy. And if from the ashes of a Huss or a Hieronymus the flame of reform leaped clear,



EUROPE.

From a woodcut illustrating the 'Historia de Europa' of Æneas Sylvius, ed. of 1571.

this owed no meagre measure of its brilliancy to the world of smoke and ruin that was its background.

Yet, through all the murk of Papalism and of Utraquism—above the ignorant obstinacies of Imperialists or of Nationalists, of Calixtines or of the dwellers on Mount Tabor—certain strong and sturdy figures emerge. And foremost amongst these are George of Podebrad and his brother-in-law, the Lord Lev of Rozmítal and Blatna.

These two men belonged alike to that fierce and arrogant nobility which for centuries had ruled and wrestled in the unhappy land. Their families had long been rivals in an unceasing struggle for political ascendancy and themselves had started life in opposing camps. George was a hot Hussite, Lev a convinced Catholic ; and, after the accession of Ladislav Postumus, both aspired to control the baby King. In 1450, however, Podebrad, by a master-stroke of policy, allied himself to a daughter of the house of Rozmítal, and thus secured the adherence, not only of her kinsmen, but also of the bulk of the Catholic nobility. In the same year he was unanimously chosen to be regent during the minority of the sovereign, and on the tragic death of Ladislav, in 1458, he was elected king.

Lev had thrown in his lot unreservedly with his new-made brother-in-law, and now supported him to the utmost in the furtherance of the various schemes and reforms with which he strove to stay confusion and to win the respect of Europe. The Emperor was on their side. This, however, signified but little, seeing that Frederick III. ever required rather than bestowed assistance. On the other hand stood the Papacy,¹ bitterly and unrelentingly hostile. Still, therefore, the country was racked by dissension and worn by war. Envoys and legates fled fruitlessly hither and thither, to and fro ; diplomacy was wholly discomfited. Finally, in 1465, the crisis came, and

¹ Pius II. was, till his death in 1464, an eager enemy of Podebrad, and his policy was continued by Paul II.

King George was threatened with excommunication should he not repent within the narrow term of eighty days. And the flame of revolt flared fiercer than ever.

Thus were things in Bohemia when Lev of Rozmítal, at the age of forty, set forth on his 'grand excursion throughout the world'; and, since the support of the greater powers was now a matter of living importance to Podebrad, it may be surmised that the pilgrimage had a political rather than a pious intent. No mention, however, is made in the chronicles of matters of state or of diplomacy, Lev's aim, as revealed by his scribes, being merely 'to visit all Christian kingdoms and principalities, both spiritual and of this world, in German and in foreign lands; and especially would he to the Holy Grave and to the dear lord St. James.'

Nor, indeed, was this last excuse an inadequate one for even the most pompous peregrination. It was, as has been said, an age of strange fears and sudden terrors. Poison, pestilence and Paynim were knocking ever at the gates, and the peoples of Europe, stirred by hasty piety, had acquired a constant and contagious passion for pilgrimage.¹ The 'Sacred Places' that were before many years to arouse the wrath of Erasmus became an irresistible magnet to countless thousands. 'Thither, over wide spaces of sea and land, run aged bishops, leaving their flocks untended; thither speed persons of quality, forsaking their families and their estates; thither hasten husbands who should be guarding the conduct of their children and of their wives; thither travel young men and maidens, imperilling their morals and their modesty. Many make the journey again and again, achieving naught else their whole lives long.'² Moreover, of all the famous roads to holiness, the well-worn way to the great mountain

¹ '*Cornelius*: What? have you been seized with the same disease? has the contagion reached you too? *Arnold*: I have visited Rome and Compostella.' (Erasmus, Colloquy on *Rash Vows*.)

² Erasmus, Defence of Colloquy on *Rash Vows*.

shrine of Sant' Iago di Compostella was perhaps the favourite. Invented by the Spaniards as a counterpart to that glorious Jerusalem which, owing to the presence upon their peninsula of infidel invaders, they were themselves forbidden to visit, the site had quickly acquired a renown of singular sanctity. From all parts of Europe—from England¹ as from the most eastern limits of Prussia—the roads to this holy spot were ceaselessly thronged. A race of wanderers (Jacobsbrüder) had even been called by its name and a library of guide-books for the pilgrimage composed; while its peculiar patron St. James—‘the son of thunder,’ ‘Christ’s learning knight’—was held up to admiration by the blessed lady of Dante as that ‘baron’² for whom all the world was then visiting the far-off savage country of Galicia.

In any case, whatever the motives of the mission, Lev started with safe-conducts and letters of commendation both from the Emperor and from his own sister, the Bohemian Queen; and whithersoever he went he was treated with the honour (or dishonour) usually accorded to ambassadors and envoys of the highest political importance. Whithersoever he went, a free passage was granted to himself, his company and his encumbrances: to his budgets, bags and bundles, arms and habiliments of war, horses and harnesses, deeds and documents, gold and silver, carriages and coffers, jousting equipages and riding furnitures.³ Whithersoever he went, also, whether by day or by night, by sea, land or sweet waters, he was to be

¹ When William Wey made his pilgrimage to Sant' Iago in 1456, he saw in the harbour of Corunna no less than eighty pilgrim vessels ‘cum topcastellis’ and four ‘sine topcastellis,’ thirty-two of these being English.

² Froissart also speaks of ‘the baron St. James’ of Compostella.

³ ‘Equis, valisiis, bulgiis, fardellis, armis, habilimentis guerræ, harnesiis, litteris, auro, argento, carriagiis, capsis, jocalibus, vecturis, et aliis rebus.’ This was the customary form. Many passports are still more elaborate and include such details as ‘bogeis, bagis, stuffuris, cistis, pixidibus, papiris, munimentis, instrumentis,’ etc. (Cf. Rymer’s *Fœdera*.)

unhampered and undelayed by any kind of tax or tribute : by any conceivable extortion of custom-house or of toll-booth—of passage, pesage, pontage, boatage, baitage, rollage, runnage, tallage, stallage, towage, stowage, weightage, freightage, skippage, diskippage, or any other ‘age’—in short, by any imposition or impost soever. Schaschek, the Bohemian secretary, reproduces no less than twenty-two of these passports, though their variations are but slight and of small interest.¹ The letter of Joanna alone provides a brief interlude of sisterly feeling and tenderness, which shows not amiss in the dreary circus of diplomatic formality.

II

THE month was November and the day the morrow of St. Catherine's—a Thursday propitious to enterprise—when the travellers rode out of Prague and quitted that famous ‘desert country near the sea’ for the inland joys of Germany. Lev had collected and caparisoned a goodly retinue of forty nobles, bannerets² and serving-men, together with two and fifty horses barded and trapped in gallant fashion and a ‘chamber-chariot’ for the conveyance of his household and appurtenances. Nor must the notable distinction of his two chroniclers be forgotten, since in this detail at least he resembled the knights-errant of yore, who ‘each of them’ (as Don Quixote knew) ‘had one or two wise men, of purpose, that did not only write their acts, but also depainted their very least thoughts and toys, were they never so hidden.’ It is true that in this case the two somewhat ingenuous scribes are far from recording the ‘very least thoughts’ of their master.

¹ One of the two English safe-conducts is given in Rymer, vol. xi p. 560. It is drawn out ‘pro Leone Domine de Rozuntall.’

² ‘Panerherren.’ ‘The common people,’ writes Butzbach, ‘readily call all who, in manners or apparel, in station or in riches, differ from themselves, by the title of Sir. Whence they called even me, unknown as I was, Pan Hensel . . . or Panitz, to wit Junker.’

But here are his 'toys' and his toilings generously set forth.

The stormy land of Bohemia was, however, scarcely capable of providing the full tale of gorgeous accoutrements required by Rozmital and his pilgrims, and a long stay had to be made in Nuremberg for the achievement of this estimable purpose. 'He lay in my house several days,' writes Tetzl of his new lord, 'furnishing his needs, and he apparelled himself and all his servants in red, with much gold and velvet showing, and sleeves of pearl;¹ and he took with him his master-cook and his steward and his comptroller, and maintained in all things his princely rank.' It was here, in fact, that Lev enlisted the second of his secretaries, and it was perhaps owing to the sympathetic offices of Gabriel, who was to be burgomaster of the city but a few years later, that the Bohemian noble received so warm a welcome. He was, at all events, treated with great hospitality and granted the sight of the priceless Imperial relics, the rings on the fingers of the travellers being touched by the priests with the sacred spear of Calvary and thus becoming 'a present and certain remedy against any side-aches or attacks.' The Nurembergers also generously equipped the venturesome little company for its dangerous excursion with mortars, bombards and other engines of war, in the making whereof they excelled;² and altogether 'my lord lived there sociably and affably.'

Thus, then, in the glory of new armour, new apparel and newly sanctified antidotes for every ill—with, in

¹ In many parts of Germany men were forbidden at this date to have trimmings and embroideries anywhere save on their arms and necks; so they made the most of these, and decked sleeves and collars bravely. Bernhard Rohrbach (*Liber Gestorum*) tells how in 1464 he adorned his brown suit with sleeves of silver embroidered in 'earth-colour, like a field that lieth fallow.' (Cf. Schultz.)

² Nuremberg's great arsenal of artillery is described by many travellers, Beatis in particular expatiating on the variety and thoroughness of the city's preparations against a siege.

brief, the full pomp and circumstance requisite for the mildest enterprise in those splendid but perilous days—behold the Bohemian embassy emerging from the majestic streets of the Franconian city¹ and riding bravely towards an unknown north. Nor, indeed, was a certain degree of courage without its uses,² since the earlier portion of the pilgrimage lay through German lands and here, owing to bitterness of religious and political feeling, the brother-in-law of George of Podebrad was by no means invariably welcome.

The opening experiences of the travellers were, however, auspicious enough; for at Anspach, their first halt, they found an amiable host in the Margrave of Brandenburg. This was 'blazing, far-seen' Albert Achilles, that master of chivalry and of statesmanship, of courage and of craft, and, as this prince was a loyal, if momentary, supporter of the Imperial power, he treated King George's ambassador with signal distinction. 'Dances, games and the representation of plays' prevailed, while, the better to mark the important occasion, a great tourney was held in the presence of the Margrave—himself the invincible champion of seventeen such contests³—and of his lively consort Anna of Saxony. Three of the Bohemians, anxious for distinction in so noble a company, took part, but Achatz Frodnar alone succeeded in sticking to his horse.

The next stage of the journey was neither hospitable nor pacific and was indeed fitly symbolised by the Castle of Schwäbisch Hall, which soon aroused the

¹ 'This glorious town appears in truly majestic splendour . . . the churches are venerable and superb; the castle looks down proudly and firmly; the citizens' houses seem to be built for princes; indeed, the Kings of Scotland would wish to live like the middle classes of Nuremberg.' (Æneas Sylvius.)

² Hentzner, who journeyed through France and England in 1598, still found it expedient to be accompanied by bombards. He left them, indeed, at Calais, but made a great outcry when, on his return thither from England, they were found to have disappeared.

³ 'The fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible, hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man).' (Carlyle's *Prinzenraub*.)

pilgrims' anxious curiosity by its reputation for sheltering evil spirits who allowed no living man within its walls. For they were now in the country of the Counts of Hohenlohe and there, writes Tetzels, 'they set upon my lord from every side to overthrow him.' Fortunately, each man of the party, 'noble, gentle and serving,' carried his crossbow on his saddle, and the foe soon decided on discretion and withdrew. The identity of these assailants does not appear, since the 'Jung of Hoenloch' himself received the travellers with great friendliness at Oehringen and forwarded them on their way with gifts of wild boar, venison and oats.

Yet their troubles were by no means over, for the territory of the great Elector Palatine of the Rhine had soon to be crossed and here they were to meet with a severe rebuff. Frederick the Victorious was a prince of ambitions as magnificent as his tastes, and at this moment they were unluckily at variance with the hopes and purposes of both the Emperor and the King of Bohemia. Some four years earlier he had actually been leagued with George of Podebrad against Imperial Majesty. But Frederick III. had, with considerable astuteness, detached the Bohemian from his ally, and the Palatine had been left in lonely hostility, to build and christen with mocking defiance the powerful fortress of Trutzkaiser.¹ Naturally enough he cherished a special animosity against his faithless friend and now, when, after more fierce attacks 'before and behind,' Podebrad's emissaries reached Heidelberg, the Elector wholly declined to have anything to do with them. Tetzels, indeed, gives no hint of political

¹ 'From this Mountaine on the South side runne caves under the Earth, to the Westerne part of the Mountaine of Goates, upon which Mountaine is a Tower called *Trots-keyser*, as if it were built in despight of Cæsar, and it is worth the seeing, for the antiquity and building, having no gate, but being entered by the cave under the earth, and being built with lime tempered, not with water, but wine, incredibly durable, at the time when the Emperour making warre against the Phaltzgrave, besieged this City.' (Fynes Morison.)

complications and provides an ingenious reason for this inhospitality. For as they drew near to Heidelberg, he tells, they desired to do honour to the Palsgrave, so hung upon their necks all the jewels which they could muster, as a sign that they wished to tilt for them at his Court. The Palatine, however, was greatly vexed at this, supposing that it had been done as a taunt to himself, who had no people worthy to tilt or tourney with the Bohemians. All Rozmital's appeals were therefore in vain, and the only answer vouchsafed was that Frederick was 'riding after a bear, to tilt at it,' and that when he had achieved this, he would receive the travellers. 'Now, this was an arranged answer: for the Palsgrave was still in the Castle of Heidelberg. But since he would not admit us to his presence we must perforce proceed on our way. And all this happened because my lord and his retinue had worn the jewels at their necks.'

The Bohemians spent a cheerful Christmas Day at Frankfort, emptying the great flagons of honour,¹ which the burghers, in accordance with their ancient custom, provided for the modest sum of twelve farthings (*nummi*) a day. Then, hurrying through an unfriendly district, they reached Cologne, in time to celebrate still more jovially the New Year's Day of 1466. The Archbishop, Rupert of the Palatinate, showed himself, indeed, a more hospitable host than his brother at Heidelberg. Once more they tilted and danced, the prelate himself appearing in the lists; and once more they inspected relics, amongst others, the glorious persons of the Three Holy Kings,² St. Ursula

¹ 'He to whom wine is given will for sure be acquitted at his inn,' writes Tetzels. The measure of hospitality extended to travellers had three recognised degrees of warmth: the sending of necessaries to the lodging; the gift of wine, which was held as a token that all charges would be defrayed; and the invitation to eat at the Court or Castle.

² 'When the glorious Kyngis and Erchebisschopes were bired and leyde togider in her tounge, thei semyde to the pepil not as dede bodyes but as men that were aslepe, and thei were better and fairere coloured than whan thei were alyve.' (John of Hildesheim.) Only a

and her eleven thousand virgins¹ with all their legs, 'et alia complura, capita, capilli, crura et cubiti.' 'And the priests who showed us the relics affirmed that with those eleven thousand were thirty-six thousand others slain.' To please the Archbishop, Rozmital himself led off a dance after the fashion of his country, 'eight and forty youths, whereof the half were hung round with naked weapons and held torches in their hands, dancing and leaping before him.' At the end of the evening the ladies, who were greatly pleased, gallantly escorted the Lord Lev to his lodgings.

Aix-la-Chapelle, with warm baths and welcoming burghers, came next; and here, according to Tetzels, they had the supreme privilege of seeing not only the lesser treasures of the famous shrine, but also the Great Relics presented to Charlemagne by Haroun Alraschid and exhibited, then as now, only once in every seven years. These were the four incomparable holinesses of 'Our Lady's smock,' worn by her at the time of the Nativity, 'the swaddling clothes wherein Christ was swaddled,' 'the cloth wherein He was wound at the Crucifixion,' and 'the napkin into which John the Baptist was beheaded.' It must be confessed, indeed, that the truthful Schaschek explicitly states that, despite their most ardent prayers, this privilege was denied to them. But, even if this were so, there remained an ample sufficiency of wonders to fill their souls with awe and amazement: such as the girdle of our Lord, fashioned of leather with a button of gold, and the *zona* of the Blessed Virgin, which was 'not

few years before a miracle had happened at the shrine, for just as a great stone in the roof was about to fall on the sacred bodies, the whole chapel had stepped 'as much as one whole pace aside,' and thus averted catastrophe. (Pero Tafur.)

¹ 'There is in the church no stalls, but five-and-thirty double stone graves, one upon another, made like troughs, and covered over with stone. . . . There be heads clothed in velvet and satin, set in lockers orderly, with so many bones, couched likewise in order, that books stand not fairer in a study, as I ween two carts would scarcely carry them.' (Letter of Roger Ascham, 1551.)

very long or broad, of a white woollen fabric adorned in the middle by a black stripe, and fastened by a clasp and a button stuffed with cobbler's wax.' Added to these were the less saintly but most interesting fragments of Charlemagne, including his hunting-horn, sword, head, leg¹ and diadem as King of the Romans.

The Archbishop of Cologne's famous nunnery of Neuss stirred the wanderers' legitimate enthusiasm, for here were no fugitive cloistresses chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon, but a band of siren sisters gentle and jocund as the heart of man might wish. 'It was in truth a goodly cloister,' says Tetzels, 'and had therein the most all-beautifullest nuns that ever I saw. And they were all of noble birth, and they gave us to drink. And the Mother Superior invited my lord to supper and prepared for him the most delectable dance in the cloister. And the nuns were adorned right lovely in their apparel, and were acquainted with the most excellent dances, and each had her servant who served and went before her, and they all lived as they willed, and I may say that in all my days I have never seen so many comely women in one cloister.'²

The Bohemians had now to face a more adventurous region, for the Duchy of Guelderland, owing to the weakness and treachery of its princes, was in the toils of a civil war. In the previous spring the young Duke Adolphus of Egmond, not content with deposing his elderly father, had seized him as he was getting into bed, had 'led him five Dutch miles on foote bare legged on a marvellous cold night,' and had kept him for many months in a deep dungeon,

¹ It is curious that Schaschek should mention a leg, for the pride of Aix was the colossal 'arm' of Charles. It has since been discovered that the arm is a leg, so not remarkable in its dimensions. According to the *Golden Legend* Charles was 'viii fote longe of his stature, his face a palme and an halfe longe, his berde a palme longe, hys forhede a foot large. . . . He wold ete an hare al hole, or two hennys, or an hole ghoos.'

² For remarkable details concerning the nunneries of Germany, see the *Zimmerische Chronik*.

where he saw no light save through a little hole.¹ Duke Philip of Burgundy, urged by Pope and Emperor, had adopted the cause of the victim and, despite the fact that Duke Arnold had already reigned for some forty years² with extravagance and ineptitude, was now conducting a rather languid war on his behalf. 'So through this district we had a difficult passing,' say the travellers, 'for we had to ask for protection from both sides and it was hard to get.' But they do not seem to have been actually much the worse for the fierce and unfilial condition of affairs, for, although they found the young Duke in the city of 'Guelders the ancient,' they record no further details than that the town was a haunt of disloyal folk and given to much drinking, while her lord was a man of 'no great body but a little person,' and possessed the finest horses to be seen upon this earth.

Leaving this home of disturbance, they entered prosperous Brabant, with its clean and comely villages. And so at length to Brussels, as guests of that 'great Duke and mightiest Sovereign,' Philip the Good.

Here, then, behold Lev and his company in the heart of the Burgundian dominions, framed in a setting of wealth and magnificence not to be matched in the world. Nor, indeed, was its reception at this famous and prodigal Court a matter of small moment to an embassy of conciliation. Philip was within two years of his death and at the apex of his power. His domains included almost all the Low Countries, then the richest corner of Europe; and none knew better than he how to use his possessions to mould a

¹ This is Commynes' account, and he is perhaps a prejudiced witness. Duke Arnold was freed after five years' imprisonment by Charles the Bold, to whom in gratitude he sold his dominions of Guelders and Zutphen; thus excluding his rebellious son and sowing a fruitful seed of dissension and war.

² When Duke Philip tried to effect a compromise between Duke Arnold and his son, the latter replied 'that he had rather throw his father headlong into a Well and himselfe after, than agree . . . alleaging that his father had been Duke forty-fower yeares, and that it was now time for him to governe.' (Commynes.)

continent to his will. Kings bowed before him; East and West blew into his sails.¹ Never had been seen a land so flowing in wealth, so abounding in the honours and splendours of life.

It was therefore no meagre satisfaction to the representative of the upstart Bohemian King that he was received with the ceremony due to the envoy of an ancient house. Every day there was brought to him wine both white and red in mighty golden cans, and on the tenth day he was bidden to the Palace and welcomed with due circumstance. There were present to greet him a mysterious Duke of Guelders, whose identity does not appear, the old Duke being in prison and the young one at war with Burgundy; the Great Bastard Anthony, who in the following year was to fight the famous jousts with the English Anthony, Lord Scales, and of whom 'I trow,' wrote John Paston, 'God mad never a mor worchepfull knyht'; and Duke John of Cleves,² nephew of Philip the Good, commonly called 'the child of Ghent.' And at the banquet that followed he was in all things as richly served as Duke Philip himself, even to the 'handing of dishes by the mightiest princes and counts.' Indeed, it was the all-costliest meal that Tetzal had eaten in all his days, furnished with 'costly cupboards overflowing with countless costly vessels and other objects, incredible to write of,' besides innumerable costly dishes of food whereof eight were handed at a time, and an abundant sufficiency of all the costliest drinks that it was

¹ 'Tous roys de son temps l'ont préféré en tiltre devant eux . . . Orient et Occident, à la croisure du ciel, tout souffloit en ses voiles.' (Chastellain.) 'I have travelled the best part of Europe . . . yet saw I never countrey in my life of the like greatness, no nor far greater, abound with such wealth, riches, sumptuous buildings, large expences, feasts, bankets and all kinde of prodigalitie, as these countreies of Burgundy did, during the time that I was resident there.' (Commynes.)

² John of Cleves was brought up at the court of his mother's brother, Philip of Burgundy. The habits of luxury that he there acquired greatly annoyed his simple old father, who, whenever he saw him, would exclaim ironically, 'Da kompt Johenneken mit den bellen.'

possible to imagine.¹ When the meal was ended, the guest was taken into the presence of the Duke, who came the length of three rooms to meet him, led him by the hand in friendly fashion back to his own chamber, and engaged him in earnest discourse.

To add a radiance to the visit, the great Earl of Charolois (Charles the Bold to be)² came at this time victoriously home from the first of those many campaigns wherein—'armed at all peeces and wearing upon his quirace a short cloke marvellous rich'—he combated with varying success the cunning and strength of France. On this occasion he had been engaged in the futile enterprise known as the War of the Public Weal, and had brought it to an end neither glorious to himself nor especially comfortable to others. Yet the outward and visible signs of victory were undoubtedly his. The singular battle of Montlhéry had been fought, Paris had submitted, the treaty of Conflans had been signed, the Burgundian army was heavy with plunder and Louis XI. was sitting desolate in a city of mourning and woe. Moreover, on his homeward way, Charles had reduced the stiffnecked burgesses of Liège to an apparent, if fleeting, condition of obedience. So it was in a mood of triumph that Brussels and her prince were now to meet and greet one another.

Rozmital had already, on his first entry into Brabant, offered his services to the conqueror, but as the campaign was even then at an end they had

¹ 'Le 30 janvier 1466, le Duc estant à Bruxelles, fist faire de creux [in addition] quatre platz de viande, pour festoyer en son hostel le seigneur de Rocendale du royaume de Behaigne, et frère de la reine dudit Behaigne, le comte de Zecharowyt et plusieurs autres nobles gens dudit royaume de leur compaignie.' (*Itinéraire de Philippe le Bon, Mémoires Inédits.*) Tetzels description of the feast pales before those written by Olivier de la Marche of the banquets interchanged by Duke Philip and Duke Adolph of Cleves a few years earlier.

² 'This duke had only one sonne legitimate, called Charles erle of Charoloys, a man of suche haute corage, of so high enterpryce and untimerous audacite (even lyke the sonne of Mars), as fewe or none was sene in hys tyme.' (Commynes.) He was now thirty-three years old.

been graciously declined. Now, therefore, he proceeded with his company, all adorned 'in the most magnificentest manner,' to welcome and escort him. Accompanied by the town council and the various guilds of Brussels, each clothed in a different colouring and bearing lighted torches in their hands,¹ they rode forth from the city to the distance of about two miles. Here they met the army, said by Schaschek to have amounted at the siege of Liège to 150,000 men,² and beheld the 'troops, chariots, arms and other engines of war' of which Charles had been making so effective an use. The prince was at the moment engaged in hawking but, when he heard of the approach of the Bohemians, he quitted his falcons and hastened with his escort and trumpeters to meet them. He declined with affability to allow the visitors to alight from their horses, and they rode all together into the city, to find the streets lively with 'sundry and various games and spectacles' and lit with some thousands of lights. 'And thus came the Lord Zarlos to the Palace and with him nine princes, also my lord and his company.'

Duke Philip and his headlong, headstrong son were by no means always on terms of affection or even politeness. But by good fortune they chanced to have been lately and thoroughly reconciled,³ so the meeting was celebrated under circumstances of joy and splendour that added greatly to the well-being of the Bohemians. Nor do their scribes fail in appreciation of the great occasion, and, brief as are the descriptions,

¹ No procession ever took place in Flanders, even by daylight, without torches—an extravagance that greatly impressed all strangers.

² Other chroniclers place the figures far lower, but Schaschek no doubt included in his estimate the whole of the baggage and camp-followers, who in those days often greatly exceeded the soldiers in number.

³ 'He was received by the duke his father with as much joy as ever father received a son.' (Monstrelet.) They never again quarrelled, and on the death of Philip a few months later, 'the count, like an affectionate child, never quitted the duke's bed until he had given up the ghost.'

they grant us brilliant glimpses of the solemn ceremonials and immeasurable etiquettes with which, in this majestic Court of Burgundy, even fatherly affection could not dispense.¹

Hand in hand, writes Schaschek, Charles and Rozmital walked to meet the Duke. When they came to the throne, splendid with cloth-of-gold and blazonry, on which he was seated, they kneeled down before him; but the old prince bore himself as though he saw them not. They rose and kneeled again, and again they were not seen. And this happened a third time also. Then only did this stately father suffer himself to become aware of their presence, rise from his throne, stretch forth his hands, raise his son and 'embrace him with tender doings.' This accomplished, he led them to the inner apartments of the Palace, passing through nine other rooms, in each of which there were a hundred men-at-arms keeping guard. 'And a certain one narrated to me (who questioned): that at no time of the day or night was there wont to be fewer. If this be the fact, I can affirm that no Christian King holds so splendid and magnificent a Court. Certain it is, that as touching might and riches, he can hold his own with every other Christian prince. Vast treasures are at his command; fourteen dukes and earls recognise his suzerainty; and the heir of all this power and wealth is his own legitimate son.'

Soon after, a great joust was held in the presence of Duke Philip's sister, the Duchess of Bourbon, and of a brilliant company. Now, this was the Burgundian manner of tilting: 'They run together, mounted on swift and eager coursers, a barrier having been interposed between them; and they use exceeding slender spears.'² Whoso breaks the greater number of lances

¹ Cf. *Les Honneurs de la cour*, composed by Madame Alienor de Poitiers for the court of Philip the Good. (Lacurne de Sainte-Palaye.) Burgundy was the leader of Europe in the matter of etiquette.

² At this decadent period lances were made very slight, that they might break the more easily. (Cf. Jusserand.)

obtains the glory of the victory, and the multitude, crying and acclaiming his name, lead him back to his lodgings.' But at so mild an exhibition of prowess the Lord Jan Serobky Kollebrat¹—a man famous in tourney—and other of the Bohemians felt no small contempt; and they were moved to show their hosts how such things should be done. A wrestling bout was accordingly arranged, and several of the Bohemians, duly though reluctantly clad in tunic and hose,² 'so as not to vex the many maids and matrons,' distinguished themselves greatly. The Burgundian champion, who was held to be unrivalled in the world and received, beside his ordinary wage, the yearly guerdon of fifty crowns, was three times overthrown. The success of the gigantic Zehrowitz was indeed so astounding, that Duke Philip was fain to feel him all over, 'limbs, legs, hands and body,' to make sure that no methods of magic had been employed. Schaschek himself, moved by this brilliant example, now also entered the fray; but he was not completely victorious, for at his last bout with the adversary provided for him, 'I was hurled as violently to the ground,' he complains, 'as though I had been a demoniac yielding up his devil.' He was, however, so excellently comforted by the ladies with wines and sweetmeats, that he reached his lodgings with great difficulty. He states the sad fact baldly: '*Potus eram*, I was drunk.'

On the following day the old Duke, who had once seen marvellous tilting at Regensburg and wished to have his memory refreshed, 'to pleasure my lord, allowed him to arrange a joust after the custom of his

¹ Hans von Kolowrat auf Zehrowitz.

² 'Thorace et caligis.' Thorax here means a tunic with sleeves worn on the bare skin or over a shirt, the form of which it resembled. (Cf. Bonnaiffé, and Gay, *Dictionnaire archéologique*.) 'Caliga: an hoase; a legge harness; greave or buskin that shouldiours used, full of nayles in the botom.' (Cooper.) The Bohemian habit seems to have been to discard all clothing soever on these occasions. The chief law of wrestling was then, as now, to forbid all seizure below the waist (*infra cingulum*).

country without the barrier.' So Rozmital and Jan of Zehrowitz ran a course together: 'and they encountered with minds so greatly burning and fiery, that my lord broke his lance into splinters against his opponent's breast. Yet by that blow was neither of them dislodged from off his horse.' Moreover, the said Jan, the further to prove his invincibility, urged his charger against the wall from which the Duke and the ladies were looking on, and struck his lance with such fury against it that his horse 'was tumbled back upon his haunches.' And hereupon the courtiers dashed forward and searched him thoroughly to discover whether he 'might in any manner be bound on, seeing that with so vehement a blow he had not been plucked from off his horse.' Then the Bohemian for a second time spurred his courser and broke his spear into shivers, with the same result or rather absence of result; and this 'seemed to the onlookers a great miracle, for they are not used to running save with a hedge in between.' Frodnar and Tetzal also performed marvels of agility, Frodnar finally leaping all armed from his horse without resting in the stirrups.

When the encounter was at an end, the Duke, who had a passion for such feats of chivalry, sent for the arms in which they had tilted and asked whether all men in their country made use of the like weapons in such mock warfare, adding: 'Ye carry them for play but for us they are a great terror. A traitor could be no more fiercely punished than by being condemned to fight such a fight. Verily ye play with your lives, as though ye did not wish to live.'¹

¹ Butzbach describes the passion of Bohemians for dangerous feats. Whenever his friends found themselves in the presence of ladies, they would all, he declares, 'as though mad or raving,' burst into startling activity, practising furious courses and the most perilous leaps, swinging their arms and legs over their heads and yelling, *Ju ju heya hoye hossa hossa!* and the like. 'For it is the custom of the gallants of that country to address such yellings to their ladies . . . and the said voice exercises are so frightful to hear, that did any in our country raise such a din, the entire people would for terror rush to arms.'

For their sole defence against these murderous implements consisted of breastplates (*pectoralia*). The Lord Jan became such a hero among the people that many repaired daily to the scene of his exploits as to a shrine, declaring 'that he sprang not from that race of men which now inhabit the earth but from the progeny of the ancient giants.'

The visitors were also made free of the wonders of Brussels, visiting first the noble and spacious Communal Palace,¹ in the atrium whereof they saw pictures excelling any that were to be found in any other place soever. Climbing its lofty tower, 'an elegant structure that reached into the air to a notable height,' they surveyed the crowding roofs. Another day they were shown the great park with its countless birds and beasts, including a fine collection of live lions. And at last the marvellous abundance of the Burgundian treasury² was displayed to them. The chroniclers expatiate on the amazing richness and splendour of this assemblage, 'surpassing by far the treasures of the Venetians.' Beside innumerable crucifixes of the most precious metals there were 'twelve little shirts worth nothing under 40,000 crowns; item, the hat which he wears worth 60,000 crowns; item, an ostrich feather for his hat, 50,000 crowns'; while of the smaller jewels there was such a multitude, that had each one of the company (so said the treasurer) stared for three days they could not have seen them all.³ Lev having been prayed in the name of the Duke

¹ 'One can ride comfortably on horseback throughout the whole palace; in the interior are thirty-six fountains, which reach half as high as the tower.' (Antonio de Beatis.)

² John Paston describes the wealth of gold, silver, and jewels at the marriage a year later of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York: 'By my trowthe, I herd nevyr of so gret plente as ther is.' As for the Court, 'I hert never of non lyek to it, save Kyng Artourys Cort.'

³ Cf. Laborde, *Les Ducs de Bourgogne*. Olivier de la Marche estimates the treasure left at Philip's death, 'à deux millions d'or en meubles seulement, savoir quatre cens mille escus comptants, soixante-douze mille marcs d'argent en vaisselle, sans les riches tapisseries, les riches bagues, la vaisselle d'or garnie de pierreries, et sa librairie moult grande et moult bien étoffée.'

to accept as a token of love whichsoever trinket he might chance to prefer, 'Not to receive gifts came I hither with my company,' he replied, 'but to exercise myself in knighthood. Gold and treasure vanish quickly away, but fame lasteth for ever. This is my rule of life, which I have hitherto followed and will, with God's help, bear with me to my grave.' In the stead of jewels, therefore, Lev was invested with the new Order of the Golden Fleece, already the ambition of all the princes of Christendom. And, seeing that Duke Philip had at its foundation limited the number of its companions to twenty-five and that now the tale was full, he took the great chain from his own neck and hung it round that of the Bohemian.¹ Many of Lev's retinue were also knighted.

Yet it must be confessed that the motives and methods of the Lord of Rozmital were not invariably so lofty and illimitable. For, when the moment for departure arrived, 'my lord sent to the Lord Zarlos a quite handsome horse, in order that a yet better one might be returned to him. But the Lord Zarlos gave the servant thirty crowns and sent to Achatz Frodnar a costly white palfrey, better than was my lord's horse.'

Before leaving, Lev returned the hospitality that he had so bounteously received and entertained the Burgundians to a banquet *auf behemisch*, 'whereat the guests abode greatly amazed.' The ladies danced 'and were joyful with my lord,' and when he wished, avers the admiring chronicler, he could invite the greatest ladies alone: 'for this they allowed him.' 'Thus my lord led in all things a joyous and delectable life which undoubtedly cost much money. But the Duke defrayed him in all things.' Even in earlier centuries Brussels was renowned for her comforts and

¹ This incident is given by Horky on the authority of De la Torre, *Mémoires de la Maison de Martinicx* (MS. in fol.), and of Cruger's *Majales Triumphi*, p. 161. Schaschek does not mention the giving of any order at all, and Tetzl only records that the Duke of Cleves presented Rozmital and three of the party with his *Gesellschaft*, presumably the Cleves 'Order of Fools.'

delights, and in the reign of Philip the Good there was certainly no slackening of her gaiety.¹

Their leave-taking, again, was 'a marvellous spectacle,' the more that the Duke had prepared for them a last diversion in the shape of a skating contest, which to these citizens of Central Europe seemed a pastime infinitely strange and new.² Looking from a window of the Palace which gave on to the park and fishponds, they beheld two-and-thirty of the court folk gliding with the rapidity of horses over the frozen surface. Schaschek's curiosity was aroused to the uttermost but left unsatisfied. 'I was exceedingly anxious to learn,' he writes regretfully, 'what this thing might be that they wore under their feet, wherewith they could move so swiftly to and fro on the ice. I could easily have discovered it had I ventured to leave my lord's side.'

Amongst others who were present to bid the travellers farewell were the three famous Bastards³ of Burgundy. 'In our country they would be called *Spauri* [*spurii*]. But in those regions they are held in no disgrace, as with us; for certain kings and princes have this custom, that their concubines live in their castles. And to the sons that they bear are lands given.' They were served first with meat and drink, even as though they were the lawful sons of the Duke, and none might refuse to fight with them. 'And in these regions men do not rend one another in pieces with brawlings and railings, as with us.'

¹ 'Veilloyt de nuyt jusques au jour,' says Jean Maupoint of the Duke, 'et faisoit de la nuyt le jour pour veoyr dances, festes et autres esbatemens toute la nuyt. Et continua ceste vie et ceste manière jusques à la mort.'

² Skating was an ancient pastime in the Netherlands, but was not common in Central Europe till the eighteenth century. (Cf. Schultze.) In England skating of a kind was popular at a very early date, as is shown by the well-known description of FitzStephen (A.D. 1174). Yet in the seventeenth century John Evelyn writes of the 'new art of skating' as performed 'before their Majesties by divers gentlemen in St. James's Park.'

³ The Great Bastard, Anthony; David, who became Bishop of Utrecht; and Philip, Lord of Someldick.

After eighteen crowded days of glorious Burgundian life the Bohemians now set their steps for England, laden with passports from both Philip and Charles, and escorted by a herald—the last benefit of their generous host—who spoke seventeen tongues, and had visited all the kings of Christendom. But they were not yet through with the marvels of the duchy, for before them lay two of those prodigious Flemish cities, whose power and opulence made (and so often unmade) the strength of their master.¹

Of these cities the first was Ghent, which, indeed, provided nothing more remarkable than a square mile of stately streets, three hundred and more great mills swung about by the wind, the boasts of the citizens of being able at need to furnish forth fifty thousand men-at-arms,² and the wife of Duke Philip, Isabella of Portugal: amiable, but no longer so comely as when in her youth she was painted by Jan van Eyck. Bruges however excited their warmest admiration, and not without reason. For she was a ‘marvellous rich and busy city,’ not now perhaps at the absolute zenith of her prosperity—since Antwerp had already risen to rival her—yet still the mart and market of Europe, the meeting-place for the commerce of nations. Here were to be seen the wares of the known world: oranges and lemons from Castile as fresh as though but newly plucked from the tree; wines and fruits from Greece as beautiful as in the land of their growing; spices and confections from Alexandria and all the East, ‘even as though one were there’; furs from the Black Sea no less goodly and thick than on the shores whence they came. Here was all Italy with its brocades, its silken stuffs and its armours.³ ‘There is no corner of the earth

¹ ‘In magnis et opulentis Flandriæ civitatibus status sui (ducis Burgundiæ) robur continetur,’ wrote Æneas Sylvius.

² ‘Jà soit ce qu’en Gand il y ait multitude innombrable de peuple, et que le fait de la ville pour sa grandeur est moult dur à connoître. (Chastellain.) ‘In circuit, three times the size of Naples.’ (Beatis.)

³ Pero Tafur.

whose fruits are not to be found here at their best.' Still, too, the travellers could tell of the 525 bridges that spanned the crowded network of her canals.¹ The great 'Pastor' (Bastard) was their lavish host, and they 'led a passing pleasant and worldly life.'

For Bruges was also famous for her festivities, and this, as luck would have it, was the genial time of the Bacchanalia or Carnival, when all men, down to the most stately and sober, rejoiced. Even the highest nobles went about in masks and fantastic disguisings. 'And in this matter all strive to be the most bravely adorned; and of what colour soever the master makes show, in the same colours are his servants set forth.' Then was much dancing and playing, with beating of drums and sounding of trumpets. Nor was this all; for, if any one chanced upon his sweetheart (*amicam suam*) a-walking, he forthwith showed her a scroll with his name betrayed thereon, and, although he might speak no further word, he was permitted to pass the evening in her company² with dancing, with various kinds of games and with 'risking sundry golden crowns, each according to his means.' In truth, life was merry in Flemish cities, for—unlike the English³—'the nobles and such as are born of illustrious race dwell, not in the country, but in the towns, and hence have they manifold diversions and

¹ 'Over these [little rivers] are many beautiful bridges of stone and wood, such that in all Europe there are none better nor more ingenious; and it is for their excellence that the city is called Bruges, or Brujas de Bruggas, which in Flemish signifies bridge.' (Calvete.)

² 'Any man,' writes Pero Tafur, 'may invite a lady to spend the night with him, on condition that he neither seeks to see her face nor to know her name; whoso does this, forfeits life.'

³ 'Yf we wyl restore our cytes to such bewty as we see in other cuntreys . . . our gentylnen must be causyd . . . to byld them housys in the same, and ther to see the governance of them, helpyng ever to set al such thyng forward as perteynyth to the ornamentys of the cyte. . . . Thys ys a gret rudenes and a barbarouse custume usyd wyth us in our cuntrey. They dwel wyth us sparklyd in the feldys and woodys, as they dyd before ther was any cyvyle lyfe knowen, or stablyschyd among us: the wych surely ys a grete ground of the lake of al cyvyle ordur and humanyte.' (Starkey.)

delights.' And, although the Bohemians failed to induce the prudent burghers to run or tilt with them, they were amply compensated for this disappointment by the curious joys of the *brückischen Bad*,¹ whereof wonders might be written, says Tetzels, though he discreetly refrains from writing them.

The travellers resumed their journey on Ash Wednesday and were soon in Calais, where prudence induced Lev to dismiss the half of his horses and retinue.

III

THIS, Shakespeare notwithstanding, was the Bohemians' first sight of the sea, and its flowing and blowing horrors filled their stomachs with qualms and their souls with quaking.

And, indeed, for a first experience theirs was no happy one. The winds were so contrary that they were forced to linger in Calais for a fortnight, facing both the strange and threatening element and those peculiar charms of England's great outpost, which Eustache Deschamps has painted with so pathetic a brush.² Nor, when at last they quitted the friendly shore, was their temerity rewarded, for no sooner had they emerged on to the narrow seas, than the vessel was found to have suffered so dismal a damage 'that the horses were standing in water to their bellies,' and, had the wind not changed, all had undoubtedly been drowned. They put back to Calais, chartered a new ship and, after a succession of further perils disturb-

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 3.

² *Puces sentir, oyr enfans crier . . .*

Et, d'autre part, oir la grant mer bruir

Et les chevaux combatre et deslier. . . .

He was apparently not so experienced a traveller as the Jerusalem pilgrim who, with regard to the first drawback, wrote: 'Pour les yvrer ou faire immobiles, soies soubtilz et bien abilles d'avoir canchar celle herbe en vostre lit, et ça et là en sera assez; point ne fouldra courir après.' (*Le Grant Voyage de Jherusalem.*)

ing to such unaccustomed sailors, approached the shores of England. 'And the sea suited my lord and his comrades so ill,' groans Tetzels, 'that they lay in the ship as though they were dead.'¹

As they drew near to the cliffs 'we beheld,' they declare rather baldly, 'tall mountains full of chalk, which verily needed no more burning. And from afar these mountains seem as though hidden by snow.' Near by they saw the Castle of Dover, builded by evil spirits (*a cacodaemonibus*) and so strongly furnished and fortified that in no province of Christendom was it possible to invent the like. They came ashore at the town of Sandwich: 'the which lying near to the sea, many countries can visit it with their ships,' says Tetzels. As a fact, Sandwich was still one of the busiest and most thriving ports of England, though for over two hundred years she had been the victim both of her great neighbour France and of that most elusive of foes, a retreating sea; and her doom was even now closely upon her.

Here, too, they found a portion of the English fleet—a matter assuredly of no small excitement to men new-lighted from the recesses of a continent, to whom the ocean and all his works were things of immeasurable surprise. Yet they show little more than a polite and slightly pedagogic interest. 'Here we first saw sea-going vessels,' they say; 'great ships, galleons and cogs.'² That is called a great ship which is driven by winds and sails alone. A galleon is that which is urged along by oars: of these there were some that had above two hundred rowers. This kind of vessel surpasses all others in greatness and in length, seeing that it is able to navigate both with favourable and with adverse winds. It is above all used in battles of the sea, since it is able to hold some hundreds

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 4.

² 'Naves, galeones et cochas.' Cogs were primarily ships of transport. Cf. Malory: 'A greate multitude of shyppes, galeyes, cogges and dromoundes, sayllynge on the see.'

of men together. The third kind is the cog, as it is called, which is middling big.' It must be admitted that the Royal Navy of England was at this time not only in its infancy but in a particularly feeble phase of its infancy, the ineptitude of Henry VI. having more than cancelled the hard-won glories of his father. The unwieldy and often unready *Grâce Dieu* and two or three big carracks and galleys now formed the puny defence of the little island, and the sole point on which she could still pride herself was her power, unique among northern nations, of dispensing with the help of mercenaries. The Bohemians, therefore, show discrimination in devoting the greater part of their praise to the sailors themselves. 'Truly nothing is more amazing than to see the shipmen surmounting misfortune, foretelling the approach and direction of the winds, and knowing beforehand whether to spread the sails or partially to furl them. Amongst these, I saw one sailor so nimble that hardly might any other be compared with him.'¹

It was the distressing custom of Sandwich to perambulate the town the whole night through with fifes and trumpets,² crying aloud and proclaiming whatever wind might be at the moment blowing: 'and such merchants as would depart, when they hear the cry—if so be that the wind which is announced to blow be favourable to them—go down into their ships and direct their course homewards.'

From Sandwich the party reached Canterbury and gazed, with the proper reverence of pilgrims, at the world-famous minster and shrine, which by so 'many kings, princes, opulent merchants, and other pious men is gloriously maintained.' The Cathedral itself they declare to be of a beauty not to be found in all Christendom, 'and in this all pilgrims agree.' It was

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 5.

² 'Fidicinibus et tubicinibus.'

roofed above with tin¹ and so constructed in three storeys, that it seemed as though three churches had been built, one upon another. But it was the sepulchre of Thomas à Becket that drew their most eager admiration. 'Here lies the coffin of the dear lord St. Thomas. In its least part of gold, it is so long and wide that a middling big man might lie therein. And it is so costly adorned with pearls and precious stones that it is said there is no more splendid coffin in all Christendom, nor do so great miracles happen elsewhere as there.' Above all other jewels in beauty and value was the great Regall of France, a marvellous gem 'which is wont to blaze in the night and is half the size of a hen's egg.'² It had sprung into its place by a miracle. 'Once on a time a King of France [Louis VII.] made a vow on a field of battle. And he conquered his enemies, and came to this minster and knelt before this coffin and said a prayer; and he had a ring on his hand, wherein was a costly stone. Then did the Bishop thereof ask the King to give this stone and this ring to the shrine. But the King said that he loved the stone too dearly, and that he had furthermore a great belief that whatsoever he undertook while the ring was on his hand would not miscarry; yet that the shrine might be the better adorned, he would give a hundred thousand florins. The Bishop was glad and thanked the King. But, when the stone

¹ The word used is *stannum*, which in Pliny's days meant a compounded metal, but since the fourth century has been the common designation of tin. It does not appear that lead is meant, as a little later Schaschek speaks of roofs of both lead and tin: *plumbo et stanno*. According to Beckmann there is little doubt that the *stannea tecta*, or roof of the church at Agen in Guienne, described by the ecclesiastical poet Fortunatus in the sixth century, consisted of tinned plates of copper. Was this perhaps the same?

² The magnificence of the shrine, says the *Relation of England*, surpasses all belief. 'Though wholly covered with plates of pure gold, these were almost hidden by precious stones; and on every side that the eye turns something more beautiful than the other appears.' But everything was left far behind by a ruby not larger than a man's thumb-nail: though the church was dark and the day cloudy, 'yet I saw that ruby as well as if I had it in my hand.'

heard the denial, it leaped forthwith out of the ring and fastened itself into the middle of the coffin, even as though a goldsmith had set it there. And when the King saw this miracle he prayed the dear lord St. Thomas and the Bishop to forgive him his sin, and he gave both the ring and the florins to the shrine. No one can tell what stone it is.¹ It hath a clear glistening shine and burns like a flame, and no countenance can bear to behold it so near as to see its colour.' Of so marvellous a value was it that 'were a King of England taken prisoner, he might be therewith ransomed, for it is worth more than the whole of England together.'

The embassy next looked with reverence upon the many wonder-working relics of the martyr: upon the saintly 'head,² brains and tonsure,' with the guilty sword whereby they were cleft and stirred;³ upon the coarse and knotty shirt that had galled the holy body; upon the famous fountain which had five times changed for Thomas's benefit, now into blood and now into milk; and upon the column in the Chapel of the Virgin where he 'had been seen and heard by many' conversing with the Blessed Lady. Of other saints, too, they saw innumerable fragments, including an image of the Virgin, adorned with a crown of pearls and precious stones and valued at a great price.⁴ In our tongue, ends Gabriel ingenuously, 'the

¹ Schaschek calls it a carbuncle. 'Whether a carbuncle (which is esteemed the best and biggest of rubies) doth flame in the dark or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many.' (Sir Thomas Browne.)

² This was probably the silver-covered head commonly shown to visitors. 'They found his head,' writes Wriothesley, 'hole with the bones, which had a wounde in the skull, for the monkes had closed another skull in silver richly, for people to offer to, which they sayd was St. Thomas skull, so that nowe the abuse was openly knowe that they had used many yeres afore.' (*Chronicle* for year 1538.)

³ 'And whan he was deed they styred hys brayne.' (*Golden Legend*.)

⁴ Erasmus describes the statue of the Virgin as 'incomparably burdened with riches,' 'a more than royal spectacle,' and only shown to men of high rank. (*Colloquy on Pilgrimage*.)

saint is known as Thomas of Kandelberg, but here as Thomas of Canterbury.'

From the grey old city of pilgrimages they rode through cheerful Kent—past Rochester, where they slept, and over high old robbing Gadshill—to the capital 'which is named Lund.' This was 'a mighty busy town,' says Tetzels (and a burgher of fifteenth-century Nuremberg who had sojourned in Bruges and Ghent should be no mean judge), wherein was great trafficking with all nations; also much people and many craftsmen, chiefly goldsmiths and clothworkers, and very beautiful women¹ dear in price. 'An ample and magnificent town,' supplements Schaschek, possessing two citadels, in one of which, situated at an end of the city and 'washed by an arm of the sea,' the English King held his court. Spanning this arm ('otherwise called the Thames river') was that constant theme of all visitors, old London Bridge²: 'a long bridge of stone upon which throughout its whole length have houses been built.' And nowhere had he seen so great a number of kites³ (*milvi*) as here, seeing that to injure them was a capital crime.

The King who was said to be dwelling in the sea-washed citadel of Westminster was Edward IV; for that 'goodliest gentleman and beautifullest prince'

¹ 'Qui veult belle dame acquerre, Preigne visage d'Engleterre,' quoted the English herald in the famous debate. And it was the one point on which the French champion could not contradict him. (*Débat des Héraux*.) 'Our women questionlesse are the most choise workes of nature, adorned with all beauteous perfection, without the addition of adulterat sophistications.' (Heylyn.)

² 'There is suche a brydge of pulcritudnes, that in all the worlde there is none lyke.' (Boorde.) 'Among all the straunge and beautiful shewes, mee thinketh there is none so noteable as the Bridge . . . which is in manner of a continuall streete, well replenyshed with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate upon twentie arches.' (Lyly's *Euphues and his England*)

³ The English, says the *Relation of England*, do not dislike 'what we so much abominate'—crows and kites: 'there is even a penalty attached to destroying them, as they say that they keep the streets of the towns free from all filth.' Indeed, the kites 'are so tame, that they often take out of the hands of little children the bread smeared with butter, in the Flemish fashion, given to them by their mothers.'

was at this time picnicking in temporary security on the disputed throne of England. Indeed, this early spring of 1466 was one of the brightest periods of Edward's uneasy career, a happy island in the stormy waste of blood named with so poignant an irony the Wars of the Roses. The victories of Towton and Hexham were past and the disasters of 1470 were yet to come. He had defeated and captured his rival Henry. He had driven Margaret, the She-Wolf of France, out of the kingdom. He had married the beguiling widow of his desires. And, not least, he had been able, through the dominant influence of his wife's newly promoted kinsmen, to swing his council and his country to his will. Moreover, owing to the apposite occurrence of the war between Burgundy and France, he could afford to disregard alike the protests of Louis XI. and the anger of that other great protagonist: Warwick, maker and breaker of kings.

Edward did not, however, wholly neglect the opinion of Europe, and so soon as he heard of the arrival of the Bohemians—moved not improbably by the fact of their recent sojourn at the Burgundian court—he ordered a splendid lodging to be prepared, and sent a herald and a councillor to meet them. A few days later he summoned the Lord of Rozmital to the Palace¹: ‘and then we saw the singular great reverence that his servants show unto him, and how even mighty lords must kneel before him.’ To his visitors, however, he affably gave his hand; and, when Rozmital had expounded the whither and wherefore of the journey, he ‘took a great pleasure therein and bore himself right friendly with my master.’ They found him ‘a passing comely upright man,’² with the comeliest household to be seen in all Christendom.

¹ The passports given to Rozmital by Edward are dated ‘in palatio nostro Vestmonasterii.’

² ‘King Edward was a man of no great forecast,’ writes Commynes, ‘but verie valiant, and the beautifullest prince that lived in his time.’ And again: ‘The goodliest gentleman that ever I set mine eye on. . . . He feared no man, but fed himselfe marvellous fat.’

Now began a time of much dissipation for Rozmital and his retinue. First they were invited by the King to a splendid dinner of fifty courses, 'as is their custom,' and at the end of it each member of the company was invested by the royal hand with 'his Symbol or Order':¹ 'whoso was knight received a golden one and whoso was not knight a silver one, and he placed them himself on our necks. And on some he bestowed sundry of his orders to give away.' Certain of the party also received the dignity of knighthood. But this attention aroused, it would seem, no enthusiasm, for though Edward, being in a mellow and munificent mood, 'wished for more to thwack,' and though the Lord Lev 'like-wise would gladly have seen it': yet 'they would not'—misliking perhaps, 'stern fighters as they were, to be dubbed with unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration.

A still more imposing ceremony awaited the embassy in the churching of the Queen, for the fascinating Woodville had just brought into the world the smaller Elizabeth, who was later, by her marriage with Henry VII., to graft together the rival Roses and produce that 'indubitate flower and very heire of both the said lineages,'² Henry VIII. It was a proud occasion for the ambitious lady. 'The Queen,' writes Tetzels, 'went that morning from childbed to church with a fine procession.' First marched the priesthood bearing relics, and many scholars singing and carrying lights ablaze. After them went a goodly band of ladies and damsels from city and country, and after these again a crowd of trumpeters, pipers and players of stringed instruments, together with 'the King's singers, even two and forty of them, who were of

¹ This was certainly not the Order of the Garter, and can hardly have been the Order of the Bath, although this is suggested by Schultz and Horky. Every potentate, however small, seems at this period to have had a special 'companionship' or order which he distributed as he chose.

² Cf. the title-page of Hall's *Chronicle*, ed. of 1548.

exceeding excellence in song.' Next appeared four-and-twenty heralds and pursuivants, followed by sixty lords and knights. And so at last the Queen under her canopy, led by two dukes and escorted by her mother and her own ladies to the number of sixty. Having heard an Office sung, she returned in the same manner from the Abbey to her Palace of Westminster. 'There must all bide and eat who did walk in the procession. And they sat them down, womenfolk and menfolk, ghostly and worldly, each after his standing, and four great halls were full.'

The laws of etiquette had banished the King from this feast, but his place was well filled by a certain 'mightiest Earl,' who must undoubtedly have been that 'plus soubtil homme de son vivant,' the secret and unscrupulous Warwick, enjoying his last halcyon days of prosperity and favour at the Yorkist court. For the hidden marriage of Edward at the very moment that Warwick was betrothing him to Bona of Savoy, coupled to the swift elevation of the new Queen's family, had sorely tried the King-Maker's unstable loyalty to his first puppet. He had swallowed his anger and played his part suitably at the enthronement of Elizabeth in Reading Abbey in the September of 1464. And now at the birth of her eldest child¹ he had gallantly accepted the post of godfather. But a very few weeks later the substitution of Lord Rivers, the Queen's father, for Lord Mountjoy, his own kinsman, as Treasurer of England

¹ Fabyan tells a pleasant anecdote concerning the birth of the little Princess, 'whose Christenyng was doone in the abbaye with most solempnyte; and the more, bycause the Kynge was assuryd of his phisycions that the quene was conceyved with a prynce; and specially of one named Maister Domynyk, by whose counsayll great provycion was ordeyned for Christenyng of the sayde prynce. Wherefore it was after tolde, that this Maister Domynyk . . . stode in the second chamber where the quene travayled, that he myght be the firste that shulde brynge tydynges to the Kynge of the byrthe of the prynce; and lastly when he harde the childe crye, he knockyd or called secretly at the chamber dore, and frayed what the quene had. To whom it was answered by one of the ladyes, what so ever the quene's grace hath here wythin, suer it is that a fole standithe there withoute.'

inaugurated that winter of discontent that was to culminate in the triumph of the Nevilles in 1469.

For the moment, however, the sun still shone, and the Bohemians basked in it, being treated with all honour and respect by the great schemer at the royal board. 'And the King's mightiest Earl did sit at the King's table in the King's stead. And my lord did sit at the self-same table about two steps removed from him, and otherwise was no one seated at the table. And all the honour that should have been paid to the King, as of carving and tasting and the serving of meats, in like measure as though the King were himself there seated was paid to the Earl in the King's stead; and they did so handsomely by my lord, that it is not to be believed how much was spent.' While they were eating, the royal gifts were distributed among the trumpeters, pipers, musicians and heralds, the heralds alone receiving 400 nobles. 'And all who had been rewarded went hither and thither about the table and cried aloud what the King had given unto them.'

When the meal was at an end, Warwick led Rozmital and his suite into another hall 'marvellously decked and garnished' where the Queen was now to have her repast, and placed them in a little corner whence they could watch 'the great splendour of her eating.' Now, if the English chroniclers are to be believed, Elizabeth was wont to draw every eye and ravish every heart by her lovely-looking, her feminine smiling—'neither too wanton nor too humble'—her eloquent tongue and her pregnant wit.¹ But to the Bohemians none of these charms seem to have been apparent, and they dwell only on the stateliness of her pride and the solemnity of her silence. For this new-fledged Queen sat alone at her table in a priceless golden chair. Even her mother and the King's sisters stood far below, and, if she deigned to speak with them, 'so kneeled they all the while before her, even

¹ Hall's *Chronicle*.

until the Queen took water.' It was not till the first dish was set before Elizabeth that they were allowed to sit, while the other ladies and all those in waiting, 'were they the mightiest nobles,' must yet, so long as she was eating, kneel. 'And she ate for three hours and many costly meats, whereof it would take too long to write. And all were silent: not a word was spoken.¹ And my lord with his company stood ever in his corner and looked on.'

Nor, even when the portentous meal was over, did Elizabeth unbend, for at the dance that followed she remained seated on her golden throne, while her mother kneeled before her, only standing up at intervals. As for the princesses, they danced with two dukes 'in the most delectable dances, proffering to the Queen the most delectable curtseys such as I have never seen elsewhere. So also did many maids of above measure marvellous beauty, among whom were eight duchesses and about thirty countesses; and the others were all daughters of high lineage. And after the dance came the King's choristers and sang.' One of these graceful dancers was that Margaret of York, 'a lady of excellent beautie and yet more of womanhode than of beautie and more of vertue than womanhode,'² who by her marriage a year later to the newly widowed Charles of Burgundy hastened the Warwick crisis. The second dancer was probably the sister next to her in age, Anne Duchess of Exeter; while the lady who now kneeled so humbly before her daughter was Jacqueline of Luxemburg, Duchess of Bedford.³

More hospitality on apparently as royal a scale was to follow. For the visitors were soon after entertained

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 6.

² Hall. The same chronicler, however, alludes to her later as 'that pestiferous serpent, lady Margaret Duchess of Burgoyne,' whose 'craftie invencion and develishe ymaginacion was ever sowing sedition and rebellion against the King of England.'

³ 'When the royal spowsayles were solempnyzed . . . was no persones present but the spowse, the spowsesse, the Duches of Bedford her moder, the preest, two gentylwomen, and a yong man to helpe the preest sing.' (Fabyan.)

by two Earls—one of whom may again have been the King-Maker in that hospitable house in Warwick Lane, where were often six oxen eaten at a breakfast¹—to ‘unspeakably splendid meals’ of sixty dishes, served in mansions made beautiful by ‘carpets of exceeding preciousness.’ In return, Lev invited many of the English nobles to his house, and treated them after the Bohemian fashion: whereat, like the Burgundians, ‘they were rarely amazed.’ The lusty Bohemians also wished to arrange courses and tiltings in which to display their prowess. But the King would have none of them, so, with a rather ironical generosity, they presented him with all their tourney horses, accoutrements and furnitures.

Yet, despite all their feasting, they neglected neither the more pious objects of their journeyings nor, as they take pains to record, the improvement of their minds. They visited the birthplace of the holy Thomas (now the Mercers’ Chapel), with the tombs of his mother and sister; and the ‘golden, ample and gem-strewn’ shrine of Saint Keuhardus (presumably King Edward the Confessor), than the chasing of which ‘I have never seen aught more exquisite or more elegant.’² Many other churches, too, they saw, ‘so surpassing in their loveliness’ that they could not in any sort be bettered; while as for the priceless relics which everywhere met their eyes, it would take two scribes for two whole weeks (laments Schaschek) to describe them. Amongst others were four especially comfortable to their hearts: a girdle of Our Lady,³ a leg of St. George, one of the vessels wherein water turned to wine at the marriage of Cana, and

¹ Cf. Holinshed.

² This shrine was ‘placed on high like a candle upon a candlestick, so that all who enter into the House of the Lord may behold its light,’ says the *Liber Trinitatis*. ‘Neither St. Martin of Tours, a church in France, which I have heard is one of the richest in existence, nor anything else that I have ever seen, can be put into any sort of comparison with it.’ (*A Relation of England*.)

³ ‘Our Ladies girdell at Westminster, which weomen with chield were wonte to girde with.’ (Wriothesley’s *Chronicle*.)

the stone whereon Christ first placed His foot on issuing from the holy sepulchre, still bearing the print of the sacred step. Moreover, eight miles from London there was a crucifix that talked with men:¹ 'it is affirmed for certain.'

The travellers were next shown many of those 'most admirable gardens' which were once the glory of London and the theme of Bacon's famous essay.² In two of them many divers sorts of animals were preserved, and in all there grew various trees and herbs, unknown in other lands. They were also taken to see the Tower and its prodigious treasury,³ of which, in their eyes, the most remarkable feature was a romantic golden cup worthy of the King of Thule. So long as this goblet was preserved in safety a sum of eighty thousand rose-nobles was paid yearly to the sovereign by a certain mysterious province—*ex quâdam regione*—but should the cup be lost, this tribute would instantly cease. Neither was it ever to be exhibited save to visitors from foreign lands.

But this was a mere drop in the amazing ocean of England's opulence: 'for verily the kingdom is surpassingly rich in gold and silver.'⁴ Countless nobles (*nabli*)⁵ and 'other good moneys' were constantly being coined, while in London alone there were twenty golden sepulchres adorned with precious stones, and in the rest of the kingdom about fourscore 'builded of gold and set forth with jewels.' Mighty, too, was the

¹ Perhaps the 'ungratious Roode of Grace' at Boxley, which 'in straunge motion . . . and nimblenes of joints, passed al other.' It could bow down, shake hands, feet and head, 'rolle the eies, wag the chaps, bende the browes . . . byting the lippe and gathering a frowning, froward and disdainful face,' or 'shewing a most milde, amyable and smyling cheere and countenance.' (Lambarde's *Kent*.) Schaschek's *Milliaria* were presumably German miles, equivalent to rather more than four and a half miles English.

² See Illustrative Notes, 7.

³ 'Said to exceed the anciently famed wealth of Croesus and Midas, so vast a quantity of gold and silver is treasured.' (Nucius.)

⁴ See Illustrative Notes, 8.

⁵ 'In the year 1465 King Edward IV. caused a new coin both of gold and silver to be made, whereby he gained much.' (Stow.)

multitude of the goldsmiths, there being as many as 'four hundred of the master craftsmen alone, not counting the apprentices. And amongst them not a man of them all is idle, the vastness and richness of the city supplying them in sufficient abundance with the occasion for labour.'

England seems also to have impressed the visitors as a musical nation. They tell of choirs formed of no less than sixty singers, and never in any place, they agree, 'have we heard musicians so sweet and so jocund.' In the King's Chapel, especially, they listened enraptured and decided 'that there are no better singers in the world.'¹

Nor do the Bohemians forget to notice the curious habits and fashions of the natives. 'It is the custom in this town,' says Schaschek, 'when illustrious guests come hither from foreign countries, that maids and matrons should flock to their lodging and receive them, bringing them gifts withal. The which also was done to us.' Then, anticipating the famous words of Erasmus some forty years later, he reveals that national prerogative which lent so amiable a glamour to English travel in the days of the Renaissance: 'And this custom also is here observed, that at the first arrival of guests in any lodging the hostess with all her household comes forth into the street to receive them; and each one of them it behoves each one to kiss. Indeed, to them, to take a kiss is but as, to others, to offer the right hand; for they are not used to offer the hand.'²

And if Bohemia was surprised by the customs of London, London was no less astonished by the peculiarities of Bohemia. The singular appearance of these strangers from the country so 'ancient, desert and remote' greatly impressed the citizens. 'The long hair of our heads was a thing of much admiration to them, for they declared they had never seen any that surpassed our hairs for length and comeliness.

¹ See 'Illustrative Notes, 9,

² *Ibid.*, 10,

And in no way could they be led to believe that they grew thus by nature, but rather declared them to be glued on with bitumen. And did but one of us present himself thus long-locked to view, so had he many spectators, even as though some marvellous beast had been produced.' Nor, perhaps, was this interest on the part of the untravelled islanders much to be wondered at, since the hair-dressing of Bohemia seems to have been remarkable, even in those ornate days, for its gay and fantastical character. Many are the comments of contemporaries upon the gallant Bohemian heads of the fifteenth century. 'I have often,' writes Butzbach, with the enthusiasm of an Apuleius or a Firenzuola, 'seen men with their hair curiously crisped and falling to the girdle, and women with whom it reaches smooth and shining to the calf or ankle.' Even dignitaries of the highest rank wore their hair 'tufted together with linen and many-coloured silken bands,' or 'sparsed into long thin braids'; while the youthful dandies made marvellous outlay of ribands and fillets, interlaced with nets and knots of silk and gold. 'They inspect themselves frequently therewith,' adds the wandering scholar sardonically, 'and imagine they are somebody.'¹

On their departure from the city the travellers were placed in the charge of a guide, who was to lead them 'through and about England to see the kingdom.' As a matter of fact, their researches seem to have taken them no farther than to Salisbury and Poole, and it was from this fragment of the country—helped perhaps by hearsay—that they judged the whole. Their first thought was that England was very little, very narrow and very long; even, says Schaschek, again suggesting a famous phrase, 'like a small garden [*hortulus*] girt and girdled by the sea.' Yet it abounded in towns,

¹ But the English also were no mean performers in the art.

I knyt yt up all the nyght
And the day time kemb it down ryght,
And then yt cryspeth and shyneth as bryght
As any purled gold,

says an old ballad.

villages, castles, cloisters and churches. Indeed, sacred buildings were to be found in greater beauty and abundance in England than anywhere else in the world. Moreover, 'albeit the country is not remarkable for exceeding size, it is singularly crowded with people,¹ whilst the shape of the women and maidens thereof is excellently fertile, the which, when my lord was bidden to eat with the King, we could well discover.'

The landscape they describe as hilly and thick with woods, though these were not the familiar black fir and pine forests of Central Europe. Some of the woods produced 'a certain tree from which if an image be carved and buried in the earth, in the space of a year it is changed into stone. These forests are thirty miles distant from London.'² Many great parks there were also, where rare animals were 'preserved from all dangers,' and many great heaths, commons, thickets and reeds. Everywhere that the eye could turn were vast flocks of sheep to be seen, a few black specimens appearing among a multitude of the colour of snow. These could, winter and summer alike, find their nourishment on the said heaths, and in them lay (as England's poor knew to their cost) the greatest profit that could be drawn from the land, their wool being freely exported to other countries.³ Wolves, on the other hand, England did not cherish, and if any were introduced 'they would forthwith die.'⁴ Other

¹ 'Other countries are not in such a happy situation, and not so well stored with inhabitants.' (Sir John Fortescue.)

² 'In dyvers places in England there is wood the which doth turne into stone.' (Boorde.)

³ See Illustrative Notes, II.

⁴ 'It was a tradition of old writers that England bred no wolves, neither would they live here ; which report is not consentaneous to truth.' (Peter Heylyn.) 'Quelques Auteurs ont écrit de la retraite des derniers assez diversement : Les uns en attribuent la cause à une propriété secrète, et à une antipathie naturelle : Les autres nient cette qualité occulte, et disent qu'autrefois ceux qui estoient condamnez à l'exil, ne pouvoient revenir de leur banissement, qu'après avoir apporté un certain nombre de testes et de langues de Loups qu'ils avoient tuez, et que par le moyen de cette Chasse le Pais fut nettoyé.' (Payen.)

sources of wealth were the silver, copper, tin and lead which were digged from the earth by the natives. But of wine, corn and wood there was not much more to be found than what was brought from over the sea. The common people drank a liquor called 'Al'selpir' (ale-beer?),¹ and for fuel they burned the heath. Every wood was surrounded by a ditch, and in like manner the peasants placed ditches round their fields and meadows and so hedged them in, that neither on foot nor on horseback was any one able to traverse the country save by the high-road. Horses were the sole means of transport both for persons and for packages, there being no chariots or vehicles of any kind excepting certain carts or wains with two heavy wheels which were occasionally used for the carriage of goods. As for the dress of the islanders, there was nothing remarkable about it, save that the women dragged long trains after them: 'in no country have I seen any so long.'²

Concerning the character of Englishmen the Bohemians are not enthusiastic. Schaschek, in fact, declares them to be 'so crafty and treacherous, that a stranger may not be sure of his life amongst them.' 'Never trust them,' he adds, 'with howsoever submissive a knee they may bend before you'; though, from his own record, the party received nothing but kindness and hospitality whilst in the country. In this, however, it must be admitted that he is echoing a frequent and familiar cry. For there is little doubt that to her many enemies England has constantly appeared—in the words of one of them—the 'peryloust' and 'most outragyoust' nation of the earth.³

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 12.

² Fifty years later the long trains of the English ladies still excited surprise in the minds of foreigners. 'Over their dress they wear a gown with a long train lined with some comely fur: the ladies carry the train of the gown under the arm, and the women of the people wear it fastened to the girdle with a brooch, some in front and some at the sides.' (*Costumi di Londra.*)

³ See Illustrative Notes, 13.

The embassy's first halt after leaving London was made at Windsor, and here they found the gallant company 'of the Order of St. George,' older by some hundred years and less lavish of its favours than its rival of the Golden Fleece. None the less the knights,¹ 'who all derive their origin from illustrious barons or earls,' welcomed Lev with a banquet, and exhibited to him all the sights of the Castle, including the old Chapel of the Order, so soon to make way for its beautiful successor;² the heart of St. George, given to Henry V. by the Emperor Sigismund; and so great a number of fallow-deer, black, white, variegated and otherwise coloured, as had certainly never been seen elsewhere. 'And when the meal was over and my lord was bidding farewell they said that they had never had a dearer or more delightful guest, and prayed my lord most urgently that he should have care as to the proper inscribing of his name, for if he wished it should be recorded in the book from which the Masses were sung, that the perpetual memory of so distinguished a man should survive. And even when we had set forth once more upon our travels, they still followed running, to inquire again after the name of my lord.'

The Bohemians now rode westward through a teeming region of cloisters and churches, that were all covered outwardly with lead and tin and within marvellously adorned. The great Abbey of Reading especially impressed them, and yet more its wonderful effigy of the Virgin, 'so admirable that, in my opinion, neither have I seen nor shall I ever see such an one, even should I progress to the extreme ends of the earth. For there could be no image more lovely or more beautiful.' In Andover also a statue of Our Lady made 'in the stone of alabaster' won their warm approval; and in

¹ Presumably the alms-knights or poor-knights of Windsor, who at this time numbered twenty-six. (Cf. Ashmole.)

² Edward IV. pulled down the old chapel and began the new one about ten years later.

Salisbury there were two 'images' that went near to rivalling even the unsurpassable figure of Reading. These, according to Tetzels, were 'carved pictures'¹ so arranged with weights that the figures actually moved, showing in the most life-like fashion 'how the holy three Kings brought the gifts to Our Lady and her Child, and how our Lord seized the gifts, and how Our Lady and Joseph bowed and did reverence to the holy three Kings, and how the Kings then took their leave in the same manner: all as costely and masterly arranged as life'—as lively painted as the deed was done. Again, in the same kind of imagery, our Lord rose from the dead with a banner in His hand and was served by the angels. 'And these seemed not to be counterfeited, but rather living and proceeding for all the world to see.'

The travellers stayed some days at Salisbury, and wondered at its Castle² and great park, one mile in breadth and eight miles in length. Here, as at Windsor, was an incredible abundance of animals, the fallow-deer surpassing the number of hundreds, and hares and rabbits innumerable being also to be seen. 'If any day the King should order them to be mustered, twenty thousand creatures might easily be caught or killed.'

Within the town they found George, Duke of Clarence, that dolorous prince who was to end his days in the famous Butt of Malmsey. For the moment, however, he was a young man of eighteen years and on dry ground, right joyful to see the Lord Lev, to whom he proffered great honour and reverence. The visit lasted over Palm Sunday, and the embassy was privileged to take part in 'a magnifical procession, as when our Lord rode to

¹ *Geschnitzten bildern*. Schaschek calls them *imagines*, a word that may signify paintings (as with Philostratus), but seems here to indicate carvings, in distinction to the *excellentes picturæ* seen at Brussels.

² 'There was a right fair and strong castelle within Old Saresbyri, longging to the erles of Saresbyri.' (Leland's *Itinerary*.)

Jerusalem,'¹ the Duke himself marching at the head of the company and Rozmítal near him. After the service they were all bidden to the royal lodging for a meal, 'sumptuous as is the custom,' at which, although it was a fast-day, they ate for three hours. The chief dish of the banquet was, indeed, a source of great interest to the Bohemians, unversed as they were in the culinary ingenuities wherewith their more sophisticated neighbours soothed at once their consciences and their appetites. 'He should be a fish,' says Tetzl, 'but he was roast and set forth like a duck. He had his wings, his feathers, his neck, his feet, and laid eggs, and tasted like a wild duck. We were fain to eat him as a fish but in my mouth he was as flesh; yet they said that he was in truth a fish; he grew at the first out of a worm in the sea, and when he was big he took the form of a duck and laid eggs, but the said eggs did not hatch forth and nothing came from them, and he sought his food ever in the sea and not on the land. Therefore should he be held as a fish.' These remarkable facts are amended by Schaschek as follows: 'Amongst other dishes, they gave us duck birds, which are born in the sea and eat no food, but live on air alone.'²

Salisbury Cathedral is described with enthusiasm as splendid and spacious, of an incomparable elegance both within and without, the spire especially rousing their interest by its skilful building. Schaschek also records certain peculiarities of the ritual, such as the fact that at the celebration of the Mass, owing to 'a thrice-repeated falling away from the Christian religion,' no candles were used on the altars. At Easter-

¹ 'Upon Palme Sondaye they play the foles sadely, drawynge after them an Asse in a rope, when they be not moche distante from the Woden Asse that they drawe.' (*Pylgremage of Pure Devotyon*; cf. Brand's *Antiquities*.) Sebastian Brandt describes how in Germany also they 'lead about the town a little cart with a wooden ass and a carved figure of their God, singing, throwing palms before it, and performing many idolatries with this their wooden god.'

² See Illustrative Notes, 14.

tide, on the other hand, these were set forth most strangely with mirrors. He tells, too, how on Maundy Thursday the King was wont to wash the feet of thirteen paupers, presenting them afterwards with rose-nobles and new apparel; while, in memory of the Supper of the Lord, all men supped in the church.¹

‘In no land,’ conclude the scribes, ‘have we been had in greater honour than here. For in truth, both by the King and by all his subjects, whithersoever we went, even to the sea, were we honourably and well entreated.’ And it was thus, with cheerful and comfortable hearts, that the travellers quitted this little kingdom of pastures and clouded hills, the green and pleasant land of England.

IV

FROM Salisbury the Bohemians went to Poole, ‘the end of England,’ whence they embarked on two ships for Brittany, once more braving the pains and perils of the unfamiliar element with all the qualms of confirmed landlubbers. ‘And all went above measure ill with my lord,’ groans Tetzal, ‘even before the ship was prepared. They lifted up the horses on high with a rope and let them down through a narrow hole on to the floor, where they were forced to stand; and it was so narrow that they must needs stand against one another, yea, and even lean against one another.’ Thereafter came a great storm that blew them hither and thither, and to crown their misfortunes

¹ ‘In many places they celebrate the Supper of Christ on Green Thursday with curious ceremonies. The monks and priests wash the feet, and go with good bottles of wine and many wafers about the church; give to each one to drink and a wafer, to each one as he deserves in the eyes of the priests who bear them. To this devout supper come many lovely women, who wink and beckon to the devout priests in all love and friendship, and the cups go often round.’ (*Zimmerische Chronik.*)

they were pursued by two great 'robber ships,' who did them much damage 'with a great clamour and the firing of guns.' These proved, however, to be English galleys watching the coast of France, the triumph of Elizabeth Woodville over Bona of Savoy having brought the two countries to a fitful war; and, on learning the mission and high intent of the Lord Lev, they instantly converted themselves into an escort of honour. Indeed, on being shown the letters of King Edward, all fell on their knees and kissed them. 'For it is their custom, whensoever they hear the name of the King or see any of his letters, that they should pay them this honour.'

The violence of the waves drove the voyagers to Guernsey, an island which belonged to the King of England but was bound to pay a tribute of 40,000 crowns yearly to the King of France.¹ It was wooded solely with laurel and cypress, and even for firewood the inhabitants were fain to use these symbols—so curiously blended—of victory and death. Here the Bohemian Crusoes were stranded for eleven days waiting for a favourable wind, and finding nothing to buy whether for horse or man. Nearly three weeks had sped before they reached St. Malo, and as they had taken provision for but four days, they were all in a sorry plight. The storms and tempests raged unceasingly and the Bohemians spent the greater part of the time on their knees. There was great commotion, too, among the horses, 'for they fell against each other down there below'² and grew very tired.' When the poor beasts were landed, they could neither stand nor go and were sorely spent.

From St. Malo, where 'they keep dogs in the place of watchmen and none may dare to go forth by night

¹ The Channel Islands suffered the lot of shuttlecocks between England and France during all this period.

² 'When the ship gave a lurch by a gust of wind, the horses immediately fell over each other in a heap, and consequently nearly capsized the vessel.' (*Journal of Duke of Wurtemberg.*)

lest he should be torn in pieces,'¹ the party went to Nantes, to stay for twelve days with François II., last of the Dukes of Brittany and recent ally of Charles of Burgundy in the war of the Weale Publique. 'A comely, straight and serious man,' writes Tetzels, but apparently no careless giver. For though he bestowed his Order—perhaps that of the Ear of Corn and Ermine, founded by François I. in 1450—on four of the party, 'he gave it most unwillingly.' The Duke, moreover, chanced at this time to lose his mother and be 'deeply mournful,' so the travellers urged quickly on through a country of hills and oaken forests and goodly harvest lands, noting by the way that every peasant had his little domain engirdled by a hedge or wall, whereby the cattle might be left unherded; that wolves were rare, but fiercely hunted and, when caught, skinned and hung by the roadside;² and that the many ponds and reservoirs, which were drained one year in every six, produced often a weight of fish worth 200,000 gold pieces.

On the fourth day they arrived in Saumur, a comely city set upon an hill and circled by the river Loire, which stream exceeded the Danube in breadth, and was so inordinately rich in lampreys that more than

¹ 'This town at St. Malo hath one rarity in it, for there is here a perpetual garrison of English; but they are of English dogs, which are let out in the night to guard the ships, and eat the carrens up and down the streets, and so they are shut up again in the morning.' (*Familiar Letters* of James Howell.) 'On y lâche douze ou quinze gros chiens, qui s'en vont d'abord faire le tour de la Ville sur les rampars, et déchirent inmancablement tous ceux qu'ils rencontrent; aussi avant que de leur permettre de faire la patrouille: on sonne une cloche pendant quelque temps, pour avertir le monde de leur venue.' (*Voyages historiques*, 1698.)

² The Bourgeois de Paris (1423) tells how the wolves invaded Paris every night, and how three or four were often taken at one time and carried through the streets hanging by their hind feet. Even in the seventeenth century they abounded in many parts of France, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury describes them as of 'two sorts: the mastiff wolf, thick and short, though he could not run fast, yet would fight with our dogs; the greyhound wolf, long and swift, who many times escaped,' but, if captured, was easily killed. (*Autobiography*.) And cf. John Evelyn's *Diary*.

four hundred fish were often taken at one catch.¹ The Castle they found exquisite, with its roofs of slate and walls of great squared stones; while round and about lay a landscape as fertile as it was pleasant, with fair green meadows and lordly pleasure gardens and friendly fruitful orchards. At a little distance from the town and in the midst of a game-haunted forest of oaks René of Anjou—so-called ‘King of Cecelly’ and lover of all the arts—was a-hunting. And here, in his ‘above measure splendid pleasure-house,’ he was found by the Lord Lev, with his second wife, Jeanne de Laval, and his valiant son the Duke of Calabria. Now this year of 1466 was the notable moment when René, not content with writing himself ‘King of Naples, of both the Sicilies and Jerusalem,’ was adding to the letters of his glorious style² no less than the sovereignty of Aragon. Moreover, he was traversing the most lively period of those fantastical extravagances that have made his name a joy and a by-word to history. Yet the chroniclers tell us but little of this famous personage—whom Shakespeare derides as not so wealthy as an English yeoman—save that he was ‘a comely, merry old man’; that he spoke fluently in their language; that his wife was ‘a woman of middle size who had right lovely and excellent maids’; that his minstrels were the best they had heard; that he presented Lev with his Order (probably that of the Holy Ghost); and that he was possessed of a dwarf

¹ Hubertus Thomas describes the Loire at Amboise as a ‘river of a marvellous sort, which albeit it hath sprung scarce one mile away, yet in the month of May, in the space of fourteen days or at the most three weeks, produceth an incredible multitude of fish, as large as perch, which are so well-tasting that I can swear that in all my days I have never eaten better. Every one may fish therein at his pleasure, even to within a few feet of the source of the river, the which place has been preserved for the king’s kitchen and table.’

² ‘Having as much profited of the letters of his glorious stile, as rentes and revenues out of the said large and riche realms and dominions (because the kyng of Arragon toke the profites of the same, and would make no accompt thereof to Duke Reiner).’ (Hall.)

called Tuybelin,¹ 'who has the very smallest head that I have seen in all my days: he wears a bonnet no wider than a big orange.'

Far more interesting, indeed, did they find the heads of no less than six apostles in a cloister hard by, and the wine-vats of the mighty, rich and very aged Jean Beauvau, former Bishop of Angers. 'And he gave us the costliest wine to drink,' writes Tetzels of this prelate, who had been dispossessed of his see in the previous year and was now, by Papal command, confined to his own castle; 'for he had round him the costliest great vineyards and in the midst of the vineyards a cellar, and when they have pressed out the wine it flows thus straight into the cellar. There are great tuns which may never be removed, and wine that is forty years old.' René also invited his guests to visit his Castle of Angers, and here they were moved to genuine enthusiasm. It had been built, they were told, thirteen hundred years before their arrival, by 'a certain countess,' and they were greatly impressed by its colossal wall, that carried two-and-twenty large and spacious towers 'all of the same shape,' and enclosed a church and palace of indescribable richness and magnificence. All the apartments were adorned with the most costly tapestries,² and in the King's chamber the coverlid of the bed alone was worth 40,000 florins. They expatiate, too, with delight on René's collection of strange rare beasts: lions, leopards and ostriches, 'with goats from heathen lands having ears more than three span long'; though they mention neither the foreign roses and carnations, the ivory-hued peacocks, nor the red-legged partridges, for which France still owes him a debt of gratitude. In the cloister of St. Maurice they saw the tomb that the King of Sicily had prepared for himself of fair

¹ This was probably the dwarf Triboulet, for whom, according to the royal accounts, a red cap was purchased in 1447. He was always dressed in great splendour. (Cf. Lecoy de la Marche.)

² René had a passion for tapestries, which he carried so far as to write a poem on the subject.

white marble. It was guarded at the entrance by three statues of armoured knights, equipped with swords and lances, and within were images of the King and Queen, crowned with diadems of gold and precious stones.¹

In Tours the party visited with reverent amazement the fine Cathedral of St. Martin and the shrine of the chivalrous saint;² but their spirits were damped by a rude rebuff which they suffered from no less a person than the sister of the King of France. From this princess, indeed—wife, at the time, of Gaston de Foix³—they won no frolic welcome. For when she heard that the Lord Lev was both a Bohemian and brother-in-law to the reigning King of that country, she not only wholly declined to receive the embassy, but granted its leader, even when they came suddenly face to face in the chapel, no further honour than a single nod. But Magdalena was a daughter of tragedy and the tragedy owed its being to Bohemia; so that even the disconsolate visitors should have seen some excuse for her conduct. Just ten years earlier another and a greater embassy from 'the frontiers of Christendom' had also entered the rejoicing city. From the young King Ladislas it came, sovereign of Bohemia, Hungary and Poland, already—though but eighteen years of age—known for his charms and accomplishments as *les délices du monde*; and its romantic goal was his newly affianced bride, the Princess of France. The procession had numbered seven hundred noble

¹ 'The said sepulchre is of black stone, and the two figures that are above the pictures of the King and Queen with other carvings in high relief are of a marble so fine that it seems to be alabaster.' (Beatis.) The inventories mention three knights bearing the heaume, the banner, and the standard, with three ladies seated and reading their hours, the whole in 'stone of Rejasse.' The queen was the first wife, Isabelle of Lorraine. (Lecoy de la Marche.)

² The cathedral, now almost wholly vanished, was still intact when John Evelyn visited the town. 'Both the church and monastery of Martin are large,' he writes, 'having four square towers, fair organs, and a stately altar, where they show the bones and ashes of St. Martin, with other reliques.'

³ Son of Gaston IV., and father of François Phœbus.

lords and ladies sent for the service of their coming Queen, together with a chariot *branlant et moult riche*, and eighty fair white ambling nags. But even while the French princes and nobles were outbidding one another in the splendour of their welcome, while the bride with great apparel and pomp was actually girding herself for departure, this prince of her dreams was taken suddenly with sickness and died. The cause of the tragedy was uncertain, and accusations of poison were scattered broadcast. Some held that the deed was accomplished by the hand of a regretful lady of Prague, and through the curious means of an apple in the royal bath.¹ But common rumour assigned the foul treachery to the young King's lieutenant and successor, George of Podebrad himself. To add to the horror of the occasion, when the princess's father, Charles VII. of France, learned the sad tidings, he 'therewith toke such a pensyffeness'² that he also deceased; and Magdalena was thus left doubly desolate. 'And the saying went,' adds Tetzels, 'that she ordered that all their escutcheons should be torn to pieces and besmeared with dirt,' while, since that day, she had never been seen to laugh. The chroniclers describe her appearance rather curtly as 'ungainly, of a middle height, a little brown under the eyes: not half-way so beautiful as when betrothed to King Lassla'; but under the circumstances, they were perhaps hardly the most impartial judges.

If Amboise, 'the favourite dwelling of the elder

¹ 'King Lancelot was poisoned at Prague, in Bohemia, by a gentlewoman of a good house (whose brother my selfe have seene) of whom he was enamored, and she likewise of him; so far forth that she being displeased with his marriage . . . poisoned him in a bathe, as shee gave him a peece of apple to eate, having conveyed the poison into the haft of her knife.' (Commynes.) 'After his death,' adds Danett, 'George Boiebrac usurped the realm of Bohemia.' Henri Estienne quotes this account as one of his leading examples in the chapter 'De la cruauté de nostre siècle.' Æneas Sylvius accuses Podebrad of the actual crime, and the accusation is repeated by Mézeray; but it is denied by Bohemian historians.

² Fabyan.

King of France' (Charles VII.), and Blois, 'with its 'loveliest bridge of stone,' drew slight notice from the chroniclers, Beaugency inspired them with a pious excitement. For, arriving there on the morrow of the Feast of the Holy Spirit (Whit Monday), they were privileged to see 'a thing like to a miracle happen.' Sixty people were being dipped for their souls' health in the Loire, and of these one, a woman, fell wholly into the water and should have drowned. But, marvellous to behold, she swam 'under the waves' for two miles with her infant in her arms, and at last came ashore without hurt: 'this thing we saw.'

But it was at Meung¹ (where some five years earlier Master Francis Villon had been prisoned in his noisome pit) that the embassy confronted the most important moment of its progress through France. For, crouching in this little town, they found that 'universal spider'² and spinner of the webs of Europe, Louis XI.: occupied apparently with no more perilous pastime than the chase, yet surely weaving hour by hour new schemes and projects—'subtilisant jour et nuit nouvelles pensées'—for the entanglement of both friends and foes. And indeed, seeing that the shame of Conflans lay immediately behind and the ignominy of Peronne loomed immediately ahead, it must be admitted that he had no inconsiderable cause for thought. This reflection does not, however, concern the chroniclers. For them, the master of mystery was merely holding, as was his wont, a hunting court, and lurking in his usual furtive and fugitive manner in an unworthy residence. He lived gladly in little towns, they tell, and but rarely in the large ones, and had more than sixty door-keepers, who ever in their armour lay without his chamber door. Even the villages that

¹ According to Tetzl, Louis was residing at Candes, but the passport is dated from Meung-sur-Loire.

² 'Lyon rampant en croque de montaigne a combattu l'universal araigne,' wrote Chastellain. The lion was Philip the Good.

surrounded his abode were ever occupied and guarded by an army of 20,000 horse, and the visitors themselves were allowed no habitation near his person, but were compelled to lodge discreetly in a hamlet a good three miles away. He was a man of no great height, with black hair, a brownish countenance, eyes deep in the head, a long nose and small legs. His 'all-mightiest' delight was in sport,¹ 'and men say that he is an enemy to Germans.' In any case, he now showed his friendship to Bohemia—and he was soon to prove a useful, if slippery, ally to George of Podebrad²—by treating the visitors with 'a splendid splendour,' inviting the Lord Lev to stay with him in Paris for the half or even the whole of a year. 'And it was said that neither the King nor the Queen had paid such attention ever to any prince or lord as to my master.' In fact, the Queen, the gentle little Charlotte of Savoy, infected perhaps by English manners, carried her welcome to the verge of indelicacy; for, receiving him in the midst of her ladies—all, as usual, miracles of beauty—'she embraced my lord with her arms, and each one kissed him on the mouth.' And verily it was a pity that she herself was but 'a middling handsome woman.'³ As to 'the costly costliness of the costly cupboards and vessels of silver, and of the costly meats, and of the mighty earls and lords who served at table, no one would believe it.' In short, it was evidently not without reason that Louis was described by his contemporaries as ever working industriously to win any one who might do him

¹ The Bohemian embassy of the previous year had experienced the greatest difficulty in finding him, 'because he was never long in one place, but was always roaming about on the chase and hunting.' (Wratishaw.) 'Above all pastimes he loved hunting and hawking in their season, hunting especially,' wrote Commynes. He kept 'des légions de chiens, d'oyseaux, de Veneurs et de Fauconniers'; and rumour declared that even when on his death-bed he caused rats to be loosed in his bedroom and chased by cats. (Cf. Mézeray and Ste-Palaye.)

² He refused to allow Podebrad's excommunication to be published in France. (Cf. Pastor.)

³ 'La reyne n'estoit point de celles où on devoit prendre grant plaisir, mais au demourant fort bonne dame.' (Commynes.)

service or harm, sparing neither money nor labour to attain his ends. For, whatever his other failings, extravagance and display were not amongst them.¹ The Bohemians, however, reaped the benefit of his prudent policy and passed upon their way well pleased.

Meung led to the learned city of Orléans, where they found the future Louis XII. of France. The young Duke was at this time but four years old and living under the tutelage of his mother, Mary of Cleves.² For Charles of Orléans—that agreeable singer who was taken from the field of Agincourt to so strange a variety of English prisons—had lately died, and his widow alone remained to combat the formidable enemy of the Orléans house. ‘A woman of but very moderate looks’ is Tetzels’s verdict upon the Duchess Mary, who seems indeed to have been but a sorry successor to *la gracieuse bonne et belle, la nonpareille princesse* of Charles’s earlier dreams. Nor, to judge from the emblem, a dropping tear,³ with which the worthy lady delighted to adorn even so mean an object as her garter, can this court of Orléans have now been any such lovely haunt of gaiety and *liesse* as it had proved in its golden days of poetry and prosperity to the poets and lovers of France. The Bohemians, however, were irrepressible. Her ladies were ‘marvellous comely,’ they record; and they danced and were well amused.

¹ ‘Espèce de sublime Harpagon couronné, avare et avide pour le compte de la France,’ said Barbey d’Aurévilly. And see the contemporary accounts of his economy in dress. ‘Les simples gens . . . s’esmerveillèrent tous de son estre et dirent tout haut : Benedicite ! et est-ce là un roy de France, le plus grand roy du monde ? Tout ne vaut pas vingt francs, cheval et habillement de son corps.’ (Chastelain.) The Castilians jested at his array, writes Commynes, ‘saying that this proceeded of miserie.’ Of his ‘nyce and wanton disgysyd apparayll,’ says Fabyan, ‘I might make a longe rehearsayl ; but for it shulde sownde more to dishonour of suche a noble man, that was apparaylled more lyke a mynstrell than a prince royal, therefor I pass it over. For albeith that he was so new fangyll in his clothinge, yet he had many virtues.’

² Sister of Duke John of Cleves. See *supra*, p. 18.

³ Cf. Maulde la Clavière.

The travellers now went southward through the pleasant lands of Poitou and Guienne, and sought those well-trodden slopes of Sainte Catherine de Fierbois, 'where rests so graciously the dear Virgin,' whose voice had sped to victory and flame the little peasant maid of Domrémy. This, indeed, was a spot to touch the hearts of all knightly pilgrims. For besides possessing many fragments of the excellent saint herself—a thumb, a rib, her 'beyond measure beautiful hair'—the famous sanctuary was stored and stuffed with the symbols of victorious warfare. 'Whoso here dedicateth himself, whether in fight or otherwise, him she guardeth and leaveth not,' says Tetzels; and it was plain that this was the favoured shrine of all whose ways led toward danger and dusty death. Kings, dukes and gentlemen, all paid here their vows, bringing with them offerings of vast value—precious jewels and whole 'silver bodies as heavy as themselves.' The church was hung with the armours and appurtenances of vanquished foes and adorned by statues, thirteen of men and one of a woman,¹ in wax, of the size and shape of life.

In Châtellerault they visited Charles of Anjou, Comte de Maine and brother of the King of Sicily, of which prince 'it is said in France,' writes Tetzels, 'that it was by his fault that the King of France had lost the battle of Paris against the Duke of Burgundy.'² Be that as it may, Charles now displayed great zeal in the entertainment of the foreign guests, and sent the Lord Lev two cupboards of plate 'which he for very

¹ This may possibly have been an effigy of Joan of Arc. Images of her were placed in many churches, especially during her captivity.

² His conduct at Monthéry had certainly not been above suspicion, for, when posted by Louis with 800 men-at-arms in face of the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, he had 'dislodged continually before them' and finally fled with his entire troop. Such a proceeding, however, was but of slight importance in this surprising engagement, since to do the like appears to have been the instant and constant desire of every man in the field. 'Never was in any battell so great flight on both sides,' says Commynes in his description of this curious race for the rear; while, as to the guilt of Charles of Anjou, 'I beleve it not,' he declares.

amazement did have weighed,' together with gifts of a blue damask and a horse.

Traversing the great woods of Châtellerault and Fontenay le Comte and hurrying past Poitiers, the party reached the ancient walls of Lusignan. This they found securely watched and guarded, since Louis XI. was 'threatened by many enemies and in all that district possessed no other town.' Here, too, they were privileged to visit the enchanted castle of that lovely Melusine, whose story has been the solace of generations. Won by her husband, Count Raymond de Forest, on the condition that she should never be seen by him 'despoiled on a Saturday,'¹ the exquisite lady had remained for many years his irreproachable countess and borne him ten fair sons. On a sudden, however, her husband, tempted by his brother to an evil curiosity, made a hole in the door and beheld her: above, 'full white like as is the snow upon a fair branch,' but furnished below with a serpent's tail, great and horrible, barred with silver and azure, flashing high and beating the water of her bath. Whereafter, in raiment of woe, she made clamorous the towers of Lusignan. One of her sons was fabled to have become a King of Bohemia, so that the history should have had a special interest for the travellers. The prosaic Schaschek, however, only briefly records that the Castle had been built by a woman who, for her evil life, had been transformed into a dragon, and that they had seen the ancient tower whereon she was wont to complain when the King of France or a member of the house of Lusignan was about to die.²

¹ Jean d'Arras. Cf. *The Romans of Partenay*, ed. Skeat; *Melusine*, ed. A. K. Donald.

² Cf. Mézeray's curious comment on this tradition: 'Si cela est ainsi, les Théologiens en rechercheront la cause, et nous enseigneront si nous devons croire que de pareilles choses proviennent, ou de la malice des démons, qui se plaisent à mettre les hommes en peine par ces illusions; ou de la bonté de Dieu: qui pour monstrier aux incrédules l'immortalité de l'âme et les merveilles de l'autre monde, veuille permettre aux Esprits héroïques de paroistre quelques fois en celui-cy dans les lieux qu'ils y ont ayméz durant leur vie.'

A forest-country of oaks and chestnuts, in which game was plentiful but the travelling vile, brought the Bohemians to Blaye, and there they meditated over the mortal remains of the mighty Roland (mysteriously declared by the chronicler to have been 'executed by command of his father, King Solomon'); of his comrade-in-arms, the holy 'Olyfernus' or Oliver;¹ and of his sister, the holy Belanda. 'All exceedingly tall people: for Roland's sister was twenty of my spans long and her brother much longer and taller still,' while even the hero's famous sword Durendall measured eleven spans and a half. There too they learned, under a curious guise, the fate of another of Europe's great champions, dead, be it noted, but thirty-five years before. 'This city,' says Schaschek, 'was held by the Kings of England for one hundred and fifty years. But it was won back by a certain prophetic woman (*foemina fatidica*), who, indeed, recovered the whole kingdom of France from the English. That woman, although born of a herdsman, was so ornamented by God with virtues, that to what matter soever she addressed herself, it was brought to a right end. Yet in her last battle being captured by the King of England and taken to England, and having been there by his orders placed upon a brazen horse and led throughout the city of London, she was at length, by the violence of flames, done to death and transmuted to ashes, which were afterwards scattered abroad in the sea.' For thus strangely had the brief lapse

¹ This mention of 'Olyfernus' is said by M. Bonnaffé to be a mistake on the part of the chronicler for Roland's famous Oliphant or horn of Ivory. But Navagero records that 'on the one side of the Chapel is buried Orlando, and on the other Olivieri': and Hubertus Thomas visited the vaults wherein 'Roland and Oliver, and between them the holy Romanus, rest in a not very large grave.' (See *infra*, p. 315.) It must be added that Roncesvalles also claimed the tomb of Roland, which is described at length by another pilgrim to Compostella. (*Viaggio* of Domenico Laffi. Cf. *Légendes du Moyen Âge*, by Gaston Paris.) With regard to the name Solomon, it seems likely that this is merely a misnaming of the stepfather Ganelon who, according to the *Chanson de Roland*, treacherously arranged the ambuscade in which the hero was killed.

of one generation embroidered the tragedy of Joan of Arc.

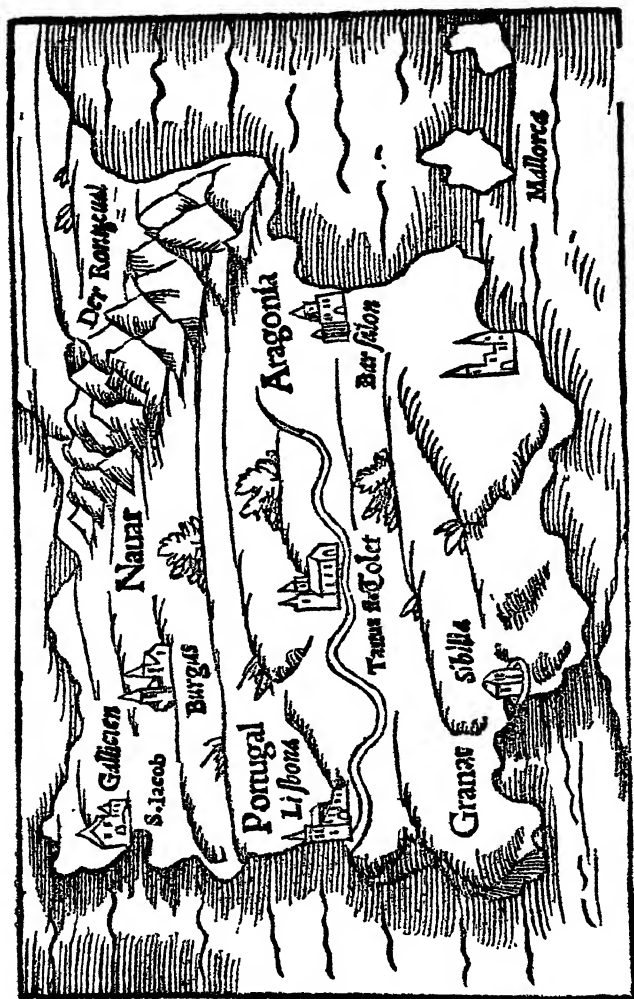
Pressing ever southward, Lev and his company passed through Bordeaux and crossed the wide-mouthed Garonne, 'seven leagues in breadth,' descrying during their transit various islands, 'in one of which were lodged wild boars, in another pheasants and in a third the loveliest vineyards.' In Klerzy and Daxe they made trial of the warm baths; in Bayonne they noted the immense quantity of trout and salmon that thronged the sweet waters of the river; and in St. Jean de Luz they admired the goodly trees and the many mellow red-tiled roofs of the little hamlet. The Bohemians, indeed, seem to have been especially susceptible to the homely, decorous charms of the French country life; and of all the things which they saw, none affected them more pleasantly than the frequent houses whereon 'in the stead of roofs were gardens planted with vines and fruit.' 'The kingdom of France,' declares Schaschek finally, 'is magnificent, and greatly abounding in all things, so that its like may not be found among Christian kingdoms.' 'It is furnished,' adds Tetzels, 'with all that the mind of man can imagine.'¹

V

AFTER a brief sojourn with 'a certain Count' in ever-hungry and ever-angry Gascony, the Bohemians now crossed the River Bidassoa and found themselves in Spain: 'the land of old renown, the land of wonder and mystery,' a country as magical and romantic in the days of Boabdil as in the days of Borrow. But at first they were confronted by its sterner aspects. For here was the mountainous region of Viscaya or Biscay, a sorry land with a folk evil and murderous and full of strange habits.² Here, too, food could be procured for

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 15.

² Wales, Castile and Biscay resemble one another, writes Boorde,



SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

From a woodcut illustrating the 'Historia de Europa' of Aeneas Sylvius, ed. of 1571.

neither man nor beast; and more than ten of their horses grew sick unto death. The women and maidens all had shaven heads, while the priests had wives and were ignorant of everything save the ten commandments alone. There was no confession other than by the priest himself at the altar; and the people, instead of going to church, sat and kneeled the livelong day by the side of costly tombstones, which they decked with sweet-tasting herbs and flowers and burning lights. 'Item: this is how in that country we may recognise the 'nobles: whoso weareth no shoe on his right foot, he is a nobleman.' Each smallest townlet had its gallows, whereon the poor were freely hanged for the stealing of so little as a farthing's worth of goods. Once, also, the travellers beheld an immeasurably barbarous punishment. The criminal was bound with chains to a high pillar round which were placed at a certain distance four great stakes: and these, being set on fire, in a horrible and lingering fashion roasted him to death.

On the other hand, the Bohemians were greatly astonished at the industry with which the slopes of the Pyrenees—the 'terrible gates' of Spain—were cultivated. For all about the mountains were planted with fruit trees, 'sown in like manner as is with us the hemp.' Every burgess and every peasant possessed some thousands of these trees and made therefrom a drink; for they had no grapes and—miserable beings that they were—beer was unknown to them.

The wanderers now crossed seventeen windings of the River Cadagun and reached the boundary between Biscay and Castile, where, despite their comprehensive

'for there is much poverty, and many rude and beastly people.' As for a journey through Spain, 'I assure all the world, that I had rather goe v. times to Rome oute of Englonde, than ons to Compostel: by water it is no pain, but by land it is the greatest journey that an Englyshman may go. And whan I returnyd, and did come into Aquitany, I dyd kis the ground for joy, surrendring thanks to God that I was delivered out of greate daungers, as well from many theves, as from hunger and colde.'

passports, they had considerable trouble with the toll officials (*publicani*), who advanced upon them in an armed band.¹ Rozmital presented a warlike front to the foe but parleyed diplomatically, knowing that, if only one of these publicans and sinners had been touched, 'then had we all been thoroughly murdered'; and, though he was forced to pay large sums for his baggage, he succeeded in obtaining from them documents that would ensure his complete immunity from such extortions in the future.

A ride of thirteen days through a wild and hilly country killed two of the Lord Lev's finest horses from exhaustion; and worse, so powerful was the scent of the rosemary² and the box-wood with which the mountain sides were covered, and so glittering the pebbles with which the rocky paths were strewn,³ that the entire cavalcade suffered from a violent and unceasing headache.

Here again, in Castile, they abode constantly amazed by the remarkable practices of the inhabitants, 'Christian, heathen and Jew,' who in those years preceding the advent of the Catholic Kings dwelled all together in so curious a commerce and so strange a marriage of religions. Having inquired how it came about that the Christians partook of meat-dishes on the fast-days, they were informed that these preparations consisted only of the livers and lungs of animals, which were not flesh but merely contained in

¹ Many other travellers were to complain of the customs officers of Spain. 'The stranger's ignorance makes the Spaniard's profit' was their very practical reply to all complaints, says Madame d'Aulnoy. Cf. also the Dutch traveller Van Aarssen's adventure among them.

² 'The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary and other fragrant flowers; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts.' (Howell.)

³ Hullez and vailaiez mony schalt thou fynde,
The sight thereof thenn maketh men blynde,
Litell coron, but craggez and stonez,
And that maketh Pylgrymez wery bonez.

(The 'Musical Pilgrim'.)

flesh.¹ At Medina Pomar their host, the 'good' Count of Haro, was 'called a Christian, but no man knoweth of what faith he is,' and in his household all beliefs were tolerated. He was polite and hospitable to Lev but 'wondered exceedingly why he should have come so far.'² These townspeople also were evil and hostile, and the visitors went in fear of their lives; while, in the heart of the grim and lonely country that lay beyond, they were vigorously attacked by the said Christians, heathens and Jews, 'who did us great harm with their cross-bows and spear-thrusts: but we shot back at them also, for each one of us carried his crossbow.'

They arrived, however, safely in the melancholy town of Burgos,³ and were received with respect and attention by the citizens, who, in addition to the usual gratifications, provided for their entertainment the exciting spectacle of 'a hunt of wild bulls.' This function—to the Bohemians new, strange and not a little dangerous—interested them deeply. First, they were astounded at the absence of the homely cow and her comfortable produce; for here, they found, the cattle were never fed in stables as in other lands, but were let roam in-desert places, marked only with the mark of their possessor, and captured for sport alone. As to cheese or butter, the natives neither used them nor knew even what they were. When a feast-day

¹ 'They take a licence from the Pope's nuncio, which costs about a shilling, and which gives them leave to eat . . . the head, feet, and inwards of fowls, etc., every Saturday throughout the year. And it seems to me pretty odd, that on this day they should eat the feet, head, and inwards, and yet dare not eat of any other part of the same creature.' (*The Lady's Travels into Spain*.)

² 'They are most impertinently inquisitive, whence you come? whither you go? . . . what do you come into our country for? We do not go into yours.' (John Ray.)

³ Navagero gives a depressing account of Burgos, which seems to have struck him as little better than a city of dreadful night. 'There are few parts,' he declares, 'not melancholy'; and the melancholy of the streets was admirably served by the melancholy of the skies. He quotes too with relish the Spanish sayings that in Burgos there are *diezes meses d'invierno, y dos de infierno*, and that the city 'wears mourning for all Castile.'

occurred, they would catch two or three bulls out of the herd, and send them one by one into the market-place of the town, blocking the mouths of the streets with mounted horsemen. The animals were then driven in a circle, while little darts or arrows, 'fashioned as goads,' were hurled at them, till in one bull alone many darts might be sticking. 'The brute, excited and inflamed, runs round and attacks whomsoever he meets.' At last, when the bulls were wearied with their running and well wounded by the darts, the great dogs were loosed; and these, 'tearing one down with mighty strength,' held him till the slaughterers came. 'And they hold so firmly by the ears with their teeth, that whatsoever they lay hold of, by no force soever is it possible to drag them away, unless the ear be cut off or their mouths be opened with an iron.'¹ The conquered brute is then roped about the horns, dragged by force to the slaughter-house and slain, its flesh being parcelled out among the people of the country-side. 'And no butcher may kill nor offer for sale any beef without it has been hunted by the dogs. And it is the best and most tender meat to eat of any venison that may be had.' On this so notable occasion no less than thirteen bulls were brought in 'out of the wilderness in a cage'; and in the baiting one horse was killed, and a man and two other horses injured.

But besides these 'bloody terrors' there was much to be seen in Burgos, especially the great Cathedral, built in the Moorish style 'by two German architects,' and a priceless gilded statue of the Virgin. Furthermore, the embassy was here privileged to behold great miracles. A bowshot from the town was a crucifix, whose substance and origin were alike wrapped in the mists of sanctity. 'It is not of wood,' writes Tetzl, 'and it is not of stone, and the body is composed just like unto that of a dead man. The hair and the nails grow, and the limbs, when they are

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 16.

touched, move, and one can feel the skin, and it hath a terrible solemn countenance. The great masters say that Nicodemus prayed to God, when he took Him from the cross, that He would suffer him to make such a likeness after His image, even as He was crucified; and in the night the crucifix appeared to him and remained long in his custody, and he prayed ever to it.¹ On the very day of their visit there chanced three notable signs. For 'a child that had been dead three days and a child that had both its legs broken and a man that had the wild fire, all became on that day whole and sound; and daily do countless great miracles happen.' Schaschek, indeed, less generous of imagination, declares that over two hundred years had passed since the performance of the last wonder. Both chroniclers, however, join in ecstasy over the miraculous coming of the crucifix. For in the year of our Lord 412² a lonely galley had been discovered sailing the open sea. The Catalan pirates who encountered it had drawn near cautiously with intent to rob. But the ship was empty save of a great chest; and when they sought to break this open they fell down and lay as dead men. Moreover, a great wind blew them violently and at once to Burgos, and their most strenuous efforts to depart were of no smallest avail. Recognising this as a sign from God, they longed ardently to rid themselves of their difficult treasure; but they were at a loss how to do so, since they dared not make known their presence to the people of

¹ 'It must be granted that this place and sight strike one with an awful regard: the crucifix is of carved work, and cannot be better made; its carnation is very natural; it is covered from the breasts to the feet with a fine linen, in several folds or plaits, which makes it look like a loose jerkin, and in my opinion is not very agreeable. . . . However, it works miracles, and this is one of the chief objects of devotion in Spain: the religious tell you it sweats every Friday.' (D'Aulnoy.) Even in the eighteenth century it was still supposed to be possessed of this virtue, and therefore the indubitable work of Nicodemus.

² Schaschek says that the voyage took place only '500 years ago, and that the galley was discovered by the Castilian ships.

Burgos, whom they had so frequently spoiled and enslaved. Fortunately a hermit passed by, who counselled them to take the sacred chest to the Bishop; and this they presently did. Now, at the very moment of their arrival at the Bishop's palace, the prelate—a converted Jew—was asleep, and dreaming of just such a crucifix in just such a chest, sailing the sea on just such a ship. So when he awoke and heard the tale, he neither wasted time in reflection nor stayed to capture the thieves, but ordered a universal fast, went with a great procession to the ship and kneeled with all his priests before the precious cargo. The chest thereupon opened of itself and made manifest the contents, and the crucifix was at once taken with great solemnity to its present resting-place in the Augustine's Convent. The citizens, wishing to have the holy object in the town, had often and by force fetched it away to the mother-church within the walls; but ever it had taken itself back in the night—a fact which so impressed the Jewish kinsmen of the Bishop that they forthwith became Christians. The eldest of his four brothers attained, in fact, to such extreme sanctity, 'that on one glorious day the crucifix spake to him and bowed towards him'; and hereupon he sold all his goods, dowered all the poor maidens of the town and ransomed every Christian prisoner from the infidels, asking no guerdon save the captive's shirt: 'wherefore one seeth many hundred shirts of many rare shapes hanging in the church.'

Of the Cid, the 'Honour of Spain,' whose tomb they should surely have sought, the Bohemians make no mention. But they briefly record a visit to the famous nunnery of Las Huelgas,¹ where they were

¹ 'Its nuns are all noble, and the abbess almost a sovereign princess, by the extent of her territories, the number of her prerogatives, and the variety of her jurisdiction.' (Swinburne.) She exercised these rights over fourteen great cities, more than fifty towns, seventeen convents, twelve commanderships, and innumerable benefices.

shown an altar-piece fashioned entirely of silver. Here, too, they renewed their rapture of Neuss, being most graciously received by the high-born and 'very comely' nuns, who escorted them about the gardens, and entertained them with dancing, music and 'various delicious plays.'¹ Nor were infidel pleasures lacking, even in this city of 'many costly churches,' for when they called on a certain Christian count, they found all the feminine visitors clad in the heathen or Turkish manner and behaving to match. 'And the ladies and maids danced delectable dances after the heathen fashion, and they are all brown women and have black eyes and eat or drink little, and they are fain to see travellers and love Germans greatly.' This caballero, indeed, was especially hospitable to the strangers, since in his youth he had visited Bohemia, or Alta Almania, and been admitted to the dignity of an order of knighthood by King Albert of Bohemia at the siege of Tabor (1438). As a mark of esteem, therefore, he conducted them to a cloister built by his brother, formerly Bishop of Burgos, and displayed to their wondering eyes a series of magnificent tombs which had already been erected for himself, his parents and his numerous kin.

The onward way led south through a wilderness blossoming with rosemary and 'a flower like unto the rose,' which turned only too soon into a hideous and desolate waste, wherein they suffered great hardships and went ever in fear of their lives. Constant and unsleeping must now be their vigilance, for neither persons nor property were safe by day or by night. They dared not attempt to journey on the new highway but took the straightest and most secluded line; and even then 'must ride quickly, for the heathen were about.' They were sorely troubled also by the

¹ According to Madame d'Aulnoy the Spanish nuns 'see more cavaliers than the women who live at large, neither are they less gallant; it is impossible for any to have more gaiety than they, and, as I have already told you, madam, here are more beauties than are seen abroad.'

inhospitality of the people, who were 'arrogant, angry, jealous, suspicious and cruel,' and wholly reckless of life, whether their own or another's. Spittings and stone-throwings were everywhere their only welcome. 'If we came to towns or markets they would give us no lodging, so that we must needs abide in the open fields under the sky. If we wished to buy drink or bread or otherwhat, we had first to pay the money, and then they gave us but bath-warm wine that had been brought in goatskins and on mules over the mountains.¹ For bread they gave us flour weighed by the pound, whereon we poured water and made a *fagatzon*, cooking it in the hot ashes.' Often they were reduced to dry dung alone.² Of the horses' fodder it was the same story, 'so that I think,' groans Tetzels, 'that the gypsies in all countries were lordlier entertained than wé.' The heat, again, was terrific, and, like many other travellers, the Bohemians cursed the brazen sky, the blinding sun and the adusted soil of Spain. On one occasion they were completely lost and wandered for hours—drinkless, despairing and crying upon death—in a forest of giant pine-trees, from which they were eventually rescued by the friendly offices of a priest.

Spain, indeed, was at that time a land of 'war and unrest,' singularly unsuited to peaceful or pious travel. For the country was crossing one of the most tumultuous and turbulent periods of her uneasy

¹ 'All your wyne shalbe kepte and caryed in gote skyns, and the here syde shalbe inwarde, and you shall draw your wyne out of one of the legges of the skyne. Whan you go to dyner and to supper, you must fetch your bread in one place, and your wine in a nother place, and your meate in a nother place; and hogges in many places shalbe vnder your feete at the table, and lice in your bed.' (Boorde.) These hog or goat skins were both barrel and cellar, wrote Van Aarssens; 'the best wine out of these is a very unpleasant liquor, having a most abominable taste of pitched hide.'

² This must have been especially trying to these particular travellers, for Bohemians are described by Butzbach as incomparable eaters and drinkers: 'the richer, like the Epicureans, are for the most part so fat that they are compelled to support their protruding persons with bands fastened round their necks.'

career, and the noise of battle was ever at her gates. It was the decade immediately preceding that of the advent of the Catholic Kings. Both in Aragon and in Castile there were two sovereigns, or would-be sovereigns. In Aragon John II., poor and unscrupulous, was ever at issue with the many claimants for the throne of Navarre; while here in Castile the fatuous and despicable Henry IV. was fighting for his crown with the adherents of his boy-brother Don Alfonso. 'There were at that time,' says the Nuremberger, 'two brothers against each other, and each brother would be king in Spain, and part of the country held with the old and part with the young.' Nor had this civil war been undertaken without ample and even equitable cause. Four years had already passed since Henry's Queen, the volatile Juana,¹ had brought into the world—and this despite the acknowledged impotency of her husband—an Infanta, the apparent heiress to the ancient throne of Castile. Yet Henry, with the perversity that distinguished him, still insisted not only on recognising the little interloper as legitimate, but also on loading her reputed father, Beltran de la Cueva, with wealth and honours.² When the remonstrances of his outraged nobles proved of no avail, a considerable portion of them, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Toledo, had raised the banner of rebellion in favour of his young half-brother. The war had already lasted for a year with alternating fortunes—success being rendered difficult to the one party by the poverty and pusillanimity of the King, and to the other by the conflicting ambitions and jealousies of the nobles. And Castile and our Bohemians remained the sufferers.

¹ Sister of Alfonso of Portugal and of the Empress Eleonore, and second wife of Henry. Her daughter was commonly called 'the Beltraneja,' from the name of her alleged father.

² Commynes, in narrating the meeting of Louis XI. and Henry IV. in 1463, describes King Henry as a 'simple man doing nothing of himself, but wholly governed by the great Master of Saint James [Beltran de la Cueva] and the Archbishop of Toledo.'

Having vainly applied to an adherent of 'the young King,' the travellers were passed angrily on to a follower of 'the old King,' and succeeded at length in finding the lawful monarch in a small village outside Segovia. Henry, whose cherished delight lay in the reek of manure, gave them a short audience, 'sitting on the ground in heathenish fashion,' but preferred to receive them properly in the city of Olmedo. So thither they went, visiting on the way the gorgeous Alcazar or Castle of Segovia, which had been magnificently restored by King Henry but a few years before and was now 'surpassingly elegant, adorned with gold and silver and that coerulean blue colour that is called azure,' having for its floors and doors slabs of the fairest alabaster. 'Here in that Palace are certain images of the Kings, who from the beginning of the kingdom have reigned in order. There are four-and-thirty effigies to be seen, all of them fashioned of pure gold, each seated alone on a King's throne, holding in his hand the sceptre and fruit. And all the Kings of Spain are bound by this law, that during their reign, they should gather and heap up as much gold as shall equal the weight of their bodies, that life having passed they may find a place among these other Kings in the Palace of Segovia.'¹ In the rooms wherein the Sovereign was wont 'to capture sleep' the ceilings blazed with solid gold, while the hangings of the bed were woven with gold and had cost their possessor 1,700 good French crowns. So militant were the times and so fearful the Segovians, that the visitors were only admitted into the Palace in batches of five. They also saw Henry's new Franciscan monastery, rich with the curious work of sculptors and set with cypresses and flowering trees. And they looked with fear at the old

¹ 'Those victorious in battle hold their swords naked and straight, those discomfited hold them lowered; one of the kings holding three dice in his hand, lost his kingdom by dice to a gentleman, who was king for all his life, whereafter the kingdom returned to the true heirs.' (De Lalaing.)

Roman aqueduct: 'a bridge too high and steep to be crossed save on foot,' which had been built by the devil in a single night, only a short time before.¹

In Olmedo—or, according to Tetzels, 'Gerbirro'—they succeeded in obtaining another audience from Henry, and again found both King and Queen seated in Moorish fashion on the ground.² The monarch, indeed, seems to have shared his subjects' taste for the ancestral enemies of Castile. 'He has many of them at his Court, and has driven forth many Christians and given over their lands to the heathen. Moreover he eats and drinks and prays and is apparelled after the manner of the Paynims, and is the enemy of Christ, and has committed a great crime, and is given over to unchristian practices.'

Despite his lowly posture, the King greeted the embassy politely, giving them all his hand: 'and all that my lord desired he granted.' The Queen, like the citizens of London, 'had a great amazement over our hairs. She is a brown and comely lady, and the King is her enemy and lives not with her: so is she also the enemy of the King, for it is said that he is unable to have aught to do with her. But he also commits great follies. And for these reasons, and because he has driven forth the Christians and taken their lands and castles and cities and given them to the heathen, therefore the country has elected his brother as King.'

The Bohemians seem to have been by no means beloved at Henry's court, having many a skirmish and encounter with both Spaniards and Moors, who intruded themselves even into Lev's chamber. 'For

¹ 'There is a bridge which the devil, called Hercules, made in one day, without lime and without sand, 400 feet in height, as long as one French league, and it has double arches, and there flows above and along it a spring, which serves all the city with water. It is an admirable thing and strange to see.' (De Lalaing.)

² Even in the reign of Philip V., Saint-Simon found the ladies of Spain still sitting cross-legged on the floor. (*Mémoires*.) Lady Fanshawe describes them as seated 'upon cushions, as the fashion of this court is, being very rich and laid upon Persian carpets.' (*Memoirs*.)

they run when they please by force even into the King's presence, and he must needs permit them. They have the King in their power, and the King has no authority over them.' 'They lead,' adds Schaschek, 'so impure and unnatural a life that it irks and offends me to narrate their enormities. Indeed, it may truthfully be said of them that there is nothing like to this town in all Castile. . . . If one of us goes forth from his lodging, so fall they upon him, spitting and practising other affronts, seeking a pretext to take from us our possessions, or even to murder us. And if you ask which are the best, Moors or Christians? I shall not easily say.'¹ On one occasion, when Zehrowitz indiscreetly touched the neckerchief of a pretty damsel, four hundred angry Spaniards attacked the hostelry wherein the Bohemians lodged; and only the prompt interference of the King saved them from annihilation. Again, at a wrestling match that took place in their honour, when Zehrowitz was first victorious over and then defeated by the Spanish champion, the tumult and clamour of the populace rose to a fierce and even alarming degree. This Spaniard, though small in stature, was possessed of such monstrous strength that, though clad in full armour, he could run for six miles and beat all other men in ordinary clothes. Placing his hand on Zehrowitz's shoulder, he vaulted, with feet together, right over his head; whereat Jan exclaimed, 'Never, by Hercules! had I thought to find so great strength in so little a man.'

The Bohemians here also beheld another of the horrible punishments so common at that time, especially in Southern Europe. A Spanish grandee, who had conspired against the King, was taken in his gold-

¹ At the conference of the Ile de Faisans in 1463, Henry's guard were 'all Moores of Granada and some of them Negros,' who at once 'fell together by the eares' with their new allies. (Commynes.) 'In no court have I seen such foolish mad rude folk as here,' wrote Niklas Poppel in 1470.

emblazoned dress of state and bound to a pillar, when as many as chose shot at him with their crossbows.¹ The right breast was the target. Those who missed had to pay the fine of a Spanish dollar, but those who succeeded in hitting the mark were rewarded with four-and-twenty maravedini. And the proceeds of the fines were devoted to feasting and merriment. -

All things considered, it seemed prudent to leave Olmedo, and the travellers took their departure from this dreary city of battles and bloodshed. Greatly disgusted with 'the old King,' who had not even defrayed their expenses, and had given them nothing save a useless Order² and the very Spanish recommendation to have patience, they decided to make the acquaintance of the young one. Alfonso, however, wholly declined to receive as guests any who had been entertained by his brother, so they were forced to steer their course towards Portugal.

A fertile district of Leon, radiant with harvest-fields and vineyards, brought them to Canta la Piedra. And here, to their interest and surprise, they found an aged and saintly hermit, with a long white beard and six toes to his foot, said to be that Ladislas I., King of Poland and Hungary, whom men commonly supposed to have been killed in battle by the Turks at Varna. One of the party, himself a Pole, having gazed upon

¹ 'They do not often hang people in Spain, but they tie evil-doers worthy of death to a stake, and they place a mark of white paper in the region of his heart. Then the law orders the best arblasters that may be found, to draw upon him till death ensues. And if the criminal knoweth that one of his friends is a good arblaster, he prays the judge to let him draw, that he may die the quicker.' (De Lalaing.) Hence the old Castilian proverb: 'Let every man look out for the arrow.'

² Ehingen received three Orders from the King of Castile: 'The Spanish (*della Squama*), that is a neck-chain, broad and scaly, like unto great scales of fish. . . . *La banda de Kastillia*, that is a red scarlet coat with a golden band or riband, two thumbs broad, over the left shoulder, across the front to the edge of the coat on the right side, and from the said place across the back up again to the left shoulder. . . . That of Granada: a pomegranate cloven in twain, with a stalk and sundry leaves thereto.'

the said toes, fell on his knees and did reverence to the hermit as his King. But the aged man only spoke with humility of his sins, and, wrapping about him his long mantle of ashen grey, 'turned weeping into his abode.'

Salamanca, the chief University of Spain, was the next stage, and royally did the Bishop, 'a strong God-fearing man,' receive them. Once again a bull-fight was enacted before them, this time in honour of the holy James; but, despite the patronage of this erstwhile daunter of monsters, two men were killed and eight wounded. The lords and knights, writes Tetzels, 'even the mightiest in the town, sat upon their jennets [*gamretten*], right quick-running horses, and hurled little lances at the bulls; and whoso shot straightest and implanted most spears, he was the best. And they enraged the bulls, so that these chased after them and attacked them fiercely, and on that same day were two carried away for dead.' When the bull-baiting was at an end, the caballeros made for each other and shot with the little spears, intercepting them with their shields, or catching them, 'as the heathen use to do when they fight: and in all my life I have never seen more nimble men or horses.' They rode very short, with the knee drawn up to the saddle, also like the Moors. The spectacle was witnessed in comfort by the Northerners: 'my lord and we were in a house with other burghers and looked on, and we had beautiful women by us, and drank and ate and lived well.' With proper zeal and an admirable sense of contrast they subsequently visited the 'high school,' 'and they say that in all Christendom there are no more learned folk than in the said town.' And they inspected the gallows in the market-place whereon the domestic thieves were hung, all foreigners being privileged to end their lives without the city walls.

Having stayed for a few days with the Bishop of Ciudad Rodrigo, and having wondered both at the

hordes of locusts¹ that were devastating the land and at the host of storks that were hastening through the air to devour them, the Lord Lev and his company now crossed the Douro into Portugal.

VI

THE face of Portugal seemed at first no more smiling than that of Spain. For before the wanderers lay a stricken and almost trackless country, wherein 'often for the space of four or five years no stranger is seen.' Indeed, they found in it more serpents, scorpions and lizards than inhabitants, and of these discomforting hosts Schaschek gives an astonishing description. The serpents or dragons were short and thick, with forked tongues and wings like bats, where-with they could pursue men or animals for the space of two leagues. The scorpions were many coloured and of the size of ordinary hunting dogs. Even the lizards were not much smaller and of a greenish hue.²

¹ Mariana records that in 1466 'there appeared such a multitude of Locusts that they hid the Sun. Every one interpreted this and the like Prodigies as his Fear dictated, rather than according to any Reason.' Locusts were still sorely dreaded in Europe, both for their destructiveness and as the certain forerunners of pestilence. The *Golden Legend* tells of a plague that was heralded by 'brezes or locustes innumerable, whiche had syxe wynges, syxe longe feet, and two teeth harder than ony stone, and fledde by companyes, as armed men, by the space of a day's journey, stratching a four myle or fyve myle brode, and they devoured al thyng that was grene in trees and in herbys. . . . And therof ensued a grete famyne and grete mortalyte, that almoste the thyrd parte of the peple perysshed and dyed.'

² 'Caballero, there is not another such range in Spain; they have their secrets, too—their mysteries. Strange tales are told of those hills: it is said that in certain places there are deep pools and lakes, in which dwell monsters, huge serpents as long as a pine tree, and horses of the flood, which sometimes come out and commit mighty damage.' (Borrow, *Bible in Spain*.) Compare, too, the English knight's adventures in the mountains of Aragon (*Romans de Partenay*, ed. Skeat), where all must go quickly and without resting, since there was no place to sit down save upon snakes—'enlesse uppon serpentes sate truly'—and where the monsters that beset 'the sory path' were 'of unmete hugeness' and 'above all other wormes most perilous.'

Throughout the day the baleful beasts remained hidden in holes and caves, but so soon as the heat abated they came forth and pervaded the land; so the unfortunate Bohemians were forced to pursue their laborious way under the 'parboyling beams' of the noonday sun.

Beyond this home of horror, however, stretched the chestnut and fruit-laden valleys of Villa Ponca, and their aching eyes and parched mouths were refreshed by the abundance of 'sea-strawberry trees' (*quæ fraga marina nuncupantur*), almonds, figs and grapes—'which at home we call Greek wine'—that decked their path.¹ Soon, too, through a strangely varying landscape, they came to Braga, and were amply repaid for their toils by the bounteous hospitality of Alfonso V., sometimes called 'the African,' to whom they had brought confidential letters from his sister, the Empress Eleonore.

For the gentle, chivalrous King of Portugal was a sovereign of a very different mould from his brother-in-law, Henry of Castile. Known to the world as 'el Rey Caballero,' he surrounded himself by the most valiant and famous knights of his dominion, while his court had for years been the gathering-place of the enterprising adventurers who, under the patronage of his uncle Prince Henry, were sailing far and wide 'to learn the world.' 'He was a comely personable prince,' wrote Jorg von Ehingen, when visiting him a few years earlier, 'and the most Christlikest, honourablest and justest King that I have ever known.' In his youth he had been greatly addicted to all chivalrous sports, and his Court was always gay with 'dancing, hunting, leaping, wrestling, throwing the stone and the iron bar, racing with horses and jennets, feasting and banquetting: in truth it was good to be there.'

¹ A faire contraye, and vinez also,
The Raspis groeth ther in thi waie.
Yf thee lust thou maie asaie.

(The 'Musical Pilgrim'.)

Yet Alfonso's career was an ineffectual one. Primed and panoplied with knightly ideals, he dreamed the years away in vain alluring visions of Portuguese supremacy and revenge. Till the day of his final disillusionment, the throne of his brother-in-law of Castile was the unfading star of his ambition,¹ while his soul could not rest within him till he had wiped the stain of Tangier² from the annals of Portugal. And neither of these ardent ambitions was destined to success.

When the Bohemians arrived at Braga he was a sick man. 'He rode and walked very badly,' writes Tetzels, 'for he was at that time suffering.' He was also difficult of access, since so soon as the sun rose he lay within, and only after sunset rode with his lords and knights round about the place till midnight. But he treated the visitors with the greatest consideration, knowing well, he told Rozmital, 'what so great a journey betokens: for ever it means foundered horses, tired riders, and an empty purse.' He was dressed after 'the Spanish or heathenish fashion,' wearing boots to the knee; his sword was slung round his neck by a broad band, and his cloak was thrown over his shoulder as was the custom in the country.

Of Braga itself the scribes have little to tell, save that the town walls were covered with ivy, and that the city was a very garden of orange and lemon trees, of pomegranates, and of apples of Paradise. But they were exceedingly astonished by the trade in African slaves that was then a marked feature of Portuguese life. The King possessed at this time three cities on the Moorish coast—Alcaçar Quivir, Alcaçar Ceguer and Ceuta; and if any man in Portugal were condemned to death or guilty of crime, he was at once sent to these

¹ In the hope of attaining this end he finally married his niece, the Beltraneja.

² His uncles King Edward and Don Ferdinand, sons of Philippa of Lancaster, suffered a terrible reverse at Tangier in 1437, the younger prince, known as 'the Constant,' being left as hostage in the hands of the Moors, where he died after six years of a cruel captivity.

towns to fight the infidel. In the adjacent country also were many subject Kings, whose tribute consisted in the sacrifice of one out of every three children born in the kingdom. If the father had influence, he could ransom his child for money; but were he poor, he must yield it up. The small victims were collected every year by each King in his own province, and sold—either immediately or when of full age—to the Portuguese merchants. These bought them very cheap, marked them and carried them across the water in their ships and galleys. ‘And for a kerchief that is worth ten or twelve florins one shall receive five or six Moors, for there is a great lack of kerchiefs in the country.’ The numbers and sufferings of the poor wretches may be gathered from the fact that ‘in one disturbance in a passage over to Lisbon, it is said that over three thousand Moors and Mooresses died.’ The common people went all naked¹ and bare, the women wearing a piece of wood and a cotton band, but the more distinguished wore ‘narrow-garments of cotton.’ The women of *Alkasser* were all adorned with a blue stripe over the chin, such as were noble having their bodies above the girdle ‘stained with lovely flowers.’ They drank no wine, but lived chiefly on fruit and the sugar of canes. ‘And here is to be found the most precious gold that can be upon earth.’

In spite of their disgust, the Bohemians received with proper gratitude the King’s parting present of two slaves, coupled with two elegant jennets—‘a kind of horse which for swiftness and lightness surpasseth all the horses of Christendom,’—two monkeys,² many

¹ The Morez ben blak as any pikke,
And go allemest naket, no men like.

(The ‘Musical Pilgrim.’)

The Moors of Barbary, says Schaschek, were known by their painted (*picturata*) bodies, and those converted to Christianity by their beards, besmeared with colours which might never be washed off

² Monkeys were popular pets in Germany. A courtesan, wrote Garzonus, must ever have something by her to attract the eye, ‘so one sees her not only magnificent in silk and gold and pearl-embroidered gloves, but also round her neck a costly sable hood, on the

leopard skins and heathen weapons, and sundry other gifts. In fact, according to Schaschek, the Lord Lev, when given his choice of a farewell gift, himself named 'two Ethiopians' as the culmination of his desires, and the brother of the King,¹ who stood near, burst into laughter at the modesty and cheapness of his request.

To counterbalance this heterogeneous addition to their party, that most necessary person the master-cook unfortunately lost himself in the town and did not reappear till they reached Compostella. Every man of them therefore must set to and help, both with the foraging and the cooking. 'Some ran and caught a sheep, others had to skin it; some made the fire and cooked, some fed the horses: my lord as much as the others. And we led a wretched and miserable life.' Wonderful, indeed, must have been the capability and value of the man who, on ordinary occasions, performed these multifarious duties single-handed.

Eager to reach their sacred destination, the party now rode quickly northward, not without anxiety from the reports which reached them of tumults in Galicia. At first, little of interest occurred, save that between Tuy and Redondella they were, amazingly enough, 'shown to our right the kingdom of Scotland,'²

one side of her in the window a monkey or an ape, on the other side a martin, and in her hand a sumptuous fan.' (*Schauplatz der Künste*, in Scheible's *Kloster*, vi.) There are many to be seen in the pictures of Israel von Meckenen, Albrecht Durer, Burgkmair, and others.

¹ Ferdinand, Duke of Viseu, murdered by John the Perfect in 1484.

² The Latin translator of Schaschek provides the illuminating comment that Ireland is here intended; drawing his information presumably from such writers as Sebastian Munster, who describes that country as situated between England and Spain, and its inhabitants as closely allied both in history and in habits with the Spaniards, 'who are their nearest neighbours.' 'The Iland hath by some bin tearmed Scotia because the Scotti, comming from Spaine, dwelt here,' writes Heylyn. Compare also the shape of Western Europe in the Maps at the end. But Schaschek had already, on leaving England, made an allusion to the country of 'the holy Patritius': 'That part of the island which lieth against England belongs to the English Crown, but the remainder is ruled by two Earls, who are tributary to the King of England.'

which lies in the sea over against England.' These Scots had waged rebellious war against England for countless years, and were subject not to a King but to a Duke, 'whom also we saw.' But in the great forest of chestnut-trees between Pontevedra and El Padron the embassy, which was now dutifully concluding its pilgrimage on foot, embarked upon an adventure that was to have perilous consequences. For a certain boy (apparently a son of Lev) sought to imitate the natives and to slay wild beasts with a sling and small stones; and having presently wounded with his pebble a peasant who was sleeping in the bushes, the man, enraged, threatened to make the Bohemians pay for this feat with their lives. They soothed him with soft words and passed on their way, but the incident was not at an end.

In El Padron the Bohemians began to realise their near neighbourhood to the holy goal of their desires. For here, for the space of twelve months, had lived the holy apostle St. James the More, preaching the gospel to the infidels of Galicia. This sojourn, indeed, had to the Saint himself seemed a grievous failure, since for all his beautiful sermons, as Tetzels sympathetically tells, he had in all his whole life no more than two converts only. This lamentable fact had, however, been the cause of a miracle, whereof the effects were still to be seen and tasted. For one day, being burdened with sorrow, the holy man had gone three bowshots from his church on to a little hill, and had sat him down and bitterly wept and wailed that he had changed two Pagans only: 'and this gave him a strong thirst.' Moreover, the obdurate and stiff-necked heathen had fallen upon him with sticks and stones, and the pain of his wounds had rendered his desire for drink wellnigh unbearable. Too weak to move, he had prayed that God would come to his help, and had then driven his staff with resolution into the earth. Instantly a 'lovely quick fountain' had spouted forth with sufficient violence even to turn a mill-wheel, and

since that day had never ceased to spring or to refresh its innumerable visitors.

In El Padron also was the stone on which the mutilated body of the Saint—Herod had removed his head, says Schaschek, with a sickle (*falce messoria*)—had been floated over the sea from Palestine to Spain,¹ still bearing 'as though in wax' the miraculous impress of the holy form. By command of the Pope it had been sunk under the waters of the River Sar, to prevent its total destruction by the relic-loving pilgrims who constantly broke and carried off great pieces; but it was still plainly visible. Here, again, was the cave that had once sheltered the Apostle from the clutches of the heathen, a lurking-place of tempting but deceptive proportions, in which Jan of Zehrowitz, who was possessed of a portly personality, came near to strangulation. And, finally, near here was the grim castle of Rotya Planta, in which, at the same sacred date, had lived and ruled the terrible and infidel Princess Lupa, who ordered her subjects—and especially the Christians—to her liking by the effective means of a dragon and two wild bulls. When the disciples prayed her for a span of draught oxen to convey their precious burden to the site indicated by the attendant star, she offered them 'in guile and mockage' these gentle auxiliaries. But to the amazement as well of the Queen as of an awe-stricken peninsula, they suffered themselves with eager acquiescence to be yoked, and brought the body of the Saint in peace to his appointed resting-place.²

With high hearts and imaginations inflamed by

¹ This is Tetzels account. Schaschek gives the usual version of the story (cf. *The Golden Legend*): that St. James's body was brought by his disciples on a ship steered by an angel and a star, and that it had merely rested on this stone. Another legend makes the stone serve as a ferryboat across the river.

² Schaschek's version of this story is again almost identical with that in the *Legenda Aurea*. It is interesting to remember that this famous book was first printed in 1470—some four years after the Bohemian pilgrimage.

these and many other legends, Rozmital and his company now trod the hilly and arduous path that led to Santiago di Compostella. So wearied were they with their four-league climb that they sank with alacrity under the welcome shade of the giant lime-trees that sheltered another favourite fountain of St. James. And, since the brackish waters of this spring were for one whole year a certain remedy against fevers, the entire company drank of them greedily.

Filled with new strength, they reached at last the star-marked city, to find once more walls engarlanded with ivy and odorous with yellow violets, but once more, also, a hurly-burly of battle and sudden death. A certain Galician grandee, vassal of the Archbishop of Santiago, had—after the fashion of the day—risen against his over-lord, with the intention of possessing himself of the revenues and treasures of the shrine. He had already seized many of the episcopal castles and fortresses, and in one of them held prisoner the Archbishop himself with twenty of his priests.¹ And now he was besieging the prelate's mother and brothers, of whom one was a cardinal, in the Cathedral. 'At that time,' writes Tetzels, 'there was great warfare; for before the church there lay a mighty lord. With him were all they of Santiago, and they had utterly beset the church; and they shot therein with guns, and they in the church shot back again.' Lev sent forward Frodnar and Tetzels to ask for a safe-conduct, and they arrived just in time to take part in an assault on the Cathedral and to confer a benefit upon the assailants. For foremost in the

¹ Compostella seems to have been unlucky in her Archbishops. 'Particularly the Clergy was extraordinary depraved,' writes Mariana of the year 1459, 'in so much that about this time D. Roderick de Luna, Archbishop of Santiago, forced away a Bride on her Wedding Day to debauch her, which caused the People to mutiny, being headed by D. Luis Osorio, Son to the Earl of Trastamara. In revenge of that hainous Crime they deposed that Bishop, and seized all he had.' His successor, this Archbishop Alonso da Fonseca, was chosen as being the only man likely to strive successfully with Luis Osorio, who had 'possessed himself of the Revenues of that Church.'

storming was the rebellious noble, and he was soon so sorely wounded in the throat by an arrow that his neck swelled up and he was like to die. None of his own men could find or draw the iron, so that when Frodnar stepped forward and made a plaster to fetch it out, he won both gratitude and an immediate escort. 'And not one save this lord alone was wounded, though there were over 4,000 men assaulting; wherefore they held it was a punishment from God and St. James.'

Rozmital now asked the captain of the besiegers for leave to seek from his opponents admission to the shrine; and this was readily granted, though with the encouraging comment that while entrance into the Cathedral would surely prove easy, it was far from equally certain whether they would ever come out again alive. 'The church,' added the warrior, 'is held by that Mother, a wicked woman, and her sons who are like unto herself: nor is there any man of her company whose word may be trusted. So I should not advise you to enter.' But the embassy was intrepid, and, after many days of negotiation, succeeded in penetrating to the outer defences of the Cathedral, where they were met in a conciliatory spirit by the martial lady and her sons. There was, however, a new difficulty to be faced before the Bohemians might obtain a sight of the precious relics. 'Know you not,' said the Mother of the Church, 'that you are excommunicate? You have spoken with those who are besieging us, and whoso speaks, eats or drinks with them becomes a partner in their crime and falls with them under holy ban.' 'And it was the almightiest ban,' adds Tetzels, 'and we were sorely afear'd that we must depart away again.' They offered to leave Frodnar, the chief offender, outside; but even this would not suffice, and they were forced to retire.

Again and yet again they returned to the charge, and at length the hearts of the clerics allowed them-

selves to be softened, chiefly, indeed, 'because they hoped to receive great and goodly gifts' from the Lord Lev. A cleansing ceremony was therefore arranged. First, the combatants on either side, 'to honour my lord, made a peace together.' Next, the visitors were led to an empty cistern facing the church door, and were told to take off their shoes—'to strip,' says Tetzels—and to kneel all in a row. Soon the Cardinal emerged from the Cathedral, preceded by a great black cross and followed by many priests and scholars, who sang loudly at the culprits. Approaching the kneelers and striking each of them a blow with his girdle, the prelate then raised the Lord Lev, and led the little company, still barefoot and bearing lighted torches in their hands, within the holy edifice. Here they were reshod by the Cardinal's own eminent hands, and at last, being voided of offence, were permitted to see the sacred treasures of the shrine. It would appear, however, that the Cathedral itself was far more in need of a cleansing than were the visitors, since not only was it inhabited by the warlike Mother, 'a long lean withered woman,' with all her household, garrison and cooking arrangements, but also there were many horses and cows stabled therein. None the less, concludes Tetzels with a large tolerance, 'the people of Compostella are verily a pious folk, albeit they happen at this time to be against the Bishop and the Church.'

The building itself they describe as immense,¹ with four round and two square towers. Amongst the innumerable relics of St. James, the most interesting were the sickle with which he was beheaded² and his famous

¹ 'Hyt is a gret Mynstor, large and long,' writes the 'Musical Pilgrim.' 'Very strong and solid, in the form of a great keep or castle, so covered that one may walk all over it,' says De Lalaing.

² 'I dyd dwel in Compostell, as I did dwell in many partes of the world, to se and to know the trewth of many thynges, and I assure you that there is not one heare nor one bone of saint Iames in Spayne in Compostell, but only, as they say, his stafe, and the chayne the whyche he was bounde wyth all in prison, and the syckel or hooke, the whyche doth lye vpon the myddell of the hyghe aluter, the whyche (they'sayd) dyd saw and cutte of the head.' (Boorde.)

banner, already falling into sore decay. This last was 'of a red colour, and on it is painted his image, seated on a white horse and clad in garments of white. On the horse and on the head-dress of the rider are to be seen painted shells or scales, such as the pilgrims are wont to wear in their hats.'¹ And the priests instructed them that, when the holy James defeated 100,000 Paynims with a force of but 13,000 Christians, he was dressed exactly thus. On the walls of a little chapel were hanging the coats-of-arms of many a noble pilgrim, a custom with which the Lord Lev and his gallant companions duly complied.²

This holy task being at length accomplished, the Bohemians pushed on to Capo Finis Terræ, 'called by the peasants,³ the Cape of the Dark Star (*Finster Stern*).' As they drew near, they beheld another rock that strangely resembled 'a ship, with oars and rudders, and all the appurtenances of the sea.' And this, they learned, was the very vessel whence Christ and Our Lady had disembarked, when they came hither to found in her honour the Church 'that is known to this day by the name of the Stella Obscura.' So soon as the Blessed Pair had quitted the ship, it had turned to hardest stone.

At the famous 'end of earth' the wanderers found the greatest wonder of all—a limitless sea. From this headland, says Tetzels, not without a touch of poetry, 'one sees not aught anywhither save sky and water: and men say that the sea is there so troubled that none may sail upon it, nor know they what may lie beyond.' 'The end of it no one knoweth save God alone,' writes Schaschek.

Yet both have legends of marvellous adventure and strange sea-happenings to record. Since the beginning of time Portugal had stared westward into

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 17.

² Sebald Rieter describes the coats-of-arms as being painted on vellum and hung up in the choir of the cathedral. (*Reisebuch*.)

³ 'It is called *finis terre*, end of earth. But the simple folk who know not Latin think that *finis terre* means *winster stern*.' (Fabri.)

the boundless and immemorial mystery of a virgin ocean, holding it to be the beachèd margent of human existence, the 'great Water that departeth the world asunder': a perilous and impassable flood of wracks and tempests, starred, indeed, with magical islands and sheltering magical monsters, but leading to no firmer shore than that of some phantom *pays du bleu*, some dreamlike 'Land of Behest tofore the gates of God.' But now, though six-and-twenty years should pass before the first great enterprise of Columbus, the whole country was teeming with the new romance of discovery, hot with the lust for new worlds. Prince Henry the Navigator was but two years dead, and his captains and commanders, spurred by large hopes and fruitful imaginings, were still searching the southern seas; while the whole of Europe was busied with the dream of a peopled land beyond the setting sun. An unknown but inhabited isle had sprung, it was said, from the deeps at the back of Madeira, only to vanish again into silence. And the islands of the Azores spread rumours of naked men cast, strange-featured and strange-tongued, upon their coasts, who declared themselves to have come from the vague, immeasurable spaces of the West.

So it was not surprising that the Bohemians should have been fed with tales of the grim and lurid enchantment—of the woe and of the wonder—of this dark, untravelled tide. 'Upon a time,' records the old Nüremberger, 'a King of Portugal prepared two ships and two galleys, to the end that they should sail over yonder, to see what might be there and whether there were any land. The ships were furnished for many years, and for three years were they away; and no more than one galley came ever home again. And on this galley were the greater number of the crew dead. And they who yet were alive, were so twisted and deformed, that they might scarce be known for human folk; skin and hair had fallen off, with the nails from their hands and feet, their

eyes were sunk deep in their heads and they were as black as the Moors. They told of the unspeakable heat that was there, and how that it was no marvel that the ship with its crew had been burned. And they said that over yonder was neither dwelling nor kingdom. Yet verily they had not been able to reach the end, for the farther they had fared the fiercer had raged the sea and the greater had waxed the heat. And it was surmised that the other ships had driven so far, that they could not return.'

Three ships went forth, chronicles Schaschek, apparelled and provisioned for a four years' voyage. The crews were young and lusty as the dawn, and with them went three times twelve scribes, who should record all things that might befall. But after two years there crept back to Lisbon¹ one vessel only, manned by aged and enfeebled greybeards with strange and fearful countenances. At first all had gone well with them, they said. They had encountered with gentle gales, and been driven to a gracious island where the houses were of gold and silver and the roofs of flowers. But, dreading some mystery of magic and hot with yet higher hope, they had pressed ever forward. And so they had come into the darkest regions of the Ocean, and had beholden scenes of horror and desolation as of the Last Day—the sky and the sea fighting together, and the waters thick and heaped up like unto mountains. So were they all afraid with a great fear and sought to return. But two of the vessels were taken by the great winds; and they came not ever again unto Lisbon, nor unto the Cape of the Dark Star.²

¹ Lisbon, writes Heylyn, is 'a famous City for traffique, the Portugals in all their navigations setting to sea from hence. The Latine Writers call it . . . Ulisippo, because as some say, Ulysses in his tenne yeares travels comming hither, built it. But this is improbable, it being nowhere found that Ulysses did ever see the Ocean.'

² Here evidently, in a new guise, is the famous legend of that 'old bewildered pilot of the seas' who, early in the fifteenth century, arrived in Lisbon babbling of tempests and the phantom island of the Seven Cities. (Cf. Washington Irving, *Wolfert's Roost*.)

But it was no purpose of the Lord Lev's

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars. . . .

and his company now turned their faces southwards, with the more prosaic intention of rejoining the King of Portugal at Braga.

VII

EVEN this milder enterprise was not without its excitements, and on their return to El Padron the Bohemians heard of a startling and dramatic scene that had occurred at Compostella during their brief absence. The mighty lord who had been wounded at the storming of the great church, and partially mended by Frodnar, had none the less died. And hereupon the city, led by the dead man's kinsfolk and friends, had risen in its wrath, snatched the Archbishop from the comparative security of his prison, dragged him before the Cathedral, and in the agonised sight of his mother and brothers—even of the Cardinal—without pity removed his head. So much for 'honest James' and his satellites. Certainly the excellent Saint was growing old.¹

Soon, too, the pilgrims themselves were in urgent peril of their lives. For, as they passed once more through the great chestnut forest near Pontevedra wherein the misadventure of their youthful David had occurred, they were beset by nearly one hundred Gallegos, all armed with swords, lances, crossbows and slings, and furious to avenge the wrongs of their countryman. The herald (presumably the seventeen-tongued marvel of Burgundy) stepped forth to address the angry horde, but matters looked black, for what

¹ '*Menedemus* : Prithee tell me, How is the good man in health? honest James, what does he do? *Ogygyus* : Why truly, matters are come to an ill pass with him, to what they were formerly. *Menedemus* : He's grown old.' (Erasmus, Colloquy of *The Pilgrimage*.)

were thirteen men among so many an enemy? 'Beloved friends,' said Lev, 'ye see that these folk desire our ruin. Should the worst come to pass, let us valiantly resist them and defend ourselves, for this is no place for prayers. Wherefore if need demandeth and I attack them, take heed and follow me. Should we all be slain, the renown of us and the glory of our valour shall yet live and be preserved for evermore.' Fortunately necessity did not demand this sacrifice to endless fame. For the peasants suffered themselves to be pacified, and in the end even escorted the Bohemians in a friendly and thirsty manner to the nearest hostelry.

In Pontevedra they collected those of the party who had been left behind on the northward journey, and once more in full strength made their way to Braga. Here they found that the King had taken refuge at Evora from a pestilence that was ravaging the country, so, after a brief visit to two mighty Galician grandees of the neighbourhood, who entertained them with 'many costly heathen dances' executed by 'mere vain heathenish boys,' they pushed on in pursuit. Once more they rode through a desolate and plague-stricken district, suffering much danger and discomfort thereby; and once more they met with 'great and most ravenous worms,' who, horribly flecked with green and black, sprang out on the unheeding passer-by and forthwith made an end of him.¹ They arrived, however, safely in the walled city of Evora, and again received generous entertainment at the hands of the Portuguese King. Of the town itself they have little to say; but their curiosity was greatly excited by Alfonso's civet-cats (*galladto*), which were valued at eight thousand gold pieces and produced a balm of exceeding sweetness and efficacy. They noticed too

¹ 'Nothyng is more easye to bee founde, then bee barkynge Scyllaes, ravenyng Celenes, Lestrigones, devourers of people, and suche lyke great, and incredible monsters. But to finde citisens ruled by good and holosome lawes, that is an exceding rare and harde thyng.' (More's *Utopia*.)

with interest that in this fertile land the harvest was reaped three months after the sowing, while the wine of the country was so strong that it behoved them to add water thereto.

Of the singular ways of the Portuguese people the chroniclers have much to tell. The ordinary habits of the priests seem to have closely resembled those of Viscaya, but certain of their customs struck the wanderers as yet more strange, and have, indeed, a wild and almost Eastern aroma. 'When one dies,' writes Tetzels, 'he is dressed in his most costly raiment and borne publicly and high aloft to the church. After the dead follow the women—a wife, sister or the like. These wail and tear their hair, and claw at their eyes till they bleed. And other women whom they hire therefor also cry and claw. And when they come to the church, there in the midst of it has a high bed been raised, whereon the dead body is laid, and the women stand round the bed, screaming and scratching and plucking forth their hair. Then in the church is a great fire made, where they offer up burnt-offerings of wine and bread, with living calves and sheep. Thereafter take they the dead and lay him under the earth. Then come the women and fall on to him in the grave; and the nearest friends are standing by, who pull them out again and lead them home to their houses.' All the friends of the corpse, adds Schaschek, were clad in white and hooded like monks, but the paid mourners were arrayed in black. Their terrible and amazing cries more resembled the howlings of joy than of sorrow.¹ The ceremony of Inauguration was also a singular one. So soon as the Mass had been read by the new priest, the whole assemblage, priests and choristers, men, women and children, all perambulated the streets to the sound of trumpets, dancing and singing and crying aloud. And then they had costly meals for two or three days and lived well.

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 18.

After a fortnight's stay in Evora the Bohemians travelled eastwards through a high, wild country set with fruitful and smiling oases. Passing lofty Estremoz, they reached the frontier-town of Elvas, where they were made to swear 'a certain oath,' quitted again the comparatively peaceful Portugal for the sad and war-driven Castilian district of Estremadura, and so came to Merida: a great and desolate city, where dwelt all together infidels, Jews, confessing Christians, Paulicians, Greeks, and *de la centura*, 'thus six creeds in one and the same town.'

'As large as Rome,' Merida was no less well filled with ancient stones. Nor was this the lesser city's only link with the greater: for in olden days, adds Tetzels, 'Merida had disturbed Rome and Rome had disturbed Merida.' This was how it happened. There was once on a time a great dying in Rome: so soon as any one yawned or sneezed, so was he dead.¹ Now there was a mighty Roman of royal race, the mightiest man in Rome, and he had no children save one daughter only, and her he sent to avoid the plague in the town Merida. The maiden was about twelve years old, and her father gave her many possessions, built her a glorious palace and let her hold a splendid court; so that she loved the town dearly, and no longer wished for her native land. Soon many great Kings came courting her, but she denied them all, for she was very wise and had prudent counsellors. But among the Kings there was one 'of whom it was said that he was the all-wisest and all-loveliest man in all the realms of Christendom.' And to him

¹ Evidently the great pestilence in the days of St. Gregory, 'called the botche of impedymye.' This was 'cruell and sodayne, and caused peple to dye: in goyng by the waye, in playing, in beyng atte table, and in spekyng one with another sodeynly they dyed. In this manere somtyme snesyng they deyed, so that whan ony persone was herd snesyng anone they that were by said to hym: God helpe you, or Cryst helpe: and yet endureth the custome.' (*Golden Legend*.) Sir Thomas Browne in his chapter 'Of Saluting upon Sneezing' traces the ceremony back through the writings of Rome and Greece to the rabbinical account of the special supplication of Jacob.

she secretly was drawn in love. Once she saw him riding through the city, and her love grew greater. Now, she had made known to her father in Rome the courtship of the Kings, and he had counselled her to choose the one whom she best loved. But the maiden was very wise, and bethought her that should she choose him, the others would suffer humiliation. So she assembled a court, and to it came all the great lords and princes. And she set them a task. Three miles from the city was a spring, and whoso should the quickest bring this spring to her palace, he should be her husband. And this she did, thinking that none was so wise as he whom she loved. So this King built and a heathen king built, and each thought he would be the first to bring the water to the palace. And the Christian King built much the quicker, and he was half a mile ahead.

But the Paynim was cunning, and when the building was almost finished he contrived to make the water flow more swiftly through his course than it did through that of the Christian. This the horror-stricken maiden heard and saw, for she stood high upon a battlement. 'And hereupon she shuddered so greatly for fear, seeing that she would by no means marry that heathen, that she fell from the battlement to death.' The report reached Rome that they of Merida had killed the damsel, so the two cities came to war: 'and thus were they both disturbed.'

The great natural tunnel of the Guadiana—the greatest bridge of the world, whereon over 18,000 sheep are pastured,¹ and over which an entire army could march in order of battle—the aromatic herb-strewn heath of Medellin, and the deer-filled forest of Madrigallejo, brought the travellers to the rich

¹ Navagero names this 'bridge' as the third great marvel of Spain: 'at all times of the year more than 10,000 sheep feed thereon. It is the country under which passes the Guadiana, when it is submerged, and it stretches for seven leagues.'

and mighty Jeronomite Convent of Our Lady at Guadalupe. This famous cloister, the Loretto of Central Spain, was set on a 'wild and high hill' at the boundaries (writes Schaschek, with a stretch of imagination unusual to him) of Spain, France, Navarre, and Portugal.' Though already vast and magnificent, bigger than many towns, it was still being enlarged by 600 workmen, the most of whom were pilgrims. It had a yearly income of more than 40,000 doubloons: 'In truth, I hold that if one took two princes in German lands, they would not possess so much as this monastery.'¹ Among its incomparable treasures and relics were a gold chalice and monstrance so heavy with jewels that one man alone could not lift them; a great rose-tree with branches of solid gold—the gift of the King of Portugal; and, over the high altar, a painting of Our Lady and her Child by St. Luke, 'a lovely serious picture for men to see.' It was, indeed, the discovery by some shepherds of this wonder-working image that had determined the site of the cloister, and the Blessed Mary had herself helped in the building by carrying stones for the workmen. Also in the church were an infinite multitude—'more than two hundred waggons could carry'—of the chains with which Christians had been held captive by the infidels. The establishment consisted of a hundred and fifty monks and fifty lay brothers, the Superior being a German and the rule a strict one. In every corner, in church, at table and over their beds, they were confronted by the words 'Ye shall die': 'for always, whether he eats or sings in the choir or lies down or stands up, this is what he must industriously remember. And one sees many who, thinking thereupon, weep aloud and bitterly.'

¹ 'The most beautiful place and the richest cloister of Spain. The benches whereon the monks sit are of cedar wood, well carved and beautifully painted with divers paintings. The library is well furnished with many beautiful books. There are full a thousand persons of sundry trades who eat at the costs of the abbey.' (De Lalaing.)

But the crown of Guadalupe's wonders was the hospital, for here all humanity was welcomed and nursed. 'If king, duke, earl, baron, knight or squire, poor or rich, be ill and come to the said hospital, so does he receive in costliness, according to his rank, attendance and all appurtenance, a room to himself with a servant and maid, two sworn doctors and apothecaries; and each one, poor or rich, is according to his illness visited every day by the doctors, and served with all service of cooks and apothecaries, that I ween he is better furnished than in his own house. And when he is healed, they give him again that which he brought. And lacks he provisionment, so is it given to him, and he may not pay aught. But if he dies, that which he brought with him remains in the hospital.' In this convenient asylum the three sick men of the party were accordingly left, who in after-days, when safe back in Bohemia, 'told wonders' of the generous treatment they had received.

At Toledo, the 'ancient jewel' of Spain, they were sumptuously entertained by Alfonso Carrillo, the famous Archbishop and primate, 'as mighty a man as could be seen in all Castile.' This prelate, who enjoyed an income of a thousand crowns a day, had played a leading part in the humiliation of Henry IV., and Tetzels tells at length the curious story of his master-stroke of arrogance. 'Item, the mighty rich Bishop of Toledo was right angry that the old King had such unchristian ways and companied with the heathen. And on a time he assembled many bishops, nobles and knights, both those who held by the old King and those who held by the young.' Having caused a great tabernacle to be built in the marketplace of Toledo, he raised within it 'a figure made and fashioned like the old King in his majesty in the costliest manner. And over him was a label telling that this was the old King of Spain.' When he had shown the puppet every possible honour,

he read out to the assemblage the misdeeds of the monarch, stopping at each article of the indictment for a fitting penalty to be allotted and dealt. The first cry of the audience was for the removal of the crown, and the second for that of the sceptre; at the third the 'apple of majesty' was taken away, at the fourth the sword, at the fifth the spurs, and at the sixth the robes of royalty. Finally, on the seventh count, the image was cast down from its high seat and pierced through the heart with its own sword. The prelate himself played the part of executioner in each case.¹ 'And thus did the Bishop: he stuck the graven image, as were it the King, through the heart with the sword.' The boy Alfonso was then placed on the throne and invested with the royal emblems that had been torn from the effigy of his brother.

Of the marvels of Toledo the travellers draw but a scanty picture, mentioning little save the Cathedral — 'so beautiful that even the heathen Moors had spared it'—and 'the most precious Bible that existeth in all Christendom.' This was the famous gift of St. Louis. 'There are three great books: the text and the glosses are written in golden letters, and on the other sides are painted the pictures; and it is said that it is by the greatest painter that has ever been in the world.'²

They now fared forward through a land of 'evil gipsy-like Christians' and of most hospitable and religious heathen, whose 'churches' they visited with interest and even respect, and found to be full of 'nothing but countless lights.' Passing by Madrid, then but a mean and meagre city, they came into Aragon; and so presently to Saragossa, its capital, where they found King John II., 'a short old man quite blind and beggarly poor,' with his second and more famous son, Ferdinand, later 'the

¹ Tetzels account is not quite correct. The ceremony took place at Avila, and several nobles took part. Cf. Mariana.

² 'Three volumes in vellum, covered with cramoisy cloth of gold, where all the Bible is richly written and pictured.' (De Lalaing.)

Catholic.' This kingdom also was in the throes of a bloody civil war, for the uncertain succession of Navarre had proved a very cauldron of strife. Blanche, Queen of Navarre in her own right and first wife of Juan, had died in 1441, and her son Carlos, Prince of Viana, had succeeded to the governorship of the little kingdom. His claim, however, had been disputed by his father and stepmother, and after long contention, he had been imprisoned and done to death by poison. Four other claimants to the throne had since been disposed of by the masterful Queen (Juana Henriquez); but the Duke of Calabria had been chosen in their stead by the irrepressible rebels, and was now actively engaged in hostilities against the royal troops.

No sooner had the Bohemians arrived at their inn and alighted from their horses, than a number of Aragonese nobles appeared to welcome them 'with honourable and humane words.' But the welcome was accompanied by a searching catechism, and not till the inquirers had been reassured by 'magnificent letters of commendation,' did they retire. Next day, however, they reappeared, with urgent prayers that Rozmital should make choice of a gift whereby King John might display the warmth of his sentiments; and Lev, responding in terms of equally ardent affection (*amici charissimi*), replied that, though it would become neither himself nor his comrades to receive gold or silver, they would gladly accept the royal Order of Aragon.¹ So on the fourth day they went to the Court, and took part in an impressive ceremony of investiture. The King himself hung the Orders about the necks of the knights, then, laying his hands upon their shoulders, adjured them to 'deserve this symbol by constant prayer, by the fasting of the body and by the giving of alms.' Turning to Rozmital, he added that with it went the full power of conferring the same Order on any other valiant and noble men he chose,

¹ Perhaps the Order De la Jara or of the Lily, the chain of which was fashioned of pots of lilies and griffins.

'even as though We, seated upon this throne, had done it in person ; and this to the end of your life.'

The city of Saragossa they report to be 'the oldest in Christendom,' lying among lovely vineyards and meadows of saffron and of rosemary, of cypresses and of olive-trees. It had belonged, they learned, in olden days to the heathen, but had been wrested therefrom by the twelve princes of the royal race of France—by that King of France, says the more accurate Schaschek, 'from whom many princes and peoples draw their origin.'¹ Now it was a mighty city of merchandise and far-driving traffic. The new Cathedral had been built by St. James with his own hands, the honour having been granted to him as compensation for his failure to convert one single infidel of Saragossa ; and in it was the heaven-descended portrait, still in good preservation, of Our Lady of the Pillar.

Passing by Lerida, a fair city of pomegranate groves, the Bohemians struck into the 'poor ruined wasted country' of Catalonia. And here they were encompassed by perils, since from Martorell to Los Molinos del Rey the narrow path lay between vast sea-marshes and overhanging crags, while the whole district was so overrun 'by the mightiest robbers and rogues, that for no instant were we sure of life or limb.' Nor did they emerge from these dangers without bloody strife and a near likelihood of capture : 'and then had we all been sold to a galley or made into *cappalagotz*.' One of the party, indeed, was taken by the pirates and, being left in their clutches, presumably saw his own mountain land no more. Schaschek himself, having lingered behind the company, was seized by two of the robbers. They sought first to abduct and then to drown him, and had it not been for the determination of Zehrowitz and his comrades, who

¹ The twelve paladins were all dead at Roncesvalles before Charlemagne won Saragossa. De Lalaing describes the Aljaferia as 'an ancient castle of Saracen work, embellished within with fine lodgings, beautiful chambers and galleries, wherein the twelve fathers of France were sold by Ganelon to the heathen king.'

crept through the feet of the pack-mules to his succour, both he and his chronicle would assuredly have been lost to the world.

And even in Molinos del Rey matters were not much better. For as they were resting peacefully in their hostelry, a 'certain man, valid and robust,' entered and challenged them to a wrestling match. Zehrowitz promptly threw him, but, matters being thereafter ordered 'in Catalan fashion,' the Bohemian was in his turn defeated. The Spaniard then withdrew, but at three in the morning the travellers were awakened by a savage cry that resounded through the city. The inn was now found to be surrounded by an armed mob, and once more the little party seized their weapons and prepared for death. But again the assailants, alarmed at their warlike appearance, hesitated and proposed a parley. Four hidalgos were then admitted into the hostelry, and besought the Lord Lev not to be troubled or disturbed, telling him how the matter had arisen. That military man (*vir militaris*), they declared, who came to the inn and wrestled, had been found later in the company of a lady-burgess and summarily dispatched by her husband. And now this murderer was supposed to have taken refuge in the posada. The Bohemians were relieved, but remained sceptical even after the withdrawal of the mob. 'The Catalans,' concludes Schaschek, 'are the most perfidious and scoundrelly folk of all the earth: professing to be Christians, they are worse than the heathens. Three provinces of the Paynims did we traverse, and were safer than among the Catalans.'¹

¹ Compare Cornelius Agrippa's curious experiences among this turbulent people. (*Vie et Œuvres*, Aug. Prost.) Swinburne, on the other hand, prefers the Catalans to any other natives of Spain, declaring them to be brave and indefatigable, while 'their honesty, steadiness, and sobriety entitle them to the confidence of travellers.' Cervantes, with a fine arrogance, describes their chief city as 'the archive of courtesy, the shelter of strangers, the hospital of the poor, the chastiser of offenders, the native place of the brave.' The passport given by the Catalans is the only one written in the dialect of the country and not in Latin.

Not without trepidation, the embassy now arrived in that mighty but uproarious city of merchandise, Barcelona, where 'is much trafficking with all countries and marvellous great trade across all the seas. And it is said that they of Barcelona have as many ships as the Venetians.' The city had been devoted to the cause of the murdered Prince of Viana. Indeed, it was from here that Carlos went to his death, having taken refuge at Barcelona from John II.'s attempts to make him marry a kinswoman of his stepmother. 'And his father had sent after him,' says Tetzels, 'and prayed him sorely to return, and had sent him a written safe-conduct. And he asked counsel of those of Paris, and they advised him to go, the more that the safe-conduct was in writing. So he went to his father, who sought again to force him to marry a wife from Castile. And he would not do so. Wherefore the father took him prisoner, despite the safe-conduct, and since he still would not have the wife, the stepmother went thither and poisoned him in the prison, that he died.' Barcelona, in wrath and dismay, elected in his stead Pedro, Duke of Coimbra and Constable of Portugal, and on the death of this prince—also, it was said, from Aragonese poison—the Duke of Calabria. Now, therefore, when the town councillors learned that Lev had brought them letters from King René of Anjou, they received the Bohemians with great friendliness and honour; though even so the innkeeper admonished them that it was never advisable to go out into the streets except in a strong party: 'for there are many pirates about, who privily seize people, embark them, enchain them, and sell them like cattle.' The tomb of Dom Pedro of Portugal, the late King, was duly displayed, so many miracles being daily performed thereat that the Pope had been compelled to declare him a saint. The young son of Dom Pedro was also brought to the inn to be introduced to the visitors.

The surroundings of Barcelona seem to have been

chiefly remarkable for the vast number of date-palms wherewith they were bespread.¹ A King of France, so ran the excellently moral legend, when travelling in Catalonia, had discovered an ancient man engaged unremittingly in the planting of date-kernels. 'Why,' he asked, 'do you sow the seeds of a tree of such tardy growth, seeing that the dates will not ripen till a hundred years be passed?' The answer was a noble one: 'Am not I then eating the fruit of trees planted by my forefathers, who took thought for those who were to come? And shall not I do like unto them?' The monarch was so struck by the greybeard's devotion and industry that he removed him and his entire family to France, and ennobled them. And the Lord Lev had seen his descendants, living as counts at the French Court.

VIII

At length the moment came for the travellers to turn their faces towards Italy and the East, and crossing that land of dispute, the county of Roussillon,² they arrived without great interest or adventure in Languedoc. But the pestilence was raging, and they hurried onward.

In Nismes they admired 'the magnificent adorn-

¹ 'The dates hanging on all sides in clusters of an orange colour, and the men swinging on bass ropes to gather them, formed a very curious and agreeable scene.' (Swinburne's *Travels*.)

² Roussillon was ever the first to suffer in the continual wars between its two neighbours. 'So both kings have granted the natives this grace, that whosoever shall in such a year make the pilgrimage to Montserrat or Compostella, and shall take a wife, shall be freed from all the dangers and burdens of the war. If therefore there cometh a cry of war, so are the most of them to be seen setting forth on these pilgrimages, or being married, three hundred at a time. Others seek refuge in flight; but this is difficult, seeing that by their speech and apparel they are easily recognised as *gavacha*, dragged before the judges and severely punished, often with the galleys.' (Hubertus Thomas.)

ments' of the Roman remains; and in Avignon—which but a short half-century earlier had still been a mighty *île sonnante* of popes and cardinals—they briefly record the sight of 'three fair things: a fair bridge, a fair wall and a fair palace.'¹ It was, however, the defensive strength of Dauphiné that struck them with the greatest amazement. The interior of this mountainous province could only be reached through two narrow passes or gateways: 'and these doors [*clausæ*] are so strong, that were they assailed by all the kings of Christendom together, they would suffer no peril, for ever are they defended by a strong guard. Nor did we ever anywhere see so many pieces of artillery, for there must have been many hundreds there.' Each King of France was bound to be nurtured in Dauphiné, and should one succeed early to the throne, his brother was at once sent thither; 'and owing to this ancient and invariable custom it happens,' concludes Schaschek surprisingly, 'that France can never lack a king.'²

Through a smiling region of vines, flowers and fruit trees, the party reached Piedmont, and so Magenta, a district that belonged part to the Marquis of Montferrat and part to the Duke of Milan. And from this little town Lev despatched a herald to the Lombard capital to announce his coming.

Here therefore behold the wanderers in Italy—'the mother of starres, the parent of times, the mistres of all the world'—in the thick and quick of that incomparable springing-time of art and intellect, that immortal marriage of the ancient and the new, which

¹ In Dominion in that standing
The Pope hath a faire dwellyng:
A riote Palys, and well ydight,
Wit Towrez, and wyndowez, full of light,
A mery Contray, and a faire,
And also there is full good aire.

(The 'Musical Pilgrim'.)

² It was little more than ten years since Dauphiné had been definitely annexed to France by Charles VII., an act that rendered the dignity of the Dauphin purely titular.

ushered in the Renaissance. Nor, although they but traversed swiftly one upper corner of her spacious territory, can they have failed even in this brief passage to see enough of beauty to colour the visions—and the grey Bohemian skies—of a lifetime. For Northern Italy was no sluggard in the great uprising, and her cities were among the first to reflect the dawn. Her sculptors and her architects were already famous; her churches and palaces were radiant with the masterpieces of Pisanello, of Squarcione, of Gentile Fabriano, and of countless lesser men; while Mantegna, Crivelli, Gian Bellini and his brother, with all the enchanting school of early Venice, were in the very bloom of their pride and achievement. Milan, indeed, was to be a flower of the full summer, and her moment was not yet; for Lionardo was still a boy 'singing divinely to the lute' in his father's home of Vinci in the Val d'Arno, and the dwellers in the great city of the plain were concerned chiefly with the practical industries of commerce and of war.

Yet the year of 1466 was no unimportant moment in Milan's violent and erratic career. The 'good Duke' Francesco Sforza—perhaps the most typical Italian of the fifteenth century—had died in this very March, and his son, the dissolute Galeazzo Maria, had already started on the precipitous course that was to terminate so abruptly in the Church of San Stefano, just ten years after the Bohemian visit.

The herald found the new Duke taking his ease in 'a country-house' five miles from Milan. On hearing, however, of the approach of the northern noble, Galeazzo hurried to the city, and sent forth his brother, Filippo Maria, with many distinguished gentlemen to meet him. These escorted the travellers to a splendid lodging 'named of The Fountain,' where they found luxuries at their desire, including the Duke's own cooks and caterers.

Here they stayed for a week in pomp and comfort,

exchanging visits of state. Their first sight of Galeazzo was in the main piazza, for on the third day, as they were returning from the 'great and beautiful' but still unfinished Cathedral, which lay opposite the ducal Palace,¹ they came suddenly upon him. He was exceedingly amiable, although the conversation had to be carried on through interpreters, and he even offered to accompany Lev back to his lodgings. This honour was, however, declined as excessive, and the hospitable duty was performed by the ducal councillors. On the sixth day Galeazzo invited Rozmital to his own magnificent abode: 'and when we were come into the courtyard of the Palace, which was marvellous elegant, the Duke with his mother and brother came forth to meet us and there received my lord himself and all his nobility most urbanely.' Lev, advancing between the Duke and the Duchess Bianca, was then conducted to an inner chamber, where speeches of a proper pompousness were exchanged, and the usual presents offered and refused. When the ceremony was over, the gratified guests returned to their lodging under the escort of Filippo Maria.

The Bohemians, in fact, seem to have found the future tyrant much to their liking, Tetzeli especially being loud in his praise. 'The Duke,' he declares, 'is a beautiful straight, comely man, a fine "Latinist," and holds a fine court, and loves the Germans, and has a splendid Palace wherein he holds his court, and over against this the most splendid church, all transformed with marble imagery, and even wholly

¹ The old Corte Ducale or Corte d'Arengo. 'The court of the Lords of Milan having fallen ill through want of food and being half-dead, I restored it to health, without which restoration it would soon have ended its days,' wrote Filarete, who worked upon it under Francesco Sforza. (Cf. Ady, *Milan under the Sforza*.) 'On our right hand was the great and ancient palace of the Dukes of Milan, which was founded by the Emperor Trajan. Opposite this was the cathedral, the chief church of the city, so royal and magnificent in design and building that after it has been completed with the towers, cupolas, images, and last perfections, according to the plan, it will be one of the richest and most sumptuous of the world.' (Calvete.)

built therewith, so that the like, I think, exists not in Christendom.' His capital was throughout 'a marvellous splendid beautiful well-built city,' with many industries, many fine handicraftsmen and many good armourers. As for the famous Sforza citadel, begun by Francesco and now being completed by his son, it was 'the most all-splendidest Castle of all earthly buildings;¹ passing well watched and guarded, since whosoever holds the Castle, can compel the whole town.' It was built, adds Schaschek, of squares of fair white marble,² and the great hall measured '126 of my paces, and three-and-twenty feet.' It stood on the level; five bridges connected it with the city; nine walled and watered ditches surrounded it. Between each moat was a great rampart, enclosing lengthy vaults, which ran all round the building and contained a wealth of arms and weapons.

A second visit of ceremony had to be paid to the elderly Duchess—daughter of the great Visconti, widow of the great Sforza and mother of the contemptible Galeazzo; for Bianca, though soon to be forced into retirement by her son,³ was still enjoying a brief semblance of participation in the government of Milan. 'The Duke's mother,' says Tetzels, 'ruled at this time over the whole country, and they say that she is a wise woman.' She was also 'a big woman old in years'; but she had, needless to say, beyond measure beautiful maids, and she bore herself graciously towards the visitors.

¹ 'Il più superbo e forte castello nel mondo.' (Corio.) 'In my judgment, all the rest of Italy would not suffice to make the like in a hundred years.' (Beatis.) 'The fairest without any comparison that ever I saw, farre surpassing any one Citadell whatsoever in Europe, as I have heard worthy travellers report.' (Coryat.) It was not till 1468 that Galeazzo took up his residence there and caused the halls to be adorned in the wonderful manner that we know. The Bohemians, therefore, did not see the building in its full glory.

² Filarete was much abused by the Milanese for using marble instead of Sarizzo or Lombard granite.

³ She died two years later at Melegnano, it was said by poison.

A fitting climax to the Bohemian sojourn in Milan was a pilgrimage to the incomparable Church of San Ambrogio, where the Bishop's tomb, 'all curious with gold and silver and set forth with precious stones,' excited their profound interest. For this contained, they were told, no less than three holy corpses. Two knights who greatly revered the Saint had been buried together during the lifetime of Ambrose. At his death, so great was their longing for his company that the tomb opened and the bodies moved asunder to make comfortable room for him. And he was accordingly laid therein.¹ Here also was to be seen the idol that had formerly been worshipped by the heathen inhabitants of Milan.

Having paid his respects to the representatives of Cosmo de' Medici in 'a fine house' that may not improbably have been the splendid palace newly built by Michelozzo, Lev now set out for Venice, being accompanied for a few miles by Filippo Maria, who informed him, amongst other things, that Duke Galeazzo received each day in tolls from the city of Milan alone a thousand gold pieces. Rozmital was, moreover, provided with safe-conducts both by Galeazzo and by the Marquis William of Montferrat, the last of whom likens him admiringly to Ulysses, the most prudent and travelled of Greeks, who, traversing tempests and the anguish of seas, had visited the cities of many and known the manners of more. This, it may be, was the source of that nickname of The Bohemian Ulysses which afterwards clung to him.

Hurrying through Brescia—a city 'lovely and ample,' girdled with pleasant and frequent vines—they chanced upon a scene fantastical and strange as some old devout pageant of Japan or the farthest steep of India. For as they went their eastward way they

¹ As they 'lovyd togedere in ther lyfe, right so thei were not departed in ther dethe,' concludes John of Hildesheim, when telling the same story of the three Kings of Cologne. But this is an unusual version of the legend of Ambrose and the twin saints Gervasius and Protasius, whose lives were separated by three centuries. (Cf. Casola.)

passed by 'a certain hill,' and upon this hill they beheld with astonishment a multitude of people, thick as autumnal leaves in the wind and dancing their ringlets with as ceaseless a motion. When they asked the cause of the so great hilarity and movement, and whether a wedding or the festival of a church was being celebrated, the answer came that it was an anniversary and expiation of sin.¹ 'For once on a time, when the priests carried the Body of the Lord through a great and crowded multitude of men, part, which stood by the river's shore, did reverently prostrate themselves on their knees, but the remainder, who were dancing on the mountain, did not so bend down. Whence it is that all who are descended from these men are forced, on this day in every year, to assemble in their thousands upon the mountain. And from the rising up of the sun even to the setting thereof are they bound without intermission to dance. And by that dancing they are so wearied and weakened, that on the following day it behoveth to carry them in waggons to their homes.'

The Bohemians now entered Venetian territory and passed the classic shores and fishy waters of Garda²; and so they came to fair and famed Verona, and beheld her deep streets and orchard walls, her balconies and her blood-red doors. This strong city 'of that strongest

¹ Probably a manifestation of the dancing-madness, though the date does not coincide with the Feasts of St. Vitus or St. John the Baptist, on which such annual expiatory outbreaks usually took place. Or perhaps Schaschek was mistaken, and it was a festival of 'Tarantism,' when any who had been bitten by the Tarantula (and many others) assembled to dance out their frenzy to the music of the Tarantella. This malady was common in Italy in the fifteenth century, but its crises were also generally in the summer. (Cf. Hecker's *Die Tanzwuth*, tr. Babington.)

² 'Within the lague [of Garda] is verie good fishe, as trowts, yeles, pickerelles, tenches, and carpioni, which (as the inhabitants say) feede upon the mines of gold and sylver that are in the lague. Onse this is true, there are no excrements in the bellie of them, as in other fisshes; and this kind of fishe, they say, is found no where elles but onlie in this lague.' (Thomas Hoby.)

of men, Theodoric,' as Schaschek names it—for not to him was it the immortal sepulchre of 'death-mark'd love'—was crowned by four castles, whereof two were raised high on hills. One of these fortresses overhung the swift-flowing river,¹ and the little band contemplated it with a reverent dismay. For it was the decaying Palace of Theodoric, 'once most elegant and magnificent but now all desolate and collapsed.' In the daytime, the crumbling walls were still made beautiful by the presence of women nobly born who dwelled thereamong. But when evening fell, they were abandoned to the grim shadows of the past: 'by night they are disquieted by spectres, which come together to disport themselves in the buildings.' Nor, indeed, can even the days of these noble ladies have been festivals of unchequered mirth, for in the courtyard of the Palace, a gibbet raised its horrid head, and the travellers learned that upon this the natives of Verona were allowed, as a special privilege, to be hung, rather than upon the common and public gallows. The Palace was fashioned of blocks of stone so weighty and immense that their erection was attributed by common report ('and I cannot dissent therefrom') to the giant Theodoric himself and his powerful knights. In a window overlooking the river was to be seen the above measure high seat whereon the hero and his men had been wont to sit, 'and whereby it might be judged of what a size his body had been.'

The Bohemians also inspected the bath from out of which, 'springing suddenly to horse in pursuit of certain wild beasts,' Theodoric disappeared, to be seen no more. Now, the common legend tells that the King was decoyed by an ever-fugitive stag to the very gates of hell. But the travellers were informed

¹ Theodoric had two palaces in Verona, one on the summit of the 'colle di S. Pietro,' and the other, where he himself dwelt, on the part of the hill overlooking the river. This seems to be the one described by the Bohemians.

by their landlord, a man of great age 'who had it from his parents,' that the hero had been privily slain by his enemies in the mountains, and his body thrown into a near and very deep lake, wherein whatsoever fell, be it dog or Doge, sank instantly to the bottom.¹

From Padua, where they admired the great town-hall, the multitudinous relics and the 'flourishing gymnasium for the study of various arts,' a herald was dispatched to Venice; and finally (in the month of December) the little troop set forth. Having, however, preferred to arrive quickly by the straightest road, rather than to go round by Treviso, where an escort from the Doge Cristoforo Moro awaited them, they received at first but a chilly welcome. They were forced to take refuge in a common lodging, declares Tetzl, and dowered with no better offerings than some sugar, ginger, wine and wax,—the customary gifts of greeting to ambassadors. In fact, the jocund Nüremberger is too much depressed to record any details of this visit, and merely remarks that being in want of money the Lord Lev applied to the Signory for assistance, he—Tetzl—becoming for the nonce interpreter; but that it was all in vain.

Were this account a correct one, it would prove a sad discrepancy between the words and deeds of the lords of the Adriatic, for in their safe-conduct the Venetians go out of their way to exalt the virtues of hospitality, quoting Theophrastus in a pompous and impressive manner. Schaschek, however, is less taciturn than his colleague and narrates the seeing of many sights. Indeed, for him, as for later travellers,

¹ Cf. Beatis's description of the wood named 'of treason,' because therein Ganelon had betrayed Charlemagne. 'If you pluck a branch of this wood, whether great or small, and plunge it in the river, it goes straight to the bottom: the which was proved by many of our company. And that it may not be thought that this comes from the nature of the water, all other wood that may be plunged therein remains floating.'

the city seems to have worn an aspect singularly 'gay, flourishing and fresh, flowing with all kinds of bravery and delight'; while it appears from his diary that the Bohemians were treated with the highest honour. Each morning they were visited by the chancellor and other dignitaries, and on the fourth day they were escorted all over the Church of St. Mark, which is enthusiastically described as 'buildd throughout with the loveliest workmanship.' They were even permitted to feast their eyes on the famous Venetian treasury, that was kept under jealous guard in a chapel of strong and solid walls, and was of incalculable value and amount.¹ Amongst other marvels were a unicorn's horn of an unthinkable size;² an offering dish, that had belonged to St. Mark, made out of a balas ruby;³ and a turquoise so vast that when set on the head of the Lord Lev he was covered as with a hat.⁴ Furthermore, twelve kingly crowns and breastplates, which blazed with gold and jewels and were worn on festival days by twelve senators' wives who walked in procession behind the priests and the holy elements. 'The said women wore long garments behind, but in front, where the bosom protrudes, these were cut away; the which place was then covered by these breastplates.'⁵ But why wonder, concludes Schaschek, at so precious and copious a treasury? 'For this is the richest of all cities, with nine kingdoms subject to it and possessed of an uncountable income.'

¹ 'So much cried up throughout the world, that it is com to be a proverb when one would make a comparison of riches,' says Howell: 'they say ther is enough to pay 6 Kings ransoms.' (*Survey of Venice*.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 19.

³ 'There is also a Garnett of a vast greatnes, formd into the shape of a Kettle that will hold neer upon a gallon.' (*Survey*.) 'Un seau à puiser de l'eau d'une seule pièce de grenat.' (*Voyages historiques*.)

⁴ 'Un plat d'une seule turquoise.' (*Voyages historiques*.)

⁵ 'Plena lapidibus preciosis.' (Wey.) 'Chargez de perles et diamants.' (Payen.) They were taken, says Howell, 'at the sacking of Constantinople when the French and the Venetians divided the spoyles.'

These treasures, they were told, were fresh from an alarming adventure. For not long before a man had, with unparalleled audacity, knocked at the door of the chamber wherein the *serenissima Signoria* was at the very moment assembled. As excuse for a rashness which should have cost him his life, he displayed a ruby ring, one of the most precious jewels of the entire collection. This, it appeared, had been stolen, together with the rest of the treasure,¹ by a kinsman of the intruder, who for six-and-sixty weeks had been laboriously drilling a hole through the wall of the chapel and had at length succeeded in his colossal task, only to meet with ruin at the hands of the one man whom he sought to make his accomplice. The precious objects were recovered by the Signory; the denunciator was enriched for life; and the culprit was hanged with a golden chain on a gibbet erected in the sea, which was still to be seen. It was recorded, however, that the Doge of the day (the lamentable Francesco Foscari) had himself strongly disapproved of this sentence, holding, not without reason, that it had been juster if the informer had been punished and the thief, for his almost incredible cleverness, rewarded.

Outside San Marco the Bohemians saw the 'three golden horses, taken from the heathen,'² and—fronting the Ducal abode—that goodly pair of stone gallows whose sole purpose was to serve 'as a warning and reminder to the Doge.'³ They were

¹ This 'bold and cunning Candiot,' writes Howell, 'embezzeld divers rich Jewells to the value of about 200,000 Crownes.'

² 'Mis en signe de victoire pour ce que ung empereur sarrazin avoit juré qu'il feroit son estable de l'église Saint Marc.' (*Voyage de la Sainte Cité.*)

³ 'Deux piliers de marbres près l'ung de l'autre . . . et quant le cas advient qu'un duc forfait, on met ung barreau de fer doré d'or, en façon de gibet, en pend on le duc.' (*Ibid.*) 'A marvellous faire paire of gallows made of alabaster, the pillars being wrought with many curious borders and workes, which serves for no other purpose but to hang the duke. . . . It is erected before the very gate of his Palace to the end to put him in minde to be faithfull and true to his country, if not, he seeth the place of punishment at hand.' (Coryat.)

then ushered into the Palace, where Cristoforo Moro led Rozmital aside and talked with him in an inner room.

Nor was this their only visit to the rose-coloured dwelling of the Dukes of Venice, for two days later they were invited to be present at the election of a *podestà* or governor (*præfectus*). Lev sat at the right hand of the Doge, who was enthroned in a 'high and lovely' seat. The councillors were arranged in rows down the whole length of the great hall, 'at the sides and in the middle, seated on lesser seats'; and there were two or three thousand people present. Before the 'tribunal' of the Doge stood four wooden columns, whereon were placed a sort of drums, hollow inside, and with holes in the top no bigger than a hand might pass, which contained a diversity of gilded, silvered and silken¹ balls. Four-and-twenty nobles, each holding a box in his hand, went about the hall, distributing these 'berries or globules' to whomsoever would. Then came another four-and-twenty and did the like. And thereafter a third contingent of nobles collected them all again. This process was repeated many times, till finally they investigated and discovered who, of all present, had received the greatest number of golden balls, and this happy person was at once elected, and dismissed to the province that he was to govern. 'And in this manner the Venetians elect their magistrates. Nor can any one, even the Duke himself, through friendship or kinship attain to be a magistrate, save by lot alone.'²

When this ceremony was over, the travellers were shown the two vast sea-storehouses of the Adriatic, perhaps of all Venetian sights the most impressive.

¹ 'Tenuissima tantum tela serica.' Ray tells of 'linen balls, that they may make no noise when they fall into the boxes.' But this account differs in many ways from later descriptions of these lotteries.

² 'By lott also they . . . creat public officers, so that this Republic hath much of the modell of Platoes platform.' (Howell.)

First came the arsenal, 'the place where the ships are fabricated, and where all their appurtenances, ropes, sails¹ and the like, are fashioned. And never does that work cease, for it is accomplished by continuous labour; and great is the multitude of artificers and craftsmen.' Then followed the armoury, 'where the machines and engines of war, powder, blades, missiles and other furniture of battle are kept: than which things, in no place soever has it been permitted to us to see the like in greater numbers or more curiously and splendidly fashioned.' Each year many thousands of soldiers were collected and maintained, that they might in time of need defend the coast from those perilous Turks with whom the Venetians waged so unceasing a war.

On the morrow Rozmital took formal leave of the Doge, and also visited, in 'a certain monastery,' the Papal legate. Of this interview no details are given, though it was probably of considerable political importance. In any case, so soon as it was over, Lev turned to gayer matters, and rowed about the city in his 'gondelay' (*navicula*),² coming at last to land at one of Venice's greatest palaces, which reared its comely height to the shining Venetian sky, a poet's dream of fantasy and splendour. For the building—once the possession of the Dukes of Milan, but now

¹ The ropes were made outside the arsenal, writes Casola, in a covered place 'so long that I could hardly see from one end to the other'; and the sails 'in a large and spacious room where there are many women who do nothing but make sails.' Of the arsenal itself, 'there seems,' he exclaims, 'to be all the iron that could be dug out of all the mountains in the world.' 'We were astonished,' says Fabri, 'at what we saw, and wondered how the water could support such huge structures and such vast weights.' As for 'the house of the bakers, who bake biscuit for use at sea,' they 'shuddered at the great furnaces and the fires, and the labours of the workmen.' But the Bohemians saw the buildings before their third enlargement in 1472.

² 'A little gondelay, bedeckèd trim.' (*The Faerie Queene*.) 'Every marchant hathe a fayre lytle barge standynge at his stayers to rowe thorow and aboute the citie.' (Boorde.) 'Et dict on qu'il y a plus de batteaulx à Venise que de chevaulx ne muletz à Paris.' (*Voyage de la Sainte Cité*.)

belonging to a rich merchant from Alexandria¹—was adorned 'with such elegance and beauty that never was seen a lovelier edifice.' Every doorway was fashioned of white alabaster. In the chamber wherein the merchant and his wife were wont to lie, the carpets and coverlids were woven of silver; the floor was laid with pale alabaster, and the ceiling with silver and gold. Within the bed were two pillows, adorned with 'great unions or pearls,' and a bolster embellished with pearls and precious stones; and over the bed was spread a canopy whose texture was worth 24,000 ducats. In another great chamber they found the most prized—if prosaic—luxury of all: 'a chimney for heating purposes.'² Its building had cost no less than 30,000 ducats. In the courtyard, too, was that miracle for Venice: 'a well of sweet water, like those that we have in our fountains; but instead of the sea-water which is salt, this is sweet.'³ When Lev asked in amazement whether all this splendour must not have cost at least 100,000 ducats, and thus infallibly have exhausted the entire wealth of the merchant, he was informed with derisive laughter that 300,000 gold pieces had been the sum expended on the palace, and that yet another 300,000 remained in his coffers.

Meanwhile, the owner of the palace, who, together with his family, had graciously withdrawn to permit an unfettered enjoyment of his treasures, returned. He begged the visitors to remain a little longer, and not 'to leave his house as fasting as though they had been in a ruin.' So they returned to the courtyard, and were sumptuously entertained with sweetmeats and wine in vessels of gold and silver.'⁴ The wife, who

¹ Probably the palace that was confiscated and sold during the wars which preceded the Peace of Lodi, 1454, and that was to be replaced by the so-called Ca' del Duca, seen in its unfinished state by Pietro Casola.

² See Illustrative Notes, 20.

³ *Ibid.*, 21.

⁴ This hospitality seems to have been contrary to Venetian practices. 'Every man,' writes Casola, 'departed fasting. . . . The Venetians consider that the refreshment of the eyes is enough; and I like the idea, because the refectiōns offered at Milan on such occasions are a great expense, and those at Venice cost nothing.'

was a passing lovely lady, bore herself with the state of a princess, being never accompanied by fewer than twelve footmaidens (*pedissequas*).

Before leaving Venice the Bohemians visited, as became them, the famous Fondaco de' Tedeschi, a 'house called of the Germans, where strange and divers merchants were wont to congregate' but over which the bright spirit of Giorgione had not yet passed.¹ And they wondered at the countless looms for the weaving of far-sought cloths of gold and of damask, and at the many merchants' shops, 'wherein inestimable riches were spread before us.'²

Of the paintings—the nobler glories—of Venice, the chroniclers make unhappily no mention. For they pass the great wall-pictures of the Doge's Palace (the work at this time of Pisanello and Gentile Fabriano) in as sorry a silence as, in Verona, the enchanting frescoes of Sant' Anastasia, and, in Padua, the famous chapels of the Arena and the Eremitani. This is as surprising as it is sad, since even in backward England they had so carefully recorded 'the many beautiful effigies and images' which they had perceived upon their way.

IX.

BUT the new year of 1467 was dawning, and with it the grievous moment when Lev and his company must turn their backs upon Venice and Italy and their faces towards the vexed horizon of their northern home. For—probably in response to the cogent persuasions of Papal diplomacy—the journey

¹ It was the original Fondaco, destroyed by fire in 1508, and replaced by the building known to Giorgione and Titian.

² 'Who could count the many shops so well furnished that they almost seem warehouses, with so many cloths of every make—tapestry, brocades, and hangings of every design, carpets of every sort, camlets of every colour and texture, silks of every kind; and so many warehouses full of spices, groceries, and drugs, and so much beautiful white wax. These things stupefy the beholder, and cannot be fully described to those who have not seen them.' (Casola.)

to the Holy Sepulchre had been abandoned, and Rozmítal's services to his native land were henceforward to be accomplished on Bohemia's own lamentable and blood-washed floor.

The travellers went by boat to Mestre and thence on foot to Treviso, where they found their horses and baggage and saw the four hundred flour-mills that furnished Venice with bread. Traversing the Tagliamento, they entered Carinthia, and, passing by many small high-walled cities and castles, arrived presently in Gratz. Here the Emperor, attended by a host of nobles, was for the moment dwelling, and the embassy expected with confidence an Imperial welcome. But these hopes were soon overthrown, for on this, as on all occasions, Frederick III. justified his title of 'singular covetousness,' bestowing upon the Bohemian lord as scanty an honour as it were possible to conceive. 'He was very gracious as to words,' writes Tetzels, 'but scurvily disposed as to deeds,' and he sent them as greeting no more than one cask of wine and one keg of *Reinfall*.¹ He even declined to allow them a sight of his treasures, with the exception of one ancient garment, to wit 'a coat of red damask, round which were winding borders a hand broad, woven with pearls and precious stones, of which the councillors of the Emperor say, that if he be ever in need of money he may get for that coat more than 50,000 golden pieces, for there are said to be some 30,000 gems therein.' 'Is this really true?' asked Schaschek sceptically: 'the chamberlains assured us so, but we did not believe him.' In this parsimony Frederick's conduct was the more unworthy, that he undoubtedly owed not only his life and throne, but also the safety of his wife and son, to the timely energy and faithfulness of George of Podebrad, who, but a few years before, assisted by this very Lev of Rozmítal, had rescued the Imperial party from imminent peril at

¹ A sweet wine from Rivogli in Istria, very popular at this time.

the hands of the insurgents of Vienna. His behaviour, however, seems to have been of a piece with his usual habits, for his contemporaries almost unanimously declare him to have been 'the most perfectly niggardly' man that ever lived upon the earth.¹ In any case his sour reception sped the indignant guests, and they stayed at the Imperial Court only long enough to take part in a tournament, wherein Jan of Zehrowitz and Tetzl, on battle-horses lent by Duke Albrecht of Saxony, distinguished themselves mightily against the two brothers Riemberger, famous fighters of that day.

Embarking in boats on the River Mur, they made their way to the Empress at Neustadt; and since the lovely and lively Eleonore, mother of the eight-year-old Maximilian and sister of the King of Portugal, proved far more 'bland and humane' than her august husband, here they remained for a week. Her welcome, indeed, seems to have atoned for the inhospitality of the Emperor, for with her they drove in sledges, before her they danced Portuguese dances, and to her they displayed the foreign graces of the monkeys and Moors which they had received as gifts from her brother Alfonso. 'And especially had she great joy because my lord's lute-player had learnt sundry Portuguese dances in that land; and these she would have the King² learn both to play and to dance.' They visited also the new Cistercian cloister, wherein was already prepared the Emperor's sepulchre, whose lid alone was to cost 1,100 florins.³ On the tower of this church there hung a great bell of copper, striped and banded with gold and boasting a curious

¹ 'A Prince of an abject minde, enduring all things rather than he would spend anything.' (Commynes.) Frederick, however, was by this time again on bad terms with George of Podebrad.

² Presumably Maximilian, though he was not crowned king till nearly twenty years later.

³ Frederick III. was eventually buried in Vienna in a tomb which the Venetian envoy, Carlo Contarini, describes as three cubits high and all of alabaster, carved with most beautiful figures and animals; 'and they say that it cost 200,000 florins, and verily I believe it.'

history. A certain merchant had left in the charge of a burgess of the town a mass of copper. He stayed away, however, for so long a time that the friend at last allowed his fellow-citizens to use the metal for the casting of a new and long-desired bell, on the understanding that, should the owner return, the equivalent in money should instantly be paid to him. But when the wanderer reappeared and the offer was made, he pointed to the yellow stripes that seemed to disfigure the bell, and told them scornfully that to make good his loss would mean the beggary of the city. For he had concealed all his wealth in the copper and the stripes were of pure gold. The burghers were sorely troubled and afraid, but the magnanimous merchant consented to waive his righteous claim, on condition that the bell should thenceforward be rung free of charge for every burying that took place, whether of a rich man or of a poor.

Meanwhile the Empress, for all her affability, proved no fountain of wealth to the distressed travellers, and Lev was forced to pledge a valuable bracelet to a Jew before he could continue his journey. This done, he set out for Hungary, but, being refused a safe-conduct by King Matthias Corvinus—no friend at this date of George of Podebrad,¹ whose crown indeed he coveted—he relinquished this project, and went straight to Bohemia. Even here there was danger to be feared from the opposition of the Bohemian noble, Zdenko of Sternberg, leader of the Papal party and so also an enemy of the Utraquist King. But Rozmítal found plenty of adherents to defend and escort his little company, the whole countryside having turned out to greet them.

King George and Queen Joanna had commanded the homing wanderer to go straight to Prague; and there he was brilliantly welcomed by a procession bearing the Holy Elements. 'There were all the

¹ Matthias Corvinus had married the daughter of George of Podebrad, but the little Queen had died after two years of marriage.

students, Rokycan¹ and his priesthood, many lords and nobles, and a hundred trumpeters; many of the common people also rode far out to meet him, and they escorted my lord nobly.' The Queen witnessed the entry from a window, and then, accompanied by the King, went out to embrace 'with great friendship' her much-loved brother. The notables and councillors of the city, who seem to have been in some doubt as to which side he would now adopt, presented him with a butt of Malmsey and a cask of *Reinfall*, imploring him 'not to be against the kingdom or against them.' Rozmital was diplomatic: 'gave them an honourable answer, and was willing for the time being, as things were, to remain quiet.'

At their leader's request the faithful escort, and especially the German contingent, were all honourably rewarded, though not, as Tetzal rather grudgingly observes, to the extent that people imagined. Lev, at least, played his part with a proper bounty, for not only did he give the excellent Nuremberger two fine horses, but 'he would not suffer us to depart, bidding us accompany him home to Blatna, where we were feasted for four weeks.'

'And thus,' concludes Tetzal, 'came we back into the land of Bohemia.'

Hic finis chartæque viæque. Here ends the pilgrimage of Lev of Rozmital, for whom, despite his name, this earth proved no valley of roses. He had wandered 'a deal of world,' and served a long apprenticeship to foreign passages. And now his journeying days were done.

His later life, passed as it was in the tiltyard of Bohemian politics, belongs to the annals of serious history. It is enough here to say that he found the unhappy kingdom in no calmer a mood than when he had quitted it; that through the excommunication

¹ Rokyzana, Archbishop of Prague, leader of the Utraquist party.

of his brother-in-law—which had been duly pronounced—he lost the adherence of many friends, including that of his valiant comrade Jan of Zehrowitz; and that he filled with sobriety and honour the successive offices of ‘Erbhofmeister,’ ‘Landmarschall’ and ‘Statthalter’ of Bohemia. He died in the year 1480 at Prague and is buried in its old cathedral. His son, Zdenko Lev of Rozmítal, attained to yet higher distinction than himself. Indeed, during the reign of Ludwig Ohne-Haut, who was to vanish so grimly in the bogs of Mohacz, this later Telemachus reached a height of almost absolute power. Not his, however, the soft degrees of peace, nor the slow prudence to make mild a rugged people. For his passion for splendour, his unbridled ambition and his despotic will earned him the jealousy and hatred of the most of his compeers, and in the end robbed even his children of their inheritance.

A MASTER OF WAR

INTRODUCTORY

THE biographer of the knight Wilwolt of Schaumburg has hidden himself behind the beloved figure of his hero, and, were it not for the patient investigations of Professor Ulmann, we should still be at a stand in our efforts to discern him. But the learned historian, in his interesting article on the unknown author of the *Stories and Deeds*, discovers the personality of one of the most remarkable memoir-writers of the fifteenth century.

The chronicler, then, was himself a knight and courtier of no paltry pedigree. Son of Ludwig von Eyb, famous councillor and annalist of the Elector Albert Achilles, and nephew of Albrecht von Eyb, distinguished translator of Plautus and writer of the *Spiegel der Sitten*, he had also a blood-claim on the heritage of letters. He was born in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and passed his life in the halls of the great: of the Margrave of Brandenburg, of the Bishop of Eichstadt and of three Electors Palatine of the Rhine.¹ Nor is it improbable that

¹ The declining years of the younger Eyb were spent as Master of the Household to the Palsgrave Frederick, afterwards the Elector Frederick II., and it is pleasant to imagine that Hubertus Thomas, who was later to chronicle the life of this prince (see *infra*, p. 241), may have been led to do so by the example of the elder annalist. Eyb certainly composed an illustrated Tournament-book during his sojourn at Frederick's court, the preface of which was written in

he was personally present at much of the fighting in the Netherlands and elsewhere, that he so graphically describes in the biography of Schaumburg. To his personal character a contemporary, Kilian Leib, gives splendid testimony: 'in the opinion of reasonable men, he was held for the most honourable and clean-lived nobleman of his time.' It is allowable, moreover, to imagine that some of the virtues with which he delights to adorn his friend were shared by himself. They were to him, at least, the qualities of the ideal hero, and he expresses the hope that his writings may encourage their like in all his readers. Of these qualities, valour, wisdom and kindness were the chief, and they form no bad equipment for a soldier and man of the world.

The *Stories and Deeds* of Wilwolt of Schaumburg were written in the year 1507, and form the oldest biography of a German nobleman and commander of landsknechts at present known. They precede by several years the more famous memoirs of Berlichingen, Sickingen and Frundsberg, and they are in no way behind these either in interest or in truth. 'I am inclined,' writes Professor Ulmann, 'to give them the preference over most of the other memoirs which have been written in the German tongue before and during the Reformation.' And he points out how, in lively contrast to the greatly over-estimated autobiography of Götz, the *Stories and Deeds* lead their hero continually through a world of important events, whereby his truthfulness and accuracy may instantly be gauged. Indeed, so far as the main outlines of his narrative are concerned, there seems little doubt that Wilwolt's Boswell is a trustworthy guide; and certain details both of German customs and of German diplomacy are accepted by historians on

1519; and this was but a couple of years before Hubertus took service under the Palsgrave. Yet the two chroniclers may never have actually met, since it was in 1521 that Schaumburg's biographer died.

his authority alone. Thus he forms the main source from which Ulmann and Schultz draw the material for their comments on the artillery and tactics of late fifteenth-century warfare; and he has been largely used as an expounder of the strange code of laws that governed the famous tourney-companies of the Four Lands. 'This true history,' he names it himself, 'which is not, for any sake of rhyme or fame, mingled with lies.' And he is consoled for his shortcomings as a writer by the comfortable reflection that noble truths 'demand not, to be efficient, the artistry of a painted lie.' If, therefore, his delineations of the well-beloved hero seem at times to show a suspicious warmth of colouring, this may be judged as but the natural exaggeration of friendship and the romantic fashion of the day.

From the point of view of the modern and yet more of the foreign reader, the style of the biography leaves, in truth, much to be desired. For, besides being written in the most uncompromising 'Middle High Franconian' German, it surpasses even the diary of Tetzels in the variegated fancy of its nomenclature, and displays an embarrassing disregard for the ordinary rules of punctuation. Glorifying in his strength, the annalist rejoices like a war-horse to stride from page to page, with few stops save an occasional comma, and no elucidations other than a handful of scanty references to some shadowy hero of romance. Yet, when he wills, Eyb can tell a story with the directness and passion of an eye-witness. For he has that knowledge of things that comes only by experience, by seeing and by doing. He can be simple, faithful and brief. He can be vivid and he can be tender. At times, even, with a few strokes of his brush, he can produce a picture of brilliancy and charm. It is impossible, for instance, to read without such a thrill as Plutarch or Malory gives, his description of Wilwolt at a tournament, 'thrusting full well and knightly, having on his head a lovely garland and his hair

new-washed and adorned'; going into battle with no armour on him save a breastplate, dismounted from his horse that he may the better encourage his men, 'stepping joyfully and with heart undaunted toward his foes'; breasting the walls of a beleaguered city in his 'great feathered plume,' which draws not only the eyes but the shots of the enemy. Nor is the chronicler unsuccessful in portraying the less distinguished moments of Wilwolt's career, as when he falls ignominiously into the clutches of the wives of Toi, or quits with more speed than grace the abode of his 'lady and chiefest friend.' Indeed, the whole episode of *The Lady Rich in Virtue* is a masterpiece.

Eyb has, moreover, a fine appreciation of the limits of his art, and so seldom does he wander beyond them that his work produces an unusual impression of truth. At times he apologises for these limitations, as when he regrets that 'to no writer of history is it possible to tell the story of a fight orderly as it happened, since many deeds occur all together at a time, which can by the pen be brought forward only in turn.' He has pronounced literary tastes, and is familiar with the poets of the Middle Ages, quoting freely from such writers as Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Strasburg, and Thomasin von Zerkläre, and using at his ease the later hero-sagas, such as that of the younger Titurel. Not unversed in the classics, equally at home with the history of Rome and the verse of Ovid, he seems even to have a certain acquaintance with the modern literatures of Europe; for he regrets the fact that the Germans were not accustomed, like the Latin nations, to record their deeds for the instruction of their sons.¹

The question of the better education of the young German nobility lay, by the way, very near to the

¹ 'They say,' he adds, 'that the Germans sing their good deeds, the French play them (and that is soon forgotten), but the Latins write them, which remains in everlasting remembrance.' Cf. the lament, written many years later, of Sebastian Franck (*supra*, p. xiv).

heart of Ludwig von Eyb. Anticipating Ulrich von Hutten, he laments with vivid instances their neglect of culture and of all the exercises of the intellect; and he deplores, even more sorrowfully, the undue elevation of 'common men' that arose from this melancholy indolence. For book-learning had not so far been the preoccupation of the highly born in Germany. The schools and universities were patronised only by those for whom the career of the Church was ordained; and all who looked forward to a life of worldliness and warfare were content with such education as could be procured at the courts of princes and nobles more powerful than themselves. 'For a long while now,' writes the chronicler, with what is evidently a personal touch of bitterness, 'the nobility have despised all histories and have but little visited the universities or practised the delicate arts, which yet were not established for the commonalty; and verily, any who hath done so hath been mocked by the young and by them of small understanding, and termed a scribe.¹ And hence, while the poor nobility have fallen into forgetfulness of the virtues of their pious and praiseworthy parents, the children of the peasants set themselves to learn, attain to great bishoprics and high posts under emperors, kings and princes, and become mighty lords and rulers of the lands and of the nobles: whereby, as the common proverb saith, the stools have sprung on to the benches.' Yet even so, he begins to perceive afar off the first shinings of a new dawn. For already the young nobles go more frequently to school, and take more pleasure in the hearing of 'well-ordered orations'; and since there they practise not only school arts but also the arms and weapons of knighthood, they will soon know how to take their places in the world. So 'I verily believe,' he concludes, 'that the ancient noble spirit will again arise in the young

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 22.

hearts, and now henceforward rather be praised than mocked or despised.' Nor were his hopes unfounded. For Maximilian had already appeared to prove that chivalry need not be alien to culture or knighthood the foe of knowledge; while the New Humanism of Erasmus, of Johann Müller, of Reuchlin, was already—even in the universities—pursuing its triumphant way.

Of the biographer's practical knowledge of the incidents and accidents of war there is proof in plenty. 'I have often myself been entrenched before citadels,' he declares, and he sings his Iliad of battle and death with the high enthusiasm and understanding of a fighter. His point of view is wholly that of the soldier, and he speaks with contempt of the 'many who sit at home on couches and are not used to the taste of powder, yet will hold forth upon the matter, telling how the trenches were not well guarded and how the folk were in danger from shot and other such things.' He knows as well the obligations of the officers as the duties of the men. 'It is a familiar proverb,' he interjects on one occasion, 'that one good commander is better than two workmen. Moreover, it leads not to a good ending, that a captain should take sword and fight. He should rather take notice how goeth on every side the battle, storming or business in hand; where there is breakage, repair; order each disposition at the right moment; shout to his people stoutly and manfully; if he seeth failure or faltering, instruct his men how they should guard themselves and use their arms; he shall also not fight himself, save at need to protect his body.' With regard to the common soldiers he has no illusions, even in the matter of courage. In battles, he tells us with perfect frankness, only the front lines meet and fight, 'seeing that in whatsoever army the front ranks are broken and forced to give back, the hinder then commonly bethink them of departing and go their ways.'¹

¹ 'When several lines of pikes go down,' writes Frundsberg, 'the persons who stand behind become somewhat timorous.'

Indeed, the most interesting part of Eyb's story lies in the striking pictures which he gives of the habits and customs of the landsknechts of Maximilian. With dispassionate candour he relates their enormities, and, though the perpetrators inspire him with no small disgust, he is too much a man of his own time to regard their actions as other than natural and needful. 'All who have had to do with the moving of armies,' so runs one of his severest comments, 'know that they are not to be victualled in sacks, and that the soldiery, wheresoever it passeth, will help itself'; and his sympathies are entirely reserved for the enterprising heroes whose ill fortune it was to lead and to feed these uneasy auxiliaries.

And, in truth, it is little wonder; for to command a regiment of foot-soldiers in that furious century was an ungracious calling. The landsknechts were sons of hunger and wrath, wielding weapons of primitive simplicity; and they sought their sustenance where they could, by the surest methods and the quickest means. Flames and an eighteen-foot pike were cogent persuaders, and, failing legitimate prey, served them well even against their own officers. In fact, the more humane the commander, the more wholly was he at the mercy of his troops. Ruinous and ravenous, they were the scourge¹ of every living and growing thing upon which rested but for a moment the hideous shadow of their passage. Devastation reigned around them and desolation marked their trail.

Yet, from Eyb's own showing, even the landsknechts had their excuses. The fortress or town that had refused to capitulate was the lawful prey of its captors. Then even to the merciful were the gates of mercy shut, and the flesh'd soldier ranged and raged at will—

In liberty of bloody hand . . .
With conscience wide as hell.

¹ 'The Germaine troupes of Duke Albert which was called Dye Groote Gærde, that is to say, the Great Rodde, or the Great Whippe, or the Great Scourge.' (Grimeston.) See Illustrative Notes, 23.

Thus, when his hero despoiled and destroyed the city of Aerschot, the chronicler has no thought for anything but congratulation; while at Asch, though acts of brutal atrocity were committed, he tells of them with only a measured rebuke. The peasants had fortified the church tower and defied the summons to surrender, so the soldiers set fire to the refuge. 'And the tower above was all burning and blazing; and the folk fell out; and the men-at-arms held up their pikes for them, and thus let them fall thereon, catching at times five or six on the one spear.'¹ And although this was not merciful or Christian, observes Eyb, it was not possible to keep the soldiers from such things, 'for they must perforce be allowed to work their will.' The landsknechts' pay was also, to say the least, precarious. Tardy in war, in peace it was not. When fighting slackened, the unfortunate mercenary was thrust out from his blossoming garden of bloodshed into a barren wilderness of amity and concord; and had he not gathered his roses while he might, his hap was indeed a sorry one. Moreover, the booty that was constantly dazzling his eyes was enough to shake the resolution of the most honest Lazarus. In one single Flemish 'city of mightiness,' a once pauper provost was found to have given 12,000 florins into the safe keeping of an abbot, and a mere footman of Wilwolt's company enriched himself in an hour by 1,600 florins in solid cash. 'Played all away the self-same day,' adds Eyb contemptuously, 'and his own moneys therewith, that in the evening he had not wherewithal to pay for a meal; prayed one of his comrades to lend him so much, who answered, were he dying of hunger he would lend him never a penny; whereby may be seen what faith is in these foot-fellows.'

Nor, even in piping times of war, was the lands-

¹ The incident seems to rival in horrid skill even the lusty episode of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, when the hero conquers a city single-handed by spitting six men on his lance.

knecht's life an immitigate paradise of murder and plunder, and the historian gives tragic glimpses of the less roseate hours of his career. Horrible, especially, were the sufferings of the wounded in an age of ignorance and apathy, when the one sure surgeon was Death and the one kind nurse oblivion. 'From this man they plucked an arrow, from that they dug a ball,' writes the chronicler with terse pathos of the scene after a disaster: 'to some they gave the Holy Sacrament, and to sundry they cried aloud that they should hold God in their hearts; and thus went the souls out of many of them, for all were stricken and it was a terrible lamentable business.' The idea of any ambulance had scarce dawned upon the world. The doctors were a motley host of quacks, barbers, cobblers, and 'wise' women, and the remedies such comfortable things as earthworms and boiling oil.¹ As for the sanitary conditions that were considered suitable and satisfactory, the descriptions of them are enough to sicken the strongest stomach.² The soldiers, however, were well inured to hardships, and methods of mildness would probably have met with the liveliest distrust. Even in moments of retribution and disaster the unwounded went gaily with their drums and pipes about the streets, 'and were right merry; nor had any, who had not suffered, pity for the others.'³

And, when all is said, the landsknechts merely pushed to their logical outcome the secret principles of every ruler or politician in that century of self-seeking. Ludwig von Eyb delights to compare his

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 24.

² Cf. Hans Sachs's vivid descriptions in the *Landsknecht-Spiegel*.

³ Compare the letter written by the Comte de Chimay at the siege of Neuss: 'On the one hand is singing and music, on the other weeping and pain. I hear on one side the cry: "The king drinks!" with lively cheer; and on the other "Jesus!" to admonish those who are in the last pains of their passing. Into some rooms enter evil women, and into others the Cross to lead lifeless bodies to the grave. God alone, Who knoweth the cause of these diversities, can explain these things.' (Chastellain, t. 8.)

hero with the knights of the Round Table: but it was in no 'Arthurian' period, no age of chivalrous romance or epic knighthood, that this hero lived. Schaumburg's world was a very different one from that of Lancelot, and was neither, in the words of Caussin, seated upon gillyflowers and roses, nor shining with the mere storms of spring. Born at the terrible moment of the fall of Constantinople, the best years of his life traversed those decades of the dying fifteenth century that sunder so trenchantly the Middle Ages and the Modern Age. And these decades were not poetical. As they were essentially periods of change and reform, so they were essentially periods of violence and ruthless egotism: the new order fighting against the old, and the old order divided against itself. Neither balance of power nor the divine right of kings had yet been invented, and supremacy was the sole aim of every state, of every class and of every individual. A rood of land felt itself a kingdom in the making, the smallest principality was to itself an empire soon to be; and there was never a man so mean but he could strive like his betters to be 'master and lord of the game of the world.' 'It is manifest,' wrote Commynes, 'that neither naturall reason, neither knowledge, neither feare of God, neither love towards our neighbor, is sufficient to keepe us from using violence against others, from withholding other men's goods, nor from ravishing by all meanes possible that which appartaineth to others.' If some semblance of equilibrium were maintained, it was but an equilibrium of conflict, of 'wars and divisions,' of the incessant and impartial buffeting of each evil government by the rest. 'En tous états y a bien à faire à vivre en ce monde.'

Again, a sovereign was still only accidentally master of his people, and a royal or imperial decree was still, save in questions of war, an undue usurpation of authority. If some sudden edict chanced to be displeasing to the subjects who should have obeyed it,

the old feudal spirit of independence and rivalry sprang instantly into fresh life. Indeed, at the very moment that this spirit was nominally yielding to the pressure of modern weapons and modern statecraft, it was, in reality, suffering a second incarnation in the brilliant and obstinate energies of waking towns and a waking people. At such a time the dominant figures are bound to be ambitious, remorseless, treacherous and careless of brutality. Of Europe's rulers only the strongest could survive, or those who could command in the place of strength the yet more valuable auxiliaries of cunning and fraud. So Europe was in the grip of men such as Charles the Bold and Matthias Corvinus, Louis XI. and Alexander VI., Caesar Borgia, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Henry VII. 'Ces diables de rois,' said Panurge of the Roi Anarche, 'ne sçavent ny ne valent rien, sinon à faire des mauix es pauvres subjectz, et à troubler tout le monde par guerre pour leur inique et détestable plaisir.' And the Europe of Schaumburg was alive with 'King Anarchs.' The age had cast itself loose from the ordinary moorings of national and international morality.

Even this ruthless century has, however, its more lovely side, and (to leave untouched the splendours of the Renaissance) the period was not one of small renowns or meagre accomplishments. Chivalry, though drawing to her doom, was making a last brave struggle for existence. The age of Du Guesclin might be over, but the age of Bayard was at its full. And, if the tiltyards of Europe had declined into mere peep-shows for the gay extravagances of pomp and apparel, the battlefields were still, in the phrase of Brantôme, embossed with the flower of her nobility and knight-hood.

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A MASTER OF WAR

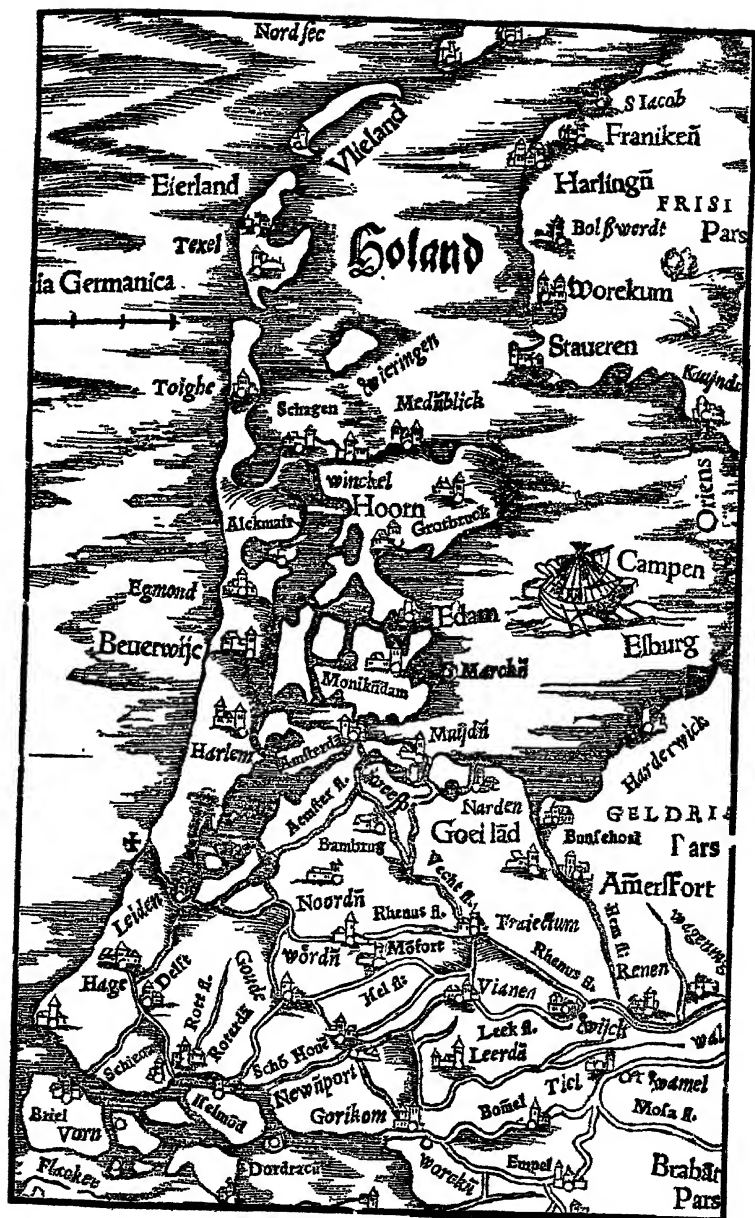
‘Maisters of warre and Ornaments of peace : speedy goers and strong abiders, triumphers both in camp and courts.’—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

I

SELDOM has a youth embarked on life's shifting sea with a finer setting or more splendid circumstance than did Wilwolt of Schaumburg. The courts of emperors and princes were his home from earliest childhood, and it was in the service of the most renowned commanders of Europe that he achieved that knightly fame which won him the offices of his distinguished chronicler.

Nor were these achievements unworthy of their surroundings, for the young knight's career unrolls before us with amazing vigour. His exploits are as various as they are vivid, and to read his *Stories and Deeds* is to move in a gallery of coloured and furious battle-pieces, or the fantastical pageantries of primitive art. Never was an enterprise too exalted for him and never an effort too mean. In the field he was always to the front, the eager leader of the forlornest hopes; in the lists he was the brilliant champion of a brilliant company; while ‘behind certain windows’—and these not a few—he was regarded as the unparalleled phoenix of his sex.¹ ‘I have read,’ declares his

¹ The very ‘Primerose of Nobilitie,’ as Ascham would say.



HOLLAND.

From a woodcut illustrating the 'Historia de Europa' of Aeneas Sylvius, ed. of 1571.

admiring annalist, 'through many books of chivalry, histories and chronicles, but can write on my truth that in them all I have found no knight who has achieved so many fights, or with so few folk defeated so much folk. I find also none who has suffered so many jeopardies and adventures; and I verily believe, did King Arthur yet live, he would not have denied this knight, as a worthy Round-Tabler [*Taflrunder*], the room and rights of the Table.'

Sprung of an 'old long well-distinguished noble race and name,' and being even in his childhood apt to chivalry, Wilwolt of Schaumburg was sent at an early age to the Imperial Court, where he was industriously educated in all manly arts,¹ mingling so freely with princes and pages, that 'none rightly knew the distinctions between them.' His immediate patron was Count Rudolf of Sulz, Councillor of the Empire, and when, with increasing stature, the boy was permitted to set his steps on the crowded highways of Europe, this 'wise and excellent nobleman' was his instructor and his guide.

The most notable of their joint adventures was in the year of our Lord 1468, when the Emperor Frederick III.—the sorry Arthur of Europe's strange Round Table—set forth for Rome and Venice with a retinue of fourteen princes, a great and noble knighthood, and 700 horse all clad and caparisoned in black. The two were here in direct attendance upon their Imperial master, so the boy appears in no mean manner: lodging in costly palaces, hung with splendid tissues and cloths of gold; sailing in great barges and stately galleys, 'marvellously adorned with golden hangings and embroideries'; listening to innumerable speeches of welcome, with 'the lovely, delicate and elegant words such as they use in those countries'; slaking his thirst at the goodly tables that

¹ The best account of a boy's life at the Court of Frederick III. is in Weisskunig, where Maximilian describes his own education at this very moment.

were spread about the streets of the cities,¹ having on them 'the costliest meats and liquors, with all that the heart or hand of man could desire, for all men whether on horseback or afoot to partake of.'

Nor was Wilwolt without his allotted part in the more solemn ceremonies that lent dignity to the undignified Emperor's sojourn in the mother-city of Christendom. On Christmas Day he was present at the Holy Christ-Mass in 'sand Petters Münster,' when Frederick, wearing a dalmatic and a costly hat, given to him by the Pope and said to be worth about 8,000 ducats, celebrated the Feast in the ancient Imperial manner² by chanting the gospel and brandishing the sword of the Church. 'And when the Emperor was about to sing, then did one of the highest servants take the hat from off his head, and give him into his hands his naked sword, the which was commonly borne before him. And this did the Emperor hold right earnestly aloft. And during the singing of the Holy Evangel he did shake the said sword right mightily.'

Moreover, when a hot argument arose between the cardinals and the Imperial councillors as to the proper elevation of the Emperor's chair, it was to Wilwolt that fell the high and happy lot of raising his sovereign a handsbreadth nearer to the Papal Insolence. The seat that had been prepared for the august visitor was a little lower than the Pope's seat, but not low enough to please the cardinals, who murmured angrily: 'whereby might be marked the exceeding presumption of these priests.' On the other hand, the Imperial authorities declared that the seat was too low. So the golden tablets were brought, and the Pope stood still with the Mass while

¹ At Ferrara the Imperial retinue consumed at these street tables so much butter, malvoisie and *tribiani* ['*trebbiano*: a kinde of excellent wine.' Florio.] 'che fu un stupore.' (*Diario Ferrarese*.)

² Thus in 1415 the Emperor Sigismund 'read at the holy Christ Mass the evangelium "exiit edictum a cesare Augusto," and had a naked sword in his hand, showing that he would fight for the gospel of Christ and defend it with his sword as the guardian of holy Christendom.' (*Maedeburger Chronik*.)

they were read aloud. And when it was found that they permitted Imperial Majesty to be a little raised, Schaumburg, as page, was called to bring the bricks.¹

Again, Wilwolt participated as a not unimportant actor in the great ceremony of the Tiber Bridge. Indeed, to a boy with a soldier's soul, this was doubtless the crowning moment of the expedition. Papal Holiness and Imperial Majesty went forth together on horseback under 'a lovely golden affair made into a canopy.' Before them went twelve white ambling nags, richly adorned and bearing each a silver coffin filled with relics. In front of the Pope was a cardinal carrying a priceless golden cross, and in front of the Emperor the Hereditary Marshal of the historic house of Pappenheim bearing the same naked sword that had shaken so mightily at the reading of the Scriptures. When they arrived at the bridge, the Emperor summoned round him all his princes and nobility, and in the sanctifying presence of Paul II. dubbed many of them knights. And among those who received 'this most rarest knighthood' was the fortunate Schaumburg,² who, being the son of an Imperial Councillor, was thwacked 'upon a sack with oats.' Well might 'the chiefest cannons, quartans, and great pieces'³ of Sant' Angelo go off with a lively noise.

But, as a scene of pageantry, it was Venice that left the most vivid impression on the mind of the young traveller. For here Wilwolt and his masters were received with unprecedented magnificence, and made an entry 'so glorious and solemn, that so rare a thing

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 25.

² It was a fashion of this century to knight even quite small boys. Eustache Deschamps regrets it:

Et encore plus me confont,
Ce que Chevaliers se font,
Plusieurs trop petitement,
Que X ou que VII ans n'ont.
Lai de Vaillance.

³ 'Haubtpüchsen, cartanen und ander grosse geschütz.' *Cartanen* (Kartaunen: quartana): pieces of ordnance shooting a stone weighing a quarter of a hundredweight. (Cf. Schütz.)

has never been achieved even in this illustrious city.'¹ They were met on the sea-shore by six of the 'mightiest gentlemen' of the republic, who had brought with them a great galley-foist slung with cloth of gold for the conveyance of the Emperor, two barges for his nobility and retinue, and one hundred other boats for sheer honour and glory; while, when still a mile from the shining palaces, they were greeted by the famous *Bucentaur*—'a delicate galley, far more beautiful and noble than the first ship'²—bearing the Doge himself and the whole of the Venetian nobility. The green waters of the Adriatic were brilliant with the welcoming citizens, with gay and tapestried pinnaces,³ with damsels 'more beautifully dressed than seems possible, with maskeries that danced' and with 'fountains that flowed,' with castles that combated together in the most lifelike manner, and—finally and most notably—with a remarkable galley 'whereon stood a cuirassier [*küriser*] of a solemn and valiant figure and terrible in his countenance, who bore in his hand a naked sword, all furnished forth for adventure.'⁴ When the Emperor drew near to the town walls, the Venetian warships, brave and bannered, discharged their great pieces: 'and the stones strake above measure long streaks in the sea, the which lasted even till the stones lost their strength and fell to the bottom, right merry and adventurous to behold.'

¹ Cf. P. Ghinzoni, *Federigo III. a Venezia in Archivio Veneto*, t. 37.

² 'A worke so exceeding glorious that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these onely excepted, viz. that of Cleopatra, which she so exceeding sumptuously adorned with cables of silke and other passing beautifull ornaments; and those that the Emperour Caligula built with timber of Cedar and poupes and sternes of ivory. And lastly that most incomparable and peerelesse ship of our Gracious Prince called the *Prince Royall* which was launched at Wollige about Michaelmas last, which indeed doth by many degrees surpasse this *Bucentoro* of Venice, and any ship else (I believe) in Christendom.' (Coryat.)

³ '*Palischermo*: a kind of small ship, Pinnace, Galley or Barge as Sea-men triumph in.' (Florio.)

⁴ The Milanese agent Confaloniere describes this figure in his letter to Cicco Simonetta as 'un cavalo grandissimo con imperatore suso armato al [*anz*] iga.' (*Arch. Ven.* 37.)

And this spirit of triumphant mirth and hospitality seems to have lasted throughout the visit. Churches and cloisters, arsenals, palaces, the treasury—all were shown off to them. One day they were entertained with a banquet in the great hall of the Doge's Palace, 'five hundred sumptuous ladies' being present. And on another they assisted at the 'admirable festivals' of a bull-hunt and a decapitation of pigs. To be short, they were made free of the unparalleled glories of Venice, and one only detail marred the harmonious splendour of the occasion.

It must be confessed, indeed, that this was a detail of some importance, for it consisted of no less a person than the Emperor himself. Frederick III. was seldom an imposing figurehead,¹ but on this visit he showed to even less advantage than usual, and his uncouth antics disgusted a people accustomed to the pomp and dignity of the Italian courts. On the very first day of his sojourn, though the Signory sent ceremonious messengers to inform Imperial Majesty that it was coming in state to call upon him, he declined to await its arrival, and went out with the most meagre attendance. On the other hand, at a wedding in the Casa Vendramini, he stayed for two long hours 'very domestically,' making his people dance with the ladies, and himself kissing the bride and 'such others as seemed to him best.' He had also a passion for the Venetian shops, which suited ill alike with his high estate and his niggardly nature. He wandered about all day long, looking inquisitively at the jewels and other merchandise and asking their prices; but he bought nothing. And there is even a mysterious story of a pearl necklace being rescued by the agonised merchant from under the Imperial feet, and costing its owner an ignominious dismissal from the presence-chamber.²

¹ The Ferrarese chroniclers, with brief impertinence, describe him as 'German, old, with few teeth in his mouth.' (*Diario Ferrarese.*)

² He collected precious stones, says Grünbeck, not for their beauty, but to awake envy in other kings,

Still more ingloriously, he would snatch at handfuls of sweetmeats, and not only devour them himself 'publicly and familiarly,' but cause his retinue to do the like; and even after a banquet, though feasted with prodigality, he would seize as many figs as he could hold in his hands, and go about the piazza eating them and giving them to his people.¹ Whether this was done to acquire the reputation of benevolence or merely from his '*natura horrida e in tuto aliena*,' I cannot say, concludes his chief critic.² But the fact remained that his retinue treated him 'without any reverence soever,' and that he was incessantly shouldered and pushed about by the multitude that accompanied him.

Luckily, perhaps, for the shaping of Wilwolt's character at an impressionable moment of his life, he had better fortune in the hero of his next great adventure. For over his horizon there now rose that surprising comet, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, whose ambitions and audacities were the constant preoccupation of Europe, and beside whose splendour Imperial and Italian pomps alike grew pale.

The famous 'Duke of the Occident' was already, indeed, past the zenith of his strange meteoric career. Five years had passed since Louis XI. had been his prisoner at Peronne: since Dinant and Liège had been 'cleaned' from off the face of the earth; and since Margaret of England, in a 'little gown of silver' and a fair white garland of roses, had given him her hand. It was the moment when, as Commynes pungently tells, his successes had made him 'woonderful loftie and high-minded,' and when, wearied of stale and un-

¹ 'It was his habit, so often as he felt the longing to eat, no matter the time or the place, and even if driving in a carriage, to devour sweet peas, peaches or apricots.' He had a special love for grapes, 'which he seemed not to suck dry, but wholly to eat up.' (Grunbeck.) He died of a melon.

² These adverse details are all from the reports of the Milanese agents, who had special reasons for hostility, owing to the fact that Frederick had just declined to grant the investiture of the Imperial fief of Milan to Galeazzo Maria Sforza.

profitable warfare with France, he was beginning 'to finde great sweetnes in those Dutch enterprises' that finally allured him to his doom. And already the clouds of his stormy setting were gathered together.

None the less, to the honest Germans of our chronicle, the 'high, mighty, and powerful' Duke of Burgundy still shone forth as a portent of inimitable splendour. 'Never has any man beheld the like,' writes the annalist; and again (and repeatedly), 'Surely such costliness has never before been witnessed in any corner of the world.'

The scene of the meeting between the great Charles and the small Wilwolt was laid in that old solemn city of Treves, amidst whose walls so much of history has been unrolled; and the occasion was the famous interview (September 1473) when, hot with hope of a new and powerful dominion of the entire Rhine, to be sealed by the marriage of his daughter to Maximilian and consummated by his eventual succession to the Empire, the Duke held out greedy hands of friendship to the alarmed and suspicious Frederick.

Duke Charles arrived in the town on September 30, and forth to meet him rode Imperial Majesty with all that was noblest and most chivalrous in Germany. The descriptions of the Emperor's trappings would seem brilliant enough to satisfy the hungriest historian. Purple and gold was his vesture, and his son Maximilian was brave in a damask of green; while as to the innumerable retinue that followed in his wake, 'they would not greatly err who said, "*Peregrina luxurio patriam gloriam commutasse Germanos.*"'¹ Yet, in the unanimous opinion of the many chroniclers of the occasion, Frederick showed but meanly in comparison with the startling pageantry of Charles. For the Burgundian, who desired above all things to impress the world with his fitness for sovereignty, had excelled even his wonted magnificence. Seated on

¹ *De Congressu Friderici III.* in Freher, *Germ. Rer. Script.* ii.

a horse 'all clouded with gold,' he advanced at the head of the knights of the Golden Fleece. Over his cuirass was a blazoned coat worth 100,000 florins, 'whereon naught could be seen save the all-splendidest and costliest precious stones and marvellous great and lovely pearls'; and on his left side hung a baldrick a dwarf's hand broad of the like stones and pearls, the whole being set so cunningly that it matched the colourings of the Burgundian liveries. His attendants also were accoutred in the most sumptuous fashion: 'one and all well horsed and housed, dressed and adorned to the uttermost.'

The greeting was as ceremonious as it was magnificent, the two sovereigns vying with one another in lengthy courtesies and condescensions. When these were accomplished, the procession advanced with redoubled glory upon its homeward way. As it was nearing the city, however, there suddenly descended upon it 'an above measure great downpouring rain.' And here appears at once a striking contrast between the splendid extravagances of the Duke and the economy of the later Charles, his great Imperial descendant. For Charles of Burgundy was as prodigal as Charles of Hapsburg was prudent. When, some three-quarters of a century later, the Emperor was kept waiting before the gate of Naumburg in a shower of rain, he sent into the town for an old felt hat and cloak, meanwhile turning his new mantle, and protecting his black velvet cap under his arm. 'Poor man!' comments Sastrow satirically, 'he who had tons of gold to spend would rather expose his bare head to the wet than allow his cloak to be spoiled by the rain.' But Charles the Bold was of a less careful, if also less calculating, temperament. So, although the Emperor Frederick and his train of princes now instantly shielded their gorgeous apparel with serviceable cloaks, yet 'Duke Charles for very pride would put on naught wherewith to cover his jewels and adornments, nor permit his retinue to do the like, nor

to take any other care soever ; but they remained in the tempest thus arrayed.'

The Duke was lodged in the Monastery of St. Maximin that lay by the town, and here after a few days he gave a great banquet to the Emperor, which Wilwolt was privileged to attend. Once more the ingenuous Germans were 'amazed with a great wonder'; for Charles had caused all his apartments to be hanged with the finest tapestries of Flanders, with cloths of silver, of damask, and even of pure gold, 'the value whereof none may reckon.'¹ The very passages and stairs were curtained and carpeted—a luxury beyond dreams—with good soft Flemish stuffs ; while to honour this earthly potentate even the sanctuary of the cloister was freshly decked and diapered with 'costly holinesses impossible to believe.' The Burgundians themselves were blazing with incredible splendour, clad in golden raiment and the thickest and finest velvets, and surrounded by the inestimable treasures of the ducal plate coffers. And so overwhelming was the 'delicacy, nobility and singular pomp' of the service, that the chronicler declares himself wholly unable to describe it : 'but I verily believe,' he concludes, 'that the like has never been seen, heard or known in the land.'² As to Wilwolt, he was so overcome by the gorgeous sight that he begged instantly to be admitted to the Ducal household,³ and at the conclusion of the banquet, aided by an Imperial request, he was enrolled among Charles's cuirassiers.

Here, then, is the budding hero helping to the best of his small powers to swell the fiery tail of this his bright particular star ; certain in his young and confident heart that so he would quickly soar to the summit of his knightly ambition. But there was a

¹ *Speierische Chronik*.

² 'One might have thought it the court of Alexander or Ahasuerus,' says Meyer.

³ Eyb gives a long list of the offices and emoluments of Charles's household.

flaw in his reckoning. The comet was already on the downward track.

For, despite all the splendour and the shouting,¹ the Duke of Burgundy's dreams were no nearer realisation. He had come to Treves with the fixed intention of being crowned King by the Emperor whom he hoped to succeed, if not to supplant; but the matter grew no riper than at the beginning. Week after week dragged to its barren close. Audiences and orations were daily events, and Frederick and Charles alike sprinkled the air with 'beautiful words.' But nothing further occurred. On one occasion the Duke in impatient wrath dismissed his baggage and caused the trumpets to sound his departure. His men were accoutred and on their horses, when the Emperor came running and opened the negotiations anew.

At length, however, in the minds of at least one of the negotiators, the matter was settled. Charles was to give his daughter to the Archduke Maximilian, and was himself to be crowned as King of the new Kingdom of Burgundy. The great moment seemed at hand. The diadem and the sceptre were fashioned, the throne was erected, and the cathedral new furnished and furnished for his anointing. Yet it was again but an imperial mirage. Though the rumour of his kingship as an accomplished fact had gone forth to the startled courts of Europe, though the Swiss Confederacy was hurriedly preparing for war and the Venetian Republic as hastily making overtures for the maintenance of peace, yet on the appointed day no ceremony was to take place.

For as a fact there was no one forthcoming to per-

¹ 'There were daily spectacles and games of horses, contests and courses of spears, sham fights and combats, opulence and the glittering show of high estate. The emperor excelled in number and nobility of illustrious men, but the duke was more prodigal in the pomp and splendour of things. Indeed, I heard one who affirmed that there was rivalry between them, and that, forgetful of their stations, the greater man envied the lesser, and the lesser despised the greater.' (*De Congressu Friderici III.*)

form the ceremony, or to throw open for Charles the 'proud majestic high' doors of regal sovereignty. The Lord of the Earth had departed in the night, 'shipping hastily' away from the scene of his prospective discomfiture. 'Imperial Majesty,' says Eyb somewhat baldly, 'conceived a great annoyance, sat upon a ship and sailed down the Moselle to Coblenz, and albeit the Duke hastened after him and would have brought him back, his Majesty was so inflamed with anger that he departed and nothing came of the kingly crowning.' It had been the turn of Charles to come running, and he had run in vain. So he spent his coronation day in solitary wrath, clenching his fists (declare the chroniclers of Strasburg), gnashing his teeth and dis-severing the furniture. Nor was this strange evasion ever fully explained, save perhaps by the Emperor's abject fear of his opponent and by his habitual vacillations and vagaries.¹

Meanwhile, for good or ill, Wilwolt of Schaumburg had cast the die in favour of the Burgundian. His life in the Imperial Court was at an end, and with it passed the careless and comfortable days of his boyhood.

II

The dislodging from his See of the Archbishop Elector of Cologne (that genial Rupert of the Palatinate who, twelve years earlier, had delighted in the Bohemian dances of Rozmital's little company) supplied Charles of Burgundy with an excellent pretext for intervention in Imperial affairs. So Wilwolt's next appearance is before the battered walls of Neuss, assisting his new master to conduct the famous siege in the teeth of the Emperor and the whole fighting

¹ Some historians attribute it to Frederick's inability or dislike to pay the debts incurred at Treves. He was, wrote a French envoy, a man 'endormi, lâche, pesant, morne, avare, chiche, crantif, qui se laisse plumer la barbe à chacun sans revanger, variable, hypocrite, dissimulant, et à qui tout mauvais adjectif appartient.'

power of Germany. This was the first practical introduction of the future captain to the arts and ingenuities of war; and though his own part in the matter was small, many of his later successes may be traced to the example which was here provided for him by his 'winged and agile' commander.¹

It was at Neuss, for instance, that Wilwolt learned the very various usefulness of wine-barrels. When the army had been cheered and invigorated by their consoling contents, the great casks were welded by Duke Charles into two bridges so solid that over them chariots, knights and horses could pass with ease; while, when filled with earth and piled on high, they made fine ramparts for the protection of the intrepid ladies who toiled unremittingly at their perilous tasks.

For at Neuss, also, Wilwolt was taught the equally multifarious utility of the cloud of females which then invariably followed the armies of Europe. Not only did they nurse their owners in sickness and comfort them in health,² but when need arose they went bravely into danger. When Duke Charles suddenly determined to divert the waters of the Erft into the Rhine by sinking large ships weighted with stones, earth and sand across the smaller river, it was these women, to the number of four thousand, that he employed. 'And the said women were given a pennon by the Duke, whereon was painted a woman, and whensoever they went to or from work, then went this little flag before them, even with drums and pipes.'³

It was at Neuss, again, that Wilwolt discovered how even a mighty river like the Rhine could be locked

¹ 'We have a Duke more winged and agile than a swallow. . . . He is ever on his feet, and he never rests, and he is everywhere at once.' (Letter of De Chimay, in Chastellain, t. 8.)

² 'Who wills to the wars,' says an old German poem, 'must be well armed. What shall he take with him? A comely *Fräulein*, a long pike and a short dagger.'

³ 'Whence the glory should be attributed to the feminine sex. And certes it was a sumptuous enterprise and of high efficacy, the account whereof shall be hard to believe in future days.' (Molinet.)

and barred as effectually as the smallest postern gate. When the Margrave Albert Achilles of Brandenburg, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army, approached with a fleet to revictual the beleaguered city, Duke Charles threw across the great water-way an iron chain with links as thick as a man's leg, strongly fortified at both ends and bristling with quartans and culverins.¹ Once the ships were on the chain, the guns were to be loosed off upon them. Boats full of soldiers were also posted at the sides, that, when the artillery had 'deafened and disordered' the rash visitors, these might slay and drown any who survived. No sooner, however, had the Margrave heard of the welcome awaiting him, than he turned him about and 'left that town unfed.'

A yet more practical and terrible use for rivers was revealed when a certain Imperial nobleman ('not always in his right senses, but to all seeming an honest person, foolhardy enough') collected a band of foot-soldiers, and, dashing off to the camp of the Burgundians, incontinently attacked them. 'So they shot and thrust all together, and in both armies a marvellous great tumult and commotion sprang up.' But Duke Charles, rising in wrath with all his cavalry, fell upon the adventurous band, and pressed the madmen back and back, till all who were not trampled or transfixed must needs cast themselves into the Rhine and either drown at once or, writhing in the water, serve as St. Sebastians for the Burgundian archers.²

On the other hand, Wilwolt now witnessed the failure of two of those great engines of assault that were so dear to the heart of the Middle Ages. Fashioned like castles of wood, twenty feet high and broad, and filled with three hundred men apiece, the Stork and the Cat (as they were called) were propelled against the fortifications. But, conscious perhaps that their day was already past, they only shed their wheels

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 26.

² Letter of Panigarola. Cf. Kirk, iii.

and stuck in the mud.¹ Moreover, though the besiegers made trenches so close up to the city walls that, had they been at peace, 'the two sides could have reached the hand to one another,'² the result was regrettably meagre. For, in the stead of peace, the townsfolk entertained their assailants with boiling water, filth and all uncleanness; 'shook it over those in the trenches; took small faggots, besmeared them with pitch and threw them at the Burgundians; whereby these were burned, seeing that the faggots were not easy to quench. Fastened also sharp-pointed hooks on to poles, and, whensoever any chanced to look over, thrust the hooks into his body and dragged him across to them. But when those outside became aware of this, they agreed at all costs to keep their comrades: seized them therefore and held them so hard, that the hooks must needs tear their way out.' Sometimes the Neussers took long roasting spits and, making them glowing hot, thrust them through the earth; 'and when the Burgundians fell upon these spits to take them, they burned themselves in skin and hair and hands, and so desisted.' Indeed, the more primitive the method the more certain was the success—a fact that Wilwolt was not to forget in after-days.

There was much of interest, also, for a would-be general of armies in the astonishing manner in which Duke Charles transformed his quarters from a swamp

¹ 'In sorrow must they withdraw and leave that Cat standing; the Neussers call out consolingly: "Ho, youngers, come inside!"' (Wierstraat.)

² Wierstraat reproduces in his poem a curious dialogue between an outpost of the Burgundians, 'ein getruwer engelsch knecht,' and a Neuss sentinel on the walls. The language of the Englishman leaves much to be desired:

I naber, wat ik heb gehoort
Hebdi dair noch lust to steiken

Mach u dit belech niet breken
Steekspoel ind vreuwde to maken?...

'Addeuw naber, gi duet iem recht!' are the last words of the 'gued engelsch man' The English contingent at Neuss was commanded by Lord Stanley and Sir William Parr, and had been lent by Edward IV. for the French campaign. 'English archers under Sir John Myleton' (Middleton), says Molinet; and Commynes: 'Three thousand Englishmen, excellent good soldiers.'

of snow and filth to a city of delights. In the earlier part of the siege the Burgundians suffered the inevitable horrors of a severe winter under canvas. But as the months drew on the aspect of affairs changed wholly. The camp was now composed of wide streets and alleys, and had two market-places, constantly replenished with every variety of sumptuous merchandise. There were nine hundred splendid pavilions, brought at the Duke's own cost and charge, with many 'mansions of diverse fashionings and ingenious costliness, builded by as admirable and solid an artifice as though to remain for all time'; some of them, for diversion, being in the form of great keeps, encircled by fair galleries and gardens, and others, like castles, guarded with drawbridges and moats. Here, too, were water-mills, windmills and handmills, ovens, forges, taverns, baths, hostleries, breweries, gambling houses, games of tennis and of quintain to amuse the company, and, not to be overlooked, 'a great strong gallows for to let hang the evil-doers.'¹

At Neuss, finally, Wilwolt learned the high art of demeanour in the face of the foe. When, after long delay, the vast army of the rescuers crawled within his ken, Duke Charles assembled his troops, caused an office of praise to be sung, partook of 'the all-holiest sacrament,' and went out 'to find the Emperor.' 'And when he had found him, he turned joyfully to his men and spoke: "Dear friends and faithful, ye know how that it well beseemeth us to go forth with honour and respect to meet a Roman Emperor, and praise-worthily to receive him; the which I have resolved to do with this my procession: with—for goodly tapers—these long spears, which each man must hold high-poised upon his leg; with the cuirassiers and others with their head-harness on their heads and their war-horses all barded and bedecked: that thus, all brave, we shall greet him as, since he was Emperor, he hath never been greeted." With these and the like words, he

¹ Molinet.

rode to every troop and company, comforting and counselling each one to do his best.' This inspiring moment formed, indeed, a second great landmark in the life of Wilwolt, as it was now, and at the hands of the great hero of the occasion, that he was for the second time dubbed knight.

Nor, even when lurking in his tent, was this Achilles a less striking ensample of knightly behaviour. During a brief truce for the discussion of peace the opposing armies overran each other's camps with unflagging curiosity. For three days the landsknechts forced their way unceasingly into the most private recesses of Charles's pavilion, and for three days they threw themselves on their knees and adored him 'as though he were a new-discovered saint.'¹ Yet the Duke was never moved to impatience, and for all the three days he played his part, unperturbed and magnanimous, entertaining his visitors with gold pieces and unlimited wine, and soothing their savage breasts with music.²

But all this energy and ingenuity, however instructive for an apprentice in the trade of war, had little practical result. The great siege dragged to a weary and indecisive close, and, in June 1475, a peace was concluded, whereby the ambitions of both sides were left wholly unrealised, while the gain to either was lamentably in arrears of the enormous cost.

The peace did not sever Wilwolt's connection with his hero, or even give him a moment's respite to repair the disorders of these arduous months. Without an instant's delay he was transported to a scene of even greater carnage and less distinction than Neuss.

¹ Letter of Panigarola.

² The music of drums, trumpets, clarions, flutes, pipes and bagpipes filled the air, writes Molinet, in one of his most fervid outbursts. 'The very sweet noise of them was so agreeable to hear that it seemed an earthly paradise, and a thing more divine than human; and as Orpheus burst the gates of hell by the sound of his harp, so did the pleasant tuning of these instruments of music make soft the bitterness of the rude Saxon hearts, and lull the enemy with its delectable harmonies.'

For the chronicler now raises the curtain on one scene of that last and most tragic period of the great Duke's career. The darkest hours of his decline were upon him, and the 'marvellous cruelty' that so disfigured and distorted it was rapidly developing. 'Luy avoit Dieu troublé le sens et l'entendement,' writes Commynes bitterly. Lorraine, where young Duke René was striving to recover his rightful inheritance, was the first victim of his wrath. Swift as the leopard and fierce as the evening wolf, he scoured and scourged the rebellious province. Town after town was taken; villages were laid low by the score. His way was sown with disaster and calamity.

Eyb, though his hero was on the Burgundian side, draws no squeamish pictures of the horrors that then befell, and shows us, with a certain grim, if shuddering, exultation, a landscape worthy to rank as a circle of Dante's Hell. For on all sides, so far as eye could reach, each tree was dropping human fruit. Every man that could fight was seized and hung on high, and so many were the victims that gallows and hangmen were all too few. Even the branches that sheltered the Burgundian troops were not free of the hideous fruitage, and on the tree under which Wilwolt and two friends had pitched their tent no less than thirty-seven corpses were swinging. Many of them, too, were hung so low that when any wished to go in or out of the doorway, he must needs bend down or hit against the dangling feet. At last a bough broke that had on it seven of these shapes of grief 'knocking and knobbling,' and now the legs of them jutted even into the tent. 'Yet might they by no means be removed, seeing that Duke Charles was so mighty, determined and dreaded a prince, that none dared do such a thing without his orders or consent.'

Day and night the ghastly work went on, and when there seemed danger that for the lack of time some few of the poor wretches might not get 'rightly adjusted,' Charles had recourse to a notable shift

that was later to do brutal service at the siege of Granson: sparing the lives of two of the prisoners on condition that they should help to hang their comrades. A pathetic scene followed, for of these two one was but a serving-lad, and it fell to his lot to dispatch his master. 'Then was the servant grievously troubled, and he said unto his master that he would seek some way whereby he might be freed. But the captain answered: "I am bound to die; and I would gladlier receive death from thee, that thy life may be saved, than suffer it from any other." And many beautiful words were spoken by them both. And since it might not be otherwise, the servant adjusted his master, and when he was about to push him off, he prayed his pardon, and after the pushing he trod on both his shoulders, that the cord might draw the tighter, and his lord be the speedier quit of his pain. Yet the business lasted so long, that they were hanging by the light of torches and straw-flares, even till the twelfth hour of the night.'

Suddenly Charles tired of the entertainment, and dashed on to fresher fields. And then, we are assured, Wilwolt and his two friends remained not long in their charnel tent. But even so they found no land of milk and honey, and for days they starved without so much as a bite of bread, living on grapes alone, which they pressed out and 'made into must.' Soon, too, the country was a prey to that universal foe, the pestilence.

The fresher fields to which Charles had betaken himself were Alsace and the fateful slopes of Switzerland. At this juncture, however, Wilwolt and his friends—having been 'for two whole years, summer and winter, in the field, with their armour ruined, the clothes on their bodies fouled, and their horse-housings turned to naught'—applied for a holiday of four weeks, for the purpose of recaparisoning their lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats in the city of Spire. During this interval they received news of Charles's first great

defeat, and though they keenly desired to rejoin their master, there was 'so sore a tumult and uprising in the land' that they could not get through to him.

Here, then, ends Schaumburg's connection with the great Duke, and his biographer gives in consequence but scanty details of the final tragedy. Having briefly recorded the disaster of Granson and the rout of Morat,¹ he tells of the return to Nancy, where Charles's army, deserted by the traitor Campobasso, already twice beaten and filled with 'hatred, terror and weariness,' found the Swiss and Lorrainers again facing them, and this time with an overwhelming force. 'And when the Duke learned this,' writes Eyb, in melancholy but not uninspired conclusion, 'he caused the horns to be blown, and thrust in with all his might and all his artillery to meet them, and the skirmishing began, and thereafter the battle, and on either side were there many good and knightly blows; but the cavalry on the Austrian and Lorraine side broke through, and then followed the Swissers with the footmen, and the Duke (God be gracious to him) and many of his people were killed.'² And they who were present reckon that in the three actions he lost over forty thousand men, and there were won all the pieces of artillery, silver plate, clothes, jewels and money, that he and his princes had with them, which must, without doubt, seeing the splendour as before narrated, where-

¹ 'And so the ryche saletts, heulmetts, garters, nowchys gelt, and alle is gone, with tents, pavylons, and alle, and soo men deme hys pryde is abatyd. Men tolde hym that they weer ffrowarde karlys, butte he wolde nott beleve it, and yitt men seye, that he woll to them ageyn. Gode spede them both.' (Letter of Sir John Paston, March 1476.)

² Among some soldiers of Schaumburg who, many years later, were 'shamefully hung' at the little town of Sesting in the Netherlands, Eyb mentions one 'Hans von Holldrit with the one eye, the which he had lost in knightly deeds, an honest, pious, true man he was; and on him they cast the guilt, that with his hand he had slain Duke Charles in battle before Nancy. But this was naught but their malicious wickedness. And first they cut off his hand, wherewith he was held to have done it, and inflicted upon him much torture and pain. And in the end they hanged him also. And the worthy man was by one and all sorely and dearly lamented.'

with he was wont to journey, have been a marvellous mighty and incredible possession.'

Thus, miserably, vanished the dominion of Burgundy. The great game, whereof our Wilwolt was so modest a pawn, was at an end, and the great gamester, whose like would not reappear for thrice a hundred years, had met with his Moscow and his Waterloo. His body, naked and gnawed by dogs, lay unrecognised in a ditch.¹ His innumerable treasure was apportioned unto others. And his enemies were ravished with exceeding joy.² 'A passionate player,' so runs the chronicler's final lament over Charles of Burgundy: 'he would ever fit his purse to his money, and despised all disaster; yet are little wounds and contemptible enemies often hurtful.'

III

WILWOLT, disillusioned, now returned to his family, only to be faced by 'a high house, empty below and not having much above; seeing that his blessed father had left many children behind him, whereof some must be helped in religion and others in the world, whence men say: Much sharing maketh small shares.'³ He determined, therefore, not to remain at home, but—like many another gentleman of Germany—to follow the path on which he had already so bravely adventured, and find a career beneath any standard of fortune that might chance to wave him a welcome. This period of his life becomes, indeed, almost

¹ Lui qui eut d'or un million finé,
D'hommes autant et estoit si grant maistre,
Tant fut desfaict et tant exterminé,
Qu'à peine nul ne le pouoit congnoistre . . .
Longtemps y a qu'il fut prophétisé:
Cent ans as creu, tout se paye en une heure.

(Poem written in defiance of Duke Philip the Good, and strangely justified by the fate of his son. Cf. Lettenhove.)

² 'This newes at the first so ravished the King [Louis XI.] with joy, that he wist not what countenance to shew.' (Commynes.)

³ See Illustrative Notes, 27.

extravagantly chequered and picturesque. Battles, sieges, jousts and courses follow one another with an amazing and embarrassing prodigality, and his daily experiences of warfare and wayfare more than ever resembled those that befell 'in days of yore when the ancient knights of the Round Table rode forth alone to seek adventures.' In brief, 'what this Schaumburg performed of strange and hitherto unpractised courses, tiltings and tournaments,' together with other achievements in manful and mighty sort, 'would be a marvel to write of.'

His first patron was Albert Achilles of Brandenburg, a prince whom at Neuss he had met as honourable foe, and 'whose like for splendour and princeliness was not to be found in German lands.' In this famous court time passed pleasantly, 'after the wont of such places,' with feastings and feats of arms; in the which matters Wilwolt, needless to say, proved an adept, winning the love of many comely ladies, being ever 'gentle, jocund and apt to jests,' and spending his Burgundian money so lavishly that it soon melted away. But the youthful knight's nature 'strove ever after strife and knightly gains, rather than after merriment and sloth,' and he was soon to the fore in the Glogau-Crossen War of Succession,¹ fighting in the troops of his patron's son, the young Margrave Hans. On the battlefields of Silesia and Pomerania he quickly won fame, occupying, despite his youth, posts of responsibility and honour, putting into practice many of the ingenuities which he had learned from Duke Charles, and, above all, earning an enviable reputation for unselfish gallantry. At the battle of Crossen, for instance, which seems to have been a singularly horrible and indiscriminate affair,² 'my pious Wilwolt'

¹ One of the claimants was Barbara, daughter of Albert Achilles and widow of the dead Duke, and the other, Duke Johann of Sagan, to whom the chronicle commonly alludes as Hans of Sachsen, which is confusing.

² 'With such a rushing onset did friend and foe transpierce one another; for they were so thickly wrapped in dust, that none could

sacrificed all hope of plunder—‘and the mighty ones of the land are wont to have much and good with them’—for the sake of recovering the body of a dead friend; while at the storming of the Castle of Satz, having seen his uncle hurled from the ladders and lying helpless in an exposed place, he abandoned all personal profit and advantage, sprang to the half-dead man, dragged him out of range of the stones and shot, and supported him in his arms till the attack was at an end. ‘Now, one may well reflect upon this,’ comments Eyb, ‘that a great and mighty love and faithfulness overbeareth all self-interest and fear of receiving injury; and albeit Wilwolt was still wrestling with poverty, and to see others profiting made the time seem long, since through his self-appointed trouble and labour but little gain fell to his share: yet did he reckon the saving of his kinsman for guerdon enough.’

Indeed, the question of gain and guerdon was one of no inconsiderable importance, for at this moment, apart from plunder, ‘the noble Wilwolt had upon his horse but eight florins only and no more for his expenses: the which in truth is no great beginning in a strange land.’ The embarrassment was grave for a man of knightly feeling. Fortunately Wilwolt was also a man of resource, and well acquainted with the noteworthy shifts and stratagems practised by indigent heroes of all times. Had he not, indeed, ransomed his life in a brawl at Neuss by the promise of 20,000 florins, although at the time barely able to name himself the possessor of one? ‘The which foresight is much to be praised,’ justly observes his biographer, ‘for in such a pass to think quickly is a token of manly and undaunted valour.’

On this occasion he made a bargain of reciprocal benefit with his landlord, whereby all the spoils of recognise the other nor see the standards, whence the slaying went on all amongst one another; and when this had lasted for a goodly while there happened a flight in the ordnance, but none knew who had conquered or who was fleeing.’

his fighting were forthwith to be passed on in return for the daily necessities of furniture and fare. And so fruitful were the labours of his less altruistic moments, that the climax was triumph. For when the time came for departure not only were his lodging debts covered, but at least 150 florins were owing to him from the astonished and reluctant innkeeper. 'Once more the noble hero displayed a splendid good sense,' for he went instantly to the burgomaster of the town, and demanded to know what the custom was if a guest were in debt to his host. Said the burgomaster: 'If the host will not lend or trust, he may hinder the guest with his horses, goods and chattels from leaving the house until all be paid.' 'And what if the host owes the guest?' then asked Wilwolt. The burgomaster, amazed, replied that, if the landlord did not satisfy the lodger, it was the custom to erect four posts round his dwelling, and if the guest were not paid or pleased by three days thereafter, he could help himself to all that was in the house. Wilwolt then explained his case, and, while the burgomaster sent for the innkeeper, joyfully planted the four posts round the culprit's home and hearth. Nor were these removed until the host had presented him with twenty florins, praying him submissively to have patience, and he would honourably pay the remainder. In point of fact, plunder was a leading feature of this campaign, and contributed in no small degree to Wilwolt's enjoyment of life. Thus, when certain Ruthenes were slain and beheaded by the nobles of the country that they were seeking to ravage, Margrave Hans and his comrades sent instantly to fetch in all the appurtenances of the victims, arrayed themselves in their armour and clothing, mounted upon their horses, and in this manner, tilting with the Ruthene spears and targets, caracoled proudly before Albert Achilles and his Anne.¹ When the courses were at an end, they

¹ The long and affectionate correspondence between this Margrave and Margravine of Brandenburg forms a very human, if often untrans-

even turned in the same 'garments of the dead' to a ball, achieving in the flesh as lively a Danse Macabre as was ever painted by Holbein or his forerunners.

But the special field of Schaumburg's exploits of gallantry and romance was Franconia.

In truth, if fighting were your warmest wish, no better home could be discovered for you than Franconia at the close of the fifteenth century. Here, to an even greater degree than in other portions of the Empire,¹ 'quarrels were seldom at rest,' and if, as was said, this powerful province was the knightly garden of Germany, it was a garden that undoubtedly grew strange flowers. 'At this time,' declares the historiographer, who views the vagaries of the last generation from the slightly more civilised standpoint of the year 1507, 'it was usual for the small knighthood, to wit, certain barons and lords, to make business together, whereby houses were seized, villages plundered and burned, cattle taken and such-like trades driven.' It was, in fact, the lawless period immediately preceding the birth of the Suabian League, and all High Germany was in the grip of her lesser knights and nobles.

For the German Ritters were celebrating in characteristic fashion the sunset hours of their brilliant and boisterous career. All over Europe their upstart and plebeian rivals, the 'fire-machines,' were hourly gaining ground, and hourly their immemorial profession of arms was passing to others. Round them, unruly and ubiquitous, swarmed the new-born

latable, document. 'I pray your Grace to give me news often,' writes Anne to her 'heart's dearest lord' at the siege of Neuss: 'the time is very long to me when no messenger comes. Even when I send messages, the hours are just as slow. . . . You tell me to write to you jesting words; but all jesting has gone out of me and my maidens, for that your Grace has been so long away and has gone so far off: we have forgotten how to jest.' (*Privatbriefen*.)

¹ 'To speake generally of Almaine, there are so many strong places there, so many men inclined to mischief, to spoil, to rob, and that use force and violence one against another upon small occasions, that it is a woonder to see.' (*Commynes*.)

battalions of the landsknechts, furnished with cannon and hand-guns of ever-increasing efficiency; and, where once the rushing hosts of knighthood had taken the world with courage and beauty, there were now to be seen the scurvy insubordinate ranks of the footmen, creeping to victory by the unhallowed potency of unnatural arms.¹ What, then, were these unlucky survivals of a more gallant past to do? Too proud or too incapable to practise peaceful industries, their lawful living hung upon the small and precarious wage that some few of them were able, by the sale of their swords—and not infrequently of their souls—to obtain. As for the others, with no possessions save crumbling walls and antiquated armour, little remained for them save those time-honoured resources of distressed chivalry: the arts of the highwayman and the freebooter. To these accordingly the poor gentlemen of Germany had turned with a glad alacrity, and in the country districts their power was supreme.² Murderous and menacing, they maintained an easy rule of fear. No paltry scruples of justice or legality held their hands, and fat burghers and lean peasants were alike their constant prey.

Wilwolt, therefore, was never at a loss. If by chance his masters and kinsmen failed to supply him with a sufficiency of feuds, if for a brief moment he had nothing to do, either for himself or for his particular friends, he had but to turn to these professional and practised peace-breakers, 'serving in the said businesses all the good comrades who wrote to him, craving only

¹ 'Que pleust à Dieu que ce malheureux instrument n'eust jamais été inventé . . . tant de braves et vaillans hommes ne fussent mortz de la main le plus souvent du plus poltronz et du plus lasche, qui n'oseroient regarder au visage celuy que de loing ils renversent de leurs malheureuses balles par terre. Mais ce sont des artifices du diable pour nous faire entretenir.' (Montluc.) 'Not every one can stand their din,' says Götze von Berlichingen.

² 'A man that is able to maintaine but himselfe and his servant . . . will have some small castell situate upon a rocke to retire into, where he entertaineth twentie or thirtie horsemen, which run downe to rob and spoile the cuntrye at his commandement.' (Commynes.)

food for himself and fodder for his horse : whereby he deserved well of them, and earned great repute and recognition among the princes and knighthood.' To be short, as Eyb observes, his life demonstrated the truth of the proverb, 'whoso loveth not play, findeth ever work to his hand.'

But besides this glut of illegitimate joys,¹ there was a wealth of more lawful excitement. For Franconia was also a centre of all the exercises of chivalry, and had for her share no less than four of the famous tourney-companies, into which the knighthood of Germany was at this time divided. Schaumburg himself belonged to the Order of the Unicorn, and achieved many admirable exploits under its auspices, taking part, especially, in the great tournaments which were arranged after the ancient manner—'as they were done in olden days'²—at Würzburg and at Mainz.

This last, indeed, became the scene of a personal quarrel on the part of Wilwolt. For there came to it one Martin Zolner, against whom the Schaumburg family nourished an ancient and violent grievance. Complaint of the offence and of his insolence in thus appearing in the company of honourable men was duly made before the knighthood of the Four Lands, Bavaria, Suabia, Franconia and the Rhineland;³ but Martin answered the charge with lying words. Wilwolt therefore determined to settle the affair after his own fashion, and having opened the matter by a

¹ The Franconians regarded these delights as eminently legitimate. Thus, when a friar once advocated the hanging of all thieves and murderers in their boots and spurs ('Ho, ho !' he said, 'that would be a joyous spectacle') the nobles who were present were beyond measure incensed and demanded his death : 'for they hold that they are entitled by a pretended ancient privilege to commit robberies in the highways and to take what belongs to others without let or hindrance.' (*Zimmerische Chronik*.) 'There are two not insignificant crimes that Franconians prize unduly,' wrote Boemus Aubanus : 'swearing and robbing ; they deem them admirable, and by long use permitted.'

² Meaning that they were genuine tournaments, and not mere jousts or tiltings.

³ See Illustrative Notes, 28.

genial promise 'to thrust his lies down his throat,' got quickly to business. He passed a sleepless night deciding on his plan of action. But it was well worth while, for the result was triumphant. No sooner had the combatants been packed into their respective corners of the ground, and the cords been severed,¹ than Wilwolt's servant seized his master's horse by the reins,² and piloted him up to Martin Zolner, who, being taken wholly by surprise, was without difficulty bound and 'bridled.' This done, up came all Wilwolt's friends, and together they dragged the culprit out of his tilting saddle, 'even up to his spurs,' laid him on the back of his horse, beat him on the stomach till he fell to the ground, heaved him up again, and finally cut the girths and set him astride the lists on his saddle, 'even like a man who has earned the tournament penalty.' Nor was the unfortunate Martin permitted any revenge, for although on their way home—the Franconians, for their better protection, rode away all together—he tried hard to induce Wilwolt to fight in the open field, 'making much strange display with his spear, running hither and thither near the company wherein Wilwolt rode, shouting and acclaiming'; and though Schaumburg, 'bethinking him that it would be a disgrace were he to suffer this,' rushed out at him, and they thrust with their lances at one another's throats: yet their friends quickly separated them, recalling to their memories that a man who sought revenge for anything that had happened in the lists was, with his descendants, 'eternally robbed of tourney and nevermore permitted to tilt.'

¹ The various tourney companies were packed in the four corners of the ground, each held in by a cord: 'All these thinges donne thei were embatailed eche ageynste the othir, and the corde drawn before eche partie, and whan the tyme was, the cordes were cutt, and the trumpettes blew up for every man to do his devoir.' (Cf. Strutt.)

² This seems to imply that Wilwolt wore the heavy closed jousting helmet, rather than the barred heaume used in the mellay. (Cf. Jusserand.)

At Stuttgart, again, a tournament took place, 'so serious that I verily believe that in our time the like has never been undertaken or held.' Here, too, there was question of a private quarrel, for the Margrave Frederick of Brandenburg brought with him 125 champions of the flower of Germany and arraigned the Lord Jorg of Rosenberg before the Four Lands. The Court ordered the disputants to settle their differences by single combat, but the Margrave was not satisfied and meditated more stringent methods. Meanwhile Rosenberg appealed to the company of the Unicorn to support him: and these accordingly assembled on the ground. They were but 35 champions strong as against the 125 of the Prince; but they meant winning, and they won.

No sooner were the ropes cut than the mass of the Brandenburgers urged forward, but the Unicorn men held to their corner, and presented so brave a front—'well and truly made by their captains'—that it defied all the efforts of the Margrave to break it. The throng became so dense that the horses 'squealed like pigs,' and so thick was the cloud of steam rising from the combatants that the ladies in the windows could scarce see the fight. Wilwolt had on his right hand Rosenberg and on his left one Diez Marschalk, and they were so hard pressed that they were soon all three unhorsed and prostrate, both their tilting-helms and they themselves being so sorely trampled that they were near to losing their lives. Frederick, however, retired to consider the position; and the Unicorns were enabled to give their comrades breathing-space, and to have them lifted on to their horses by the sergeants.

The Margrave now marshalled his men in three separate bands, intending to attack front, back and sides in one giant effort. But the Captains of the Unicorn, discerning his stratagem, prepared to defeat it. Indeed, reflecting sagaciously that Frederick was

young and would certainly ride first in order to be well seen of the ladies, they agreed upon a plan of some ingenuity: namely, to open their ranks before him as though they were giving way, and to close them again as promptly behind the crupper of his horse. The device succeeded amazingly, and in a moment Frederick was alone among the enemy and hurled from his charger, while his men, leaderless and disorganised by the sight of his fall, retired ignominiously to their own corner. The Unicorns made room for the sergeants to pick up the Margrave, and as he was far more firmly fastened to his saddle than was the saddle to the horse, they cut the girths, led the barebacked charger away and set the unfortunate prince, saddle and all, on the lists. This made the spectators think that he had been 'beaten and seated on the lists,' and even the Unicorns were moved to pity. One of them, indeed, offered to take him back to his comrades on his own horse. But the victim feared that he would look ridiculous seated behind one of his opponents, so sent for a man of his own retinue.

Mounting his charger afresh, Margrave Frederick next sought to break up the ranks of the Unicorn by inviting them to take prematurely to their swords, but the affair ended in words rather than in blows, and the Lord Jorg of Rosenberg 'remained unbeaten.' On the following day the ladies of the Suabian nobility, who had been present in the tiltyard, invited the whole company of the Unicorn to a splendid banquet, and being, 'as is common with Suabish ladies, rich in elegant, lovely and subtle words,'¹ they praised the heroes well, declaring that they had borne themselves superbly, and desiring to know the name of each man, that the deed might be held in long remembrance by their children. Albert Achilles,

¹ 'There are certain women by nature cheerful, gay, and talkative, and amongst others are Suabians . . . especially forthcoming to every one, and practised in music and dancing.' (Guarinionius.)

it appears, was less delighted: 'would thereafter neither see nor hear his son, for that he had not obeyed his commands.'¹

Weddings and Diets were the most constant occasions of valorous display, the young knights of the Four Lands ever fighting for supremacy in the invention of new sports for the amusement of the ladies. Thus at the marriage of the Princess Sofia of Poland, Wilwolt appears, tilting before her in the streets² of Frankfort, running his adversary 'through target and plates even to the body,' pinning him so well to the ground, that the victor's lance 'stood by its roundel straight up on end: showed most rare and adventurous.' At another wedding, the panoply of the combatants was fashioned of a garland and a mirror. And at a third both Wilwolt and his opponent were protected only by straw targets and feather cushions: 'and they beat well upon the pillows; and the harness-masters tore wider the holes made by the strokes, and the wind beat the pulled-out feathers all about the lists and bespattered the folk so that a great laughter arose, and the maids and matrons were a merriment to behold.'³

Yet even these gentler entertainments seem often to have ended in brawlings, if not in actual bloodshed. When Wilwolt, 'who in all his days had practised more cuts than capers,' failed to perform his duties

¹ In 1481 Albert Achilles of Brandenburg had written to his son Margrave John to tell him that the company of the Unicorn was being revived, and that therefore himself, Margrave Frederick and others of the family must help to reconstitute their own old company of the 'Perner,' its ancient rival: 'We have hitherto, with God's help, been foremost in tourney, and we intend, with the help of God, so to remain.' The feelings of the Elector on this occasion may therefore be imagined.

² Bertrandon de la Brocquière mentions tournaments 'in the streets,' at which 'several were unhorsed so heavily that they were dangerously wounded.'

³ A similar joust took place at the Diet at Nuremberg in 1491: 'Item, there came into the lists eighteen in straw helms and straw shields, and they had *kronlein* (blunt lances); and the King (Maximilian) bought the straw appurtenances for nine florins, and they had great green well-stuffed cushions.' (H. Deichsler.)



'FRANCONIA, WHERE ALBERT, A MAN MOST DEXTEROUS IN ARMS, WAS FOR HIS EXCELLENT DEEDS CALLED THE GERMAN ACHILLES.'

From a woodcut illustrating the 'Historia de Europa' of Æneas Sylvius, ed. of 1571.

in the 'Lob-tanz' at the Court of Vogtland, and stood stock still with the ladies, there was a great 'outcry and rejoicing' over him. The mockery was started by a certain Schurndiger, whom Wilwolt promptly called to account, and hereupon a friend named Conz von Luchau, anxious to prevent bloodshed, officiously invented a pretext for borrowing Wilwolt's sword. The result of this diplomacy was not, however, satisfactory, for Schurndiger forthwith fell upon 'the noble hero' in the doorway, and obliged him, being defenceless, to take ignominious refuge in a vehicle standing near. Sundry of the young captain's supporters now sprang to his rescue, ordering the town gates to be closed, and many of the mockers were beaten down and 'well misused.' Nor was this the end of the matter, for Wilwolt determined to avenge himself on Conz for his misplaced zeal, and shortly after, meeting him in a convenient wood, heaved him a great wound right through his cap-peak, hat and hood of chain.

The 'long thicke thievishe'¹ German forests were, indeed, the happy hunting-grounds both of righteous vengeance and of meaner and more murderous deeds. For the Germany of Schaumburg, like the Ireland of Spenser, was filled with wandering companies that kept the woods, and her great territories of trees had become the favourite haunts of violence and crime.² On one occasion Wilwolt himself nearly met death in their dark and lonely depths, being treacherously attacked by a roving Swiss mercenary. The valiant knight showed, however, such singular dexterity, not only with the sword but also with the crossbow, and such singular courage and generosity in re-arming his defeated assailant with his own weapon, that the two ended by becoming warm friends, and the soldier

¹ Cf. Hoby. 'This day's journey was much through woods, jeopard-some for thieves,' writes Roger Ascham.

² It is not without significance that, in the Index of a certain German history, the heading 'Adel,' nobility, has only three sub-headings; lack of money, quarrelsomeness, pride,

spent a roaring night in the company of many brave Ritters, as the guest of his intended victim.

Nor amongst Wilwolt's achievements must his most romantic adventure be omitted. 'It is known,' says Eyb, 'that naught on earth more enlivens and emboldens a young man than a pure tender virtuous womankind: as Thomasin of Cerclar¹ writeth, 'The nature of love is such, she maketh wiser the wise and giveth to the fool more folly, such is the custom of love.' And it was without doubt the presence of his 'lady and chiefest friend' that stirred the knight to his highest efforts. Moreover, these efforts pleasantly unveil a characteristic feature of the Renaissance.

For few things are more astonishing, even in that astonishing age, than the strange blend of penury and splendour that constantly appears in the annals of fifteenth-century knighthood. Never was any class more poverty-stricken than these gallant gentlemen of misfortune, who were year by year losing their means of livelihood and pouring their possessions into the coffers of the great princes of merchandise and finance. Yet year by year their passion for ornament and luxury was growing greater; while in the unnumbered pageants and festivals that decorated their days these pauper lords shone forth in a proud and progressive magnificence of accoutrement. For the captain of Germany as for the courtier of Italy, it was the first need of life to have comely armour and gay apparel, radiant weapons, horses lovely coated, scarves, trappings and liveries, of 'sightlie and meerie coulors, and rich to behoulde, wyth wittie poesies and pleasant devises, to allure unto him chefflie the eyes of the people.'² 'What shall I say?' wrote Æneas Sylvius, 'of the chains of the knights and of the bits of their horses, which are of pure gold? of their rings, belts,

¹ Thomasin of Zerklare, or Tommasino di Circlaria, born in the Friuli about A.D. 1185, and author of *Der Welhsche Gast*, from which this is a slightly incorrect quotation (v. 1179-82).

² Baldassarre Castiglione, *The Courtier*, tr. Hoby,

and helmets blazing with gold? of their spears and sheaths incrusting with precious stones?' The tailors were forced to make even the simplest garments of costly stuffs, and, 'like artists,'¹ to embroider them with curious symbols. The richest dress must be changed three times in a day, and each time according to the fashion of a different country. Idle as summer dust were the laws and statutes that sought to dam the stream.

Strange, therefore, were the shifts to which the needy tilers turned to show undisgraced in the eyes of their fellows. Many, of course, ran frankly into debt, and ruined their families and themselves.² Some, again, won an honest right to gorgeous display by carrying their swords to every market; while a few, like Du Guesclin at Rennes, could arrive 'on a miller's horse' or appear in borrowed plumes and braveries, in the certain hope of an instant and triumphant vindication. But there were other methods—not very praiseworthy, indeed, yet regarded in that lively time with a lenient eye—whereby the valiant and comely youths of the Renaissance could garner in their 'peacock-feathers' and preserve their pride. And of one of these Eyb gives a gallant example in a chapter which, following his lead, it seems well to call 'The Adventure of the Lady Rich in Virtue.'³

'It is right,' begins the historian, with a bold quotation from Ovid, 'that every lady of honour should take a special love, joy and pleasure in manly, valorous, determined men, seeing that such men, for the sake of women, will dare and do better and

¹ Butzbach.

² Cf. Thomas Murner in the *Narrenbeschwörung*: 'The nobles are bent on rivalling one another; what one beholdeth on another, that must he have. For this he pledgeth rents and income that he may satisfy his whim; and for one dancing coat he maketh a debt of four-and-twenty hundred florins.' See Illustrative Notes, 29.

³ 'Sachez,' said Guillaume de Lalaing to his famous son Jacques, 'que peu de nobles hommes sont parvenus à la haute vertu de prouesse et à bonne renommée, s'ils n'ont dame ou damoiselle de qui ils soient amoureux; mais, mon fils, gardez que ce ne soit de folle amour; car à tous jours vous seroit tourné à grande vilainie et reproche.' (*Livre des faits de Jacques de Lalaing*, in Chastellain, viii.)

more valiantly than home-baked and womanish men.' Now in this matter, he continues with obvious admiration and envy, Wilwolt was by no means behind-hand, for he was entitled to claim that a noble and virtuous lady was bound to him in love. High and holy were the vows and resolutions of their mutual affection. The knight swore 'to order himself according to her pleasure and will, and even till death to suffer no matter that concerned her to be too difficult for him to compass.' And the fair one in return 'declared that should he fulfil his promise, she would nevermore leave him; would share with him her goods so far as might be in her power and beseech a noble, pious and virtuous lady and be accomplished with honour, modesty and seemliness; and would give ear to no vain pratings or babblings.' Only she strictly charged him 'to live knightly and honourably in her service, for therein would she suffer neither fault nor failure.'

So Wilwolt ordered himself according to his beloved's pleasure, ruffling and lording it in all the lists and tiltyards, shining before his fellow-men in 'costly armour, in silken cloaks and appurtenances, mostly also in hats of goodly silk and costly adornment, having on his arms goodly golden chains and other jewels fitting for the purpose.' For his journeys, too, he had goodly horses trapped to the heels, and ever four or six running footmen, who served him on the road in silken garments of his own colour; while in his pocket there was always a generous allowance of money. And this befell summer and winter alike.¹

¹ 'Toute grande dame doit pour son honneur, donner à son serviteur soit peu, soit prou, soit argent, soit bagues, soit joyaux, ou soit riches faveurs . . . mais il faut en celà peser tout, et que l'homme soit si discret de ne tirer de la bourse de la femme tant comme il voudroit. Quant à moy, je me puis vanter d'avoir servy en ma vie d'honnestes fames, et non des moindres; mais, si j'avois voulu prendre d'elles ce qu'elles m'ont présenté, et en arracher ce que j'eusse pu, je serois riche aujourd'huy, ou en bien, ou en argent, ou en meubles, de plus de trente mille escus que je ne suis,' (Brantôme, *Recueil des Dames*.)

Now, there were many people who, knowing Wilwolt's means and income, marvelled greatly at this, and not a few, 'as is the way of the world,' who were exceedingly envious; and although the business was kept very secret, the mere suspicion of it caused much gossip among their friends. Indeed, warning was often conveyed to the happy warrior to leave the place, 'else would he risk his neck and suffer a singular horrible end.' His promise and the lady's love were nearer to his heart than the fear of death, so he continued to journey the twenty leagues that lay between him and his desires; but, in order that none should know or note his comings and goings, he went ever swaddled in a different guise—now as a merchant on a well-fed steed, now nobly as a German gentleman, now tramping as a bare-foot monk, now crawling (O potent love) like unto a leper: 'for ever doth love teach unto loving men new ways and means.'

And so one day it came about that Wilwolt arrived at the appointed meeting-place, and it behoved him first to cross a moat, and then to climb a rock and wall about 17 fathoms high. The lady, as usual, let down to him from a high window a strong rope weighted with a great knob of wax, that he might the easier be able to feel it in the darkness. To this the joyful lover attached his ladder, which was then drawn upwards by his Juliet, who fixed and fastened its hooks with loving care, that her friend might climb securely. 'Now, as love is ever mingled with bitter sorrow, trouble and labour, so will the joy that springeth therefrom be mixed with grief'; and as it happened that these two had not been together for a long time, it also happened—'and it had often chanced before'—that when he came to her they had on either side so great a joy that they forgot all about the ladder hanging in the window. Hitherto kind Fortune had smiled upon them, but to-day she did not; and the ladder, being no longer weighted but blowing in the wind to and fro, the hooks went out, and down plumped the whole con-

trivance over the rocks and into the water. 'Whereat they were marvellously terrified. Yet did their great love and joy in each other's company, which caused them to reckon all as happiness and to choose to suffer death rather than to be parted, make the trouble smaller.'

There was nothing to be done; and for three days and nights Wilwolt remained with gay acquiescence in his delicious prison. The difficulties, indeed, were great, for he could be given no other sustenance than what that lady rich in virtue from her table stole, there being in all the world none whom she dared trust. 'Yet of Reinfall, Malvoisie and sweatmeats he had enough, and this was not his greatest trouble.' But at last the time came when both felt that he neither should nor could longer remain, and the lovers bent their brains to business. A plan was soon devised. The lady brought two lengths of linen, which they joined together, fastening one end to a bar of the bedstead. This they laid athwart the window, letting the other end of the improvised rope fall outside. 'And so the lady and he blessed one another with lovely words, bringing to utterance that which lay in both their hearts; the which words for their delicacy,' adds the chronicler, with an ingenuous and sorrowful candour, 'seeing that in all my days I have never used nor heard the like, I know not how to write down. Yet may every worthy man, who in his time hath known the love of woman and conducted an honourable courtship, easily grasp how went the way of it and how bitter was that parting.'

This accomplished, Wilwolt put on a pair of gloves, which the thoughtfulness of his hostess had also provided, commended himself to the grace of God 'in this rashness of descending the walls and rocks,' and pushed off into the void. As for the dame, she 'laid hold in all honesty of the bedpost to cling on to it, lest it should give way and suffer her all-belovedest to

fall.' But at once there occurred a terrible hitch, for the amiable lady had forgotten that her hands would be under the bar to which the linen was fastened; and now she found that it crushed them so cruelly that she could but shriek aloud, 'Help, Mary, mother of God! thou breakest my hands.'

This, of course, greatly alarmed 'the good knight,' who was not yet down from the wall; but luck chanced that with his feet he found a nail that was in a cross-beam or band of the house. On this he stood and supported himself till the lady had freed her hands, and could give him to understand what had befallen her. He then made ready to start again, but his own hands were so badly cut, even through his gloves, that he could no longer use them, and he was forced to grasp the linen in both arms and press it to him as best he might: 'fell indeed into great terror and trouble, for he knew not how high he yet was from the bottom.' By excellent fortune he lighted without hurt and without discovery upon a heap of manure, which the grooms had cast forth from the stables. So he rose up swiftly and malodorously and fled into a near wood: 'left the road, did as doeth the wolf that hath robbed a village,¹ glanced often around him lest any should follow; but he saw no man.'

It is good to add that the story does not end on this unsavoury note. For the dear lady had sewn somewhat into a little bundle that was hanging on his back, and, once safe in the wood, the lover was taken with a curiosity—knowing not what might be therein—to behold the gift. 'Unstitched it therefore, found comely work of goodly shirts, of golden caps, with strings of pearls and a goodly golden chain, with a golden cross wherein were set five costly diamonds, and much else whereby he might discover the love and favour of the lady, since jewels and goods are

¹ 'Es guerres a eu toujours trois excellentes choses, et qui bien affièrent à parfait chevalier! assault de lévrier, deffense de sanglier et fuyte de loup.' (*Chronique de Bayart*.)

wooters.'¹ And thus, once more singing and proud, Wilwolt reached his home.

Yet, even in this shining April of his life, Franconia could not hold for long the young knight's restless feet and wandering spirit. And he was soon abandoning these gallant pleasures for the sake of accomplishing a second Italian journey in the train of Duke Ernest of Saxony. The adventure ended in tragedy, for on the homeward way death took his much-loved master, Count William of Henneberg, from him.

The calamity is painted with a vivid and sympathetic brush. The travellers had achieved their purpose and were already approaching Botzen, when the Count was seized with illness, and quickly became so weak that he began to fall from off his horse. His men, in sore trouble and grief, lifted him to the ground and laid him by the side of the road; 'and he called upon the Almighty with great earnestness and industry, not to suffer him to die thus roofless and in the open field.' Wilwolt fortunately espied a peasant bearing manure, whom he persuaded, with a florin, to act as guide to the nearest hamlet. There he borrowed, for many florins, two beds and a waggon, and so transported his lord to the village inn. In this ungracious hospital the sick man suffered for eleven days, and then met death with a valiant spirit. For when he felt that his time was near, he asked to be given the death-taper or candle, and, when Wilwolt placed this in his hand, he seized it joyfully 'and began to shout, even as though it were a lance, which he had greatly practised in the lists; and after the said shout, he declaimed right earnestly: Thou evil enemy, thou hast no hold upon me, and I will overcome thee with this spear.' Thereafter he prayed his friend to give

¹ Eyb's favourite poet, Thomasin of Zerkläre, takes a higher view: 'If one could buy love, love were a slave; but verily love is free. Whoso thinketh to buy love for pelf, he knoweth neither love nor the soul. . . . One shall give heart for heart, one shall for faith give faith, one shall with love gain love, one shall with steadfastness win steadfastness and truth.' (v. 1243—56.)

him 'St. John's name' to drink.¹ 'And he took from him the wine, drank a good draught, took the crucifix, pressed it heartily to his breast, prayed God right earnestly to protect him with His grace: the which he would not leave doing, while reason was yet in him; took then once more the candle, and so was bereft of speech. But Wilwolt of Schaumburg urged him ever to be and remain firmly in the Christian faith, to the which he made signs of glad assent. Shortly thereafter his heart brake, so that he let forth a great sob, and all declared, who had been at his parting, that they had never seen or beheld a more godly or reasonable ending by any man in all our time. May the merciful and eternal God be gracious unto him.'

Sad and forlorn, Wilwolt returned to Germany, and soon after took service under Maximilian's great general, the Saxon Duke Albrecht der Beherzte,² 'of the Bold Heart.' So he embarked upon a friendship that lasted till the call of death, and so at length (after a brief campaign against Matthias of Hungary) begins his arduous career as a leader of Maximilian's lands-knechts in that ever-seething pot of rioting and righteousness, the Netherlands.³

IV

THE young Captain arrived in the Low Countries at the most acute moment of Maximilian's contest with

¹ 'Sant Johans namen.' The 'S. Johannestrunk' was a farewell-cup, conveying the hope of future meeting. When the boy Johannes Butzbach was sent out into the world at the age of twelve, his father gave him the 'Johannisminne' to drink, with these words: 'Farewell in the Lord. May He make you happy with us eternally.' The Jerusalem pilgrims drank it when leaving Venice.

² Albertus Animosus, founder of the Albertine line of Saxon princes, and twin hero of the Prinzenraub. See Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. vii.

³ 'The Netherlands have been for many yeares, as one may say, the very Cockpit of Christendome, the Schoole of Armes, and Rendezvous of all adventurous Spirits, and Cadets, which makes most Nations of Europe beholden to them for Soldiers. Therefore the History of the Belgique wars are very worth the reading, for I know none fuller of stratagemes, of reaches of Pollicy, of variety of successes in so short a time.' (Howell)

his stiff-necked subjects. A few years only had passed since the brilliant young son of Frederick III. had ridden as a bridegroom into Ghent, amid the acclamations of the people, mounted on a great chestnut horse, accoutred in armour of silver, and with his streaming hair bound by a circle of precious jewels : ' looking so glorious in his youngness,' writes an eye-witness, ' so strong in his manliness, so glad in his joy, that I know not which to marvel at most—the beauty of his youth, the bravery of his manhood, the promise of his future or the chivalry of his knightage.' More lately still he had been crowned King of the Romans at Aix 'with a great splendour.' Yet his sovereignty, in his northern dominions at least, was but a sanguine dream. Freed from the compelling grasp of Charles the Bold, who had a method all his own for gathering grapes of thorns and figs of thistles, the great merchant cities of the Netherlands waxed fat and kicked. Indignant at the expenses of the French War and jealous of the interference of Germany, they progressed speedily from discontent to rebellion ; and, on the death of their hereditary ruler, Mary of Burgundy, the crisis came.

The first act of the rebels, who followed the lead of Ghent and Bruges, had been to seize and guard the young Archduke Philip ; their second venture, accomplished by the aid of French intrigue, was the capture and imprisonment of Maximilian himself. Lured into Bruges by the hope of a compromise, the King of the Romans found himself suddenly cut off from his friends and wholly at the mercy of the townsmen. ' Now they of Bruges in Flanders,' so runs our history, ' where the Royal Majesty would fain have had his dwelling, encompassed him about. Albeit he was not their God, yet did they unto him even as the Jews, taking him, their very lord, with all his regents and nobles who had ruled in the said land.¹ Yet did the

¹ Did Calvete forget this episode in the life of his master's ancestor when he wrote that ' They of Bruges are of all Flemings the most courteous, liberal and affable ' ?

Jews, when the Word was fulfilled, let Jesus our Lord free. But these held the King prisoned in a pothecary's house,¹ pitched their tents in front thereof in the market-place, to guard and keep him, and each day brought one of his regents or captains before his Majesty on to the market-place, laid him openly on the shambles or rack in sight of the King, and when they had for a goodly while thus tortured and tormented him, cut off his head. How consoling this was to the pious King, who saw all his folk thus martyred and murdered, each honest man may suppose; and the King was fully persuaded that in the end his turn also would come to pay the reckoning.'

But meanwhile, 'not unreasonably,' the Emperor had roused the Empire to arms, and through the pale spring landscape of Flanders was thronging the dreaded host of the German landsknechts. The peasants, appalled, fled from their homes, and even the men of Bruges were seized 'with a mighty quaking and terror.' This lively fear does not seem, however, to have impaired the alert and business-like spirit of the burghers, and, though Maximilian was at once released, it was only on the most ignominious conditions. Nor was he allowed to depart till his cousin and best commander, Philip of Cleves,² took upon him the unpleasant office of hostage.

The conditions Frederick, again 'not unreasonably,' declined to fulfil. Taking up his quarters in Ghent, he set himself to the work of chastisement.

But chastisement proved no such easy matter as had confidently been hoped. 'They got nothing therefrom,' says Eyb, 'save that in the country round they

¹ The Craenenbourg, the finest house in the market-place. The accounts for the bolts and bars now hastily provided are still in existence, though Olivier de la Marche seems to have exaggerated when he described Maximilian as confined in 'une cage de gros bois, toute ferrée de fer.'

² Later Sire de Ravenstein. He was a son of Duke Adolph I. of Cleves. His grandmother was a sister of Philip the Good, and he was therefore second cousin to Mary of Burgundy.

burned, sacked and plundered, caught and captured peasants, and seized all the horses and cows.' Even Wilwolt's achievements during these first few months were unimportant and of varying success, and he 'had a bitter mouth, since how much soever he worked, he could make but little way.' Soon, however, the Emperor and his son were compelled to go southwards to confront their growing difficulties with Austria and France. So they yielded the conduct of the campaign into the capable hands of Duke Albrecht of Saxony, and it was as the trusted friend and henchman of this prince that Wilwolt now suffered the most of his 'Round-Table-like adventures.' His rank at the outset was but that of a captain of hand-gunners;¹ but he was a favourite with his master, and when death removed Ernst von Schönbург from the post of Chief Captain, it was to Wilwolt that the coveted honour was assigned.

Here, then, is 'the dear hero' in the thick of a civil war as ferocious and unsparing as even that age of civil wars could produce. On either side were experienced generals and ample forces. And on either side were men as reckless of life as they were ruthless of death.

The leading antagonist and, to Eyb, the villain of the piece, was Philip of Cleves. For the noble hostage, refusing the thankless part of scapegoat that had been allotted to him by Maximilian, had become the pivot of Flemish resistance, and was now supported both by the rebellious cities and by an army from France under the command of the famous French general, D'Esquerdes.² But against this powerful combination stood Albrecht of the Bold Heart, backed by those grim troops of Germany whose fame carried fear into the hearts of men.

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 30.

² Philippe de Crèvecœur, Seigneur d'Esquerdes, known to English history and to Eyb as the Lord of Cordes. He had made himself a sort of dictator in the north, 'dominant et princiant en Picardie,' writes Molinet, 'comme ung petit roy.'

The chronicle now, therefore, develops into an intricate tapestry of blood and battle, wherein its lord and hero makes transient but admirably effective appearances: storming positions at a run, and taking city walls at a leap; outwitting strength by stratagem; and often going near to lose his life, fighting on foot against terrible odds. See him, for instance, at Lofen, a stronghold of Philip of Cleves, bent on possessing himself of the enemy's harvest, and taken unawares by fifty French cuirassiers who had been hiding behind a church. Eyb becomes epic. 'The French captain, as is their wont, let go his horses at the top of their pace: towards him went Sir Wilwolt, comely accoutred.' The Frenchman, whose spear far outmeasured our hero's, struck so mightily that his opponent's horse staggered, and the weapon itself flew to shivers. But Wilwolt sat unyielding as a rock. The combatants were man to man, so there ensued a veritable tournament, 'and it was so hard a fight that not many such have hitherto been heard of.' In the end Schaumburg, as the wisest of captains, withdrew from the press, and captured victory by craft, for, observing how evenly the two sides were matched, he shouted to his men to attack their opponents' horses only. The order was obeyed with instant success. Down with the chargers went the riders, helpless in their heavy armour, and those few whose horses survived were soon in flight.¹

See Wilwolt, again, heading a brilliant if barren raid against the little island of Cadsand. Shipping across the arm of the sea with 1,300 men-at-arms, neatly bestowed in six-and-twenty boats, he carried the place by storm, taking prisoner all the inhabitants, and

¹ This same stratagem was used in 1503 at the famous 'Combat des Onze' on the walls of Trani, when the Frenchmen were all brought to the ground by the Spaniards, and would inevitably have been defeated had not Bayard and D'Urfé, who were still mounted, performed the extraordinary feat of snatching the lances from the charging enemy and re-arming their dismounted and discomfited men. (Cf. *Chronique de Bayart*.)

seizing above two hundred 'lovely young battle-horses.' But while the burning and plundering was still at its height, Philip of Cleves despatched to the rescue two great caravels laden with men and artillery, and hereupon there was 'a great alarum' among Wilwolt's sailors, who with one accord took to flight. This was intolerable to the captain's knightly spirit, but not being as yet well versed in the art of sea-war, he condescended to ask the shipmen the reason of their excessive fear. 'And these gave him to understand that here was no fight possible, since the enemy's ships were so high and over-topping that, were they to be won, they must be stormed with ladders and on high, like a bridge on to a mountain. And for sure, so soon as the enemy overtook them, they would all sink to the bottom and be shivered to fragments': as indeed quickly happened to two of the little vessels, which were so well 'driven to the bottom, that none came ever up again.' The Captain himself withdrew with the same skill and speed with which he had attacked.

Or see Wilwolt leading a forlorn hope ('lest perchance God may favour me') against Aarschot: hiding, with a mere handful of men, in the wood hard by the town; planting the ladders in the dead of night; climbing suddenly; slaughtering every wretch who sought to bar the way; bursting open the houses and rifling their contents. The streets were swept from end to end by a 'horribly hastening fire,' and a mass of ready money and silver plate was secured, whereby Schaumburg himself reaped no inconsiderable benefit.

Finally—for the tale of fury is too long-drawn and dismal to rehearse in full—see Wilwolt accomplishing with unfaltering energy the subjection of Holland, where rebellion had found a congenial and convenient home. It was the famous Bread and Cheese Act of 1492. The peasants, stirred to mischief by the followers of Franz van Brederode, had been sack-

ing and pillaging the city of Haarlem. Punishment was imperative, and Wilwolt was the chosen executioner.

The insurgents had taken for their ensign a loaf of rye-bread and a lump of green cheese.¹ So Duke Albrecht gave the Captain a banner with a can of beer and a loaf of bread painted on it, remarking with something less than his customary urbanity: 'The enemy suffer the pangs of thirst, and if you bring them no liquor, their cheese and bread will make them to die of it, and this we must not suffer. Go thither, therefore, in God's name, and give them of their own blood to drink, that they may never thirst again.' The task, however, was no easy one, for Wilwolt's troops were scanty, while against him was arrayed a 'mighty multitude.'

Schaumburg, therefore, resorted to strategy and eloquence. So soon as the soldiers had landed, he dismissed his transports and, retreat being thus cut off, exhorted his men: 'Dear brothers and pious men-at-arms, our Lord hath sent us into this country to conquer it. We have before us a great though unskilled people, and many may feel terror at their great multitude, and bethink them of the ships. But these are now away, so we can but place our trust in God and our weapons. Practise your manly virtue, for here is no other choice but death or knightly victory.' And the soldiers, having no other alternative, strengthened their hearts.

The enemy proved to be in force in the little town of Beverwijk, and Wilwolt, having reconnoitred as best he might, set to business. His plan was simple. Ordering his little band, he chose a narrow street,

¹ '*Kasenbroots-volck*, that is to say, men of bread and cheese: as if one would say, poore men that fought for meate to eate, who went in great troupes before the towne of Harlem, where, by the helpe of poore handy-crafts men, they entred and spoiled all the rich men, beating and breaking downe doores, windowes, cofers and cubberts; tearing in pieces papers, bonds, and instruments, pulling of the seales, and carrying away what was fittest for them, and doing other villanies, which did nothing avayle them, yet could not be appeased.' (Grimeston.)

wherein no more than six could go abreast, and down this he confidently marched. The Hollanders, thinking to have their foe in a trap, forthwith took up a position with their guns in a cross-street, disposed their men in two companies, above and below the alley chosen by Schaumburg, and, when the Germans reached this point, fell upon them lustily with their pikes. The first three ranks of the landsknechts, including three officers, were promptly cut down, which caused the remainder 'exceeding alarm.' But the value of the Captain's tactics at once became manifest, for with much urging he succeeded in inducing his rear ranks to press forward, and these now came again to the thrust. The Hollanders, taken by surprise, and unprepared for a second encounter, fled incontinently, and more than two thousand were killed and taken prisoners.

Wilwolt and his men now hoped for a little rest and leisurely plunder, but next morning, while they were still asleep, the scouts came speeding in to announce the approach of the enemy in full force. The warnings were so urgent that the Captain ran out, mother-naked, to see for himself, and found the Hollanders not half a mile away. 'And there came a right hot alarm among the soldiery, and he stayed not but took his clothes on his arm, ran to the men, formed hurriedly his order of battle, dressed himself there in the midst of them.'

The enemy proved to be an immense host, more than 8,000 strong, and counting many burgesses in full cuirasses, who had assembled from the whole country-side. Now Wilwolt himself should have had fifteen hundred men, reckoned according to their wage; but, when allowance was made for the double-pay men,¹

¹ 'Die toppsoldner.' It was common for men of noble birth to choose, for double pay, to enlist among the landsknechts. They were also known as 'grossen hansen,' or 'edlen,' marched in the front ranks, and had casquets and hauberks, while the common knechts had no defensive armour at all. (Zwiedinck-Sudenhorst.) Their wage was 8 to 10 florins a month to the 4 florins of the ordinary soldier. Ulrich von Hutten began his career in this manner,

the number stood at scarce thirteen hundred. There was nothing for it but a bold front, so he marshalled and harangued his little troop: 'ordered them according to his pleasure, comforted them and spake to them right manfully.' This done, he and his nobles dismounted from their horses, 'kept on corselets and collars, plucked off their hose,¹ placed them before the common soldiers in the first line, and stepped thus joyfully, with hearts undaunted, toward their foes. Now let every knightly man bethink him what a sight was this: that one should fight with eight. Even the conqueror of the beautiful Parstillen had done no greater deed.' There, indeed, were many Parcifals to be seen, adds Eyb with enthusiasm, and, above all, was the boldness of the Captain to be admired, even 'like unto that of Tchionachtulander, when, tired and hungry, he and his men fought the mighty hordes of the Moors of Patelamunt.'²

When abreast of the enemy the gallant band 'sprang knightly at them, and stabbed them forthwith into flight.' More than four thousand were cut down and captured, while the remainder took refuge in the town of Alkmaar. On the following day the Imperialists advanced towards Haarlem, and slew more of the enemy, who had ventured out too far: which 'made such a terror in the land, that they prayed for grace and mercy, and whensoever the Captain approached they went forth to meet him with relics and processions.' And in the meanwhile Wilwolt, who had so successfully carried out his commander's instructions, 'did as the wise and humble Job and ascribed all the honour to the King's name.'

¹ 'Krepsriic (krebs or Kurysz—thorax; rück—backplate) goller (koller or Panzerkoller—the gorget or collar of chain-mail) and hosen.' 'Au voyage d'Allemagne j'ay ouï dire que tous capitaines et soldats, quand ils vouloient aller à un assaut, coupoient leurs chausses à leurs genoux tout à l'instant, parcequ'elles estoient toutes d'une venue et attachées en haut, afin qu'ils puissent mieux monter à l'assaut.' (Brantôme.)

² 'Der sueze (süsse) Schionatulander' of Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Titarel*, and of its later imitation *Der jüngere Titarel*.

But not all Wilwolt's enterprises were as successful as this one, and at another period of the war his powers of leadership were put to a severe test. For when Albrecht of Saxony departed to attend the Diet at Nüremberg, Wilwolt was left in the responsible position of Captain-General of the forces in the district of Liège, where the tempest of rebellion, under the genial auspices of Robert de la Marck,¹ was raging at its hottest.

The test, however, was scarcely a fair one. The Imperial troops had, indeed, been more fortunate under their new leader than under Maximilian. Many of the towns had returned to their lawful allegiance, and Duke Albrecht had 'won a joyful heart.' With a firm hand he had suppressed a violent outbreak of the Hoeks,² and done to death that adventurous young captain of beggarmen, Jonker Franz van Brederode. And with a yet firmer hand he had chased and harried Philip of Cleves and his army of twelve thousand men. Finally he had come to terms with the citizens of Bruges, recovered the whole of Flanders, and 'sent the Frenchmen back to their France.' Philip of Cleves, driven from Bruges, had taken refuge in the seaport town of Sluys, 'a fortress so mighty that therefrom one could make war against all Christendom,' and had started upon a profitable career of piracy: 'wrote himself the friend of God and the enemy of all the world.'

But the Duke's departure from the Netherlands was at once the signal not only for a new revolt of the cities, but also for a mutiny in the Imperial army, and Schaumburg was soon afloat on a sea of dangers and difficulties. The Imperial troops were actually the worst offenders, for the Saxon and Thuringian soldiers objected to obey any but their own commanders, and flouted their new Captain as 'a Frank and an Outlander.' Thus ever, moralises the chronicler, does 'the bitter gall of cursed envy assail the dearest, the

¹ 'Her Ruebrecht von Arberg,' Robert III. de la Marck, known as 'le grand sanglier des Ardennes,' father of Fleurange, 'le jeune Ad-ventureux.'

² See Illustrative Notes, 31.

ablest and the best.' Presently, too, a company of Wilwolt's men suffered a severe reverse near Liège: 'and albeit this was not the fault of Sir Wilwolt, yet was it the worst defeat that he had suffered in all the years of his captainship.'

A further difficulty lay in the fact that the war had lasted so long and the land been so sorely ransacked and burned that 'there was little more to be won on either side.' Dismantled cities and demolished homesteads proved but sorry larders for the starving armies, and the panic-stricken peasants, even if dragged from their holes of hiding, had nor heart nor strength for fruitful labour. The golden harvests of corn had turned to harvests of flame. The very fruit-trees dropped shrivelled fruits. Throughout Flanders the devastation was so complete that once fertile fields were now thickets sheltering deer and wild swine, while so many and so fierce were the roving wolves that none dared seek the strayed remnants of what once were flocks. The Imperial officers even were so impoverished that they must needs leave horses and harnesses, jewels and adornments, in the clutches of the innkeepers, and the Bishop of Liège himself was fain to pawn his velvet skull-cap to pay his reckoning. As for the common people, 'they did live a verie poore and languishing life.'¹

Once more, however, the tide turned, and when Duke Albrecht came back from his journeyings with money enough to relieve the anxious minds of his numerous creditors and an unfaltering confidence in his Captain that declined to be shaken by the accusations of envious detractors, Wilwolt's heart was again gay and glad.

V

BUT battle and the windy plains of the Netherlands were not Wilwolt's only means to glory, and in the

¹ Grimeston.

year 1489 he was entrusted with an important mission of diplomacy to 'the Royal Worthiness of England.' No hint is given of the object of the embassy, but it may be surmised that it had reference to the stormy question of Anne of Brittany and the sudden change in Maximilian's French policy as shown by the treaty of Frankfort.

Henry VII. had for some time been supporting the King of the Romans in his struggle with the Flemish rebels and their allies. The interests of England were closely affected by the fortunes of the Netherlands, and if Henry had neither a special love for the King of the Romans nor the traditional English dislike to the King of France, he at least shared with his subjects a lively desire to preserve Calais and her Marches from the incursions of predatory neighbours. Should West Flanders fall into the hands of the insurgents or of the French, the last outpost of England would be ringed by hostile garrisons; and this was a possibility that even the cautious and peace-loving Tudor could not contemplate unmoved.

In accordance with these fears, Henry had therefore lately despatched a force of 2,000 archers and 1,000 pikes under Lord Morley and Lord Daubeney,¹ to the relief of Dixmude, which was hotly besieged by some 6,000 rebels and French mercenaries. The attack had been brilliant: the English soldiers, says Eyb, were 'verily a warlike² people,' and the relieved garrison swore with enthusiasm to live and die with them. Lord Morley—'being on horsebacke in a rich coat'³—was killed. But this tragic event only made the victory the more triumphant, for when the Englishmen knew of the death of their commander, every man instantly slaughtered his prisoner, and thus the burghers were not only defeated but almost 'cleaned away.' Fifty pieces of artillery and a world of spoil were taken:

¹ Giles Lord Daubeney, Governor of Calais, whose fine alabaster monument is in Westminster Abbey,

² 'Werlich,' literally weaponly,

³ Hall's *Chronicle*.

'they that went forth in clothe, came home in sylke, and they that went out on foote, came home on great horsses, suche is the chaunce of victory.'¹ Wilwolt's connection with the battle was a somewhat ignominious one. Being sent by the Duke to pay the German auxiliaries—'and he saw and beheld that three-and-thirty hundred men were laid in two graves and covered with but little earth'²—the landsknechts, not satisfied, took him prisoner and demanded a ransom of 10,000 florins. And, although the whole district was taxed to produce this sum, it cost himself in the end nearly half the amount. Even when this was paid, he came very near to falling into the hands of another party of mercenaries, and only escaped by taking refuge in the house of a certain 'Burkgravine of Hirn.' Compensations, however, were not lacking, for here such 'above measure good-breeding and honour' was shown to him, as he had in all his days never experienced at the hands of strangers, while amongst the ladies was an exceedingly beautiful woman, the daughter of a mighty English lord, 'and Wilwolt reflected that in all his days he had never seen a tenderer, lovelier or more delicate female.'

Following the relief of Dixmude had come the relief of Nieuport, which the great French General, D'Esquermes, was besieging in person. He had with him, according to Eyb, some twelve thousand men, and the town was in a state of abject fear. The citizens, indeed, were so stricken with terror that they sought only to hide in every possible shadow and shelter; and it was left to the women to array themselves in sallets and breastplates and appear upon the fortifications. At the most critical moment, when the French were actually planting their banner on one of the towers, there arrived from Calais a bark containing

¹ Hall. And see Illustrative Notes, 32.

² 'Above 3,000, beside them that were drowned.' (Kingsford, *Chronicles of London.*)

80 English archers. The women, perceiving them, 'cried with lamentable and loud voices, Helpe Englishmen, helpe Englishmen, shote Englishmen, shote Englishmen,'¹ and what with the courageous hearts of the archers and the stout stomach and diligence of the women—'which as fast as the Englishmen strake downe the enemies, the women were ready to cut their throats'—the banner of the French was soon replaced by the pennon of St. George.²

It was shortly after these triumphs of the English arms that Maximilian, with a complete disregard of English interests, signed at Frankfort a treaty of peace with Charles VIII. (July 1489), and that Wilwolt, presumably in connection with this, was sent to England. He was accompanied by the knight Friedrich von Witzleben, and equipped 'with great splendour, as beseems the messenger of a king: with raiment, noble trabants,³ pipers, drummers and other attendants, all of one colour, in notable number.'

No sooner had the ambassadors committed their uneasy persons to the treacherous mercies of the Channel, than there arose so great a storm of wind that it beat them over the open sea towards Scotland. Their shipman, however, worked so industriously that he brought them to anchor in the haven of Winchelsea, where they lay a while at anchor. As the gale did not abate, they were at last forced to land, and, failing other methods of transport, to procure peasants to carry their baggage for them 'over the mountains and through the wilderness, and, with enough over, that should any give up through weariness another should be there to carry in his stead.'

¹ Hall.

² 'The covetous Lord Cordes (which so sore longed for Caleys, that he would commonly saye that he would gladly lye vii. yeeres in hell, so that Caleys were in the possession of the Frenchmen) brake up his siege and shamefully returned to Hesdyng.' (Hall.)

³ 'Edlen trabanden': see *supra*, p. 180

They struggled thus on foot for three days, till they came to a road that led to 'Lunders,' where they found English hackney horses¹ to be hired for money. 'And these each who commands them may ride as hard as he will, for even should they die, the hiring money is their payment;² and so soon as one cometh to an inn, it behoves not to inquire any more after them, for to that end are English boys appointed, who wait upon them, or let them run loose; for each knows well how to find his way back.' And so the travellers arrived in London.

Having alighted at an inn rich with valuable tapestries and 'every kind of adornment,' the two soldiers had themselves at once announced as ambassadors from Roman Imperial Majesty and Duke Philip of Burgundy to the Royal Worthiness of England: 'who sent on the instant an honourably born friend, with sundry earls, barons and nobles, and these received the worthy embassy nobly and honourably, praying them to suffer their assistance graciously and magnanimously, for that they should shortly be received in audience.' The usual gift of wine was also brought to them in great golden flagons, and their kitchenmaster, purveyors and all necessities were provided. They remained in London for three days, during which time they visited (with, it would appear, some contempt) the royal artillery and ordinance: 'many great cannon, quartans and culverins, which shoot forth balls of iron, with many other culverins and stone cannon, the like

¹ 'Except the hackney horses between Gravesend and Dover, there is no such usual conveyance in post for men in this realm as is in the accustomed places of France and other parts.' (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. i.)

² 'Moreover, one shall learne not to ride so furiously as they do ordinarily in England, when there is no necessity at all for it (required); for the Italians have a Proverb, that a galloping horse is an open sepulcher. And the English generally are observed by all other Nations, to ride commonly with that speed, as if they rid for a Midwife, or a Physitian, or to get a pardon to save one's life as he goeth to execution, when there is no such thing, or any other occasion at all, which makes them call England the Hell of Horses (not without cause).' (Howell, *Forreine Travell.*)

of which are no longer much seen elsewhere.’¹ They were also taken about to see the sights of the city, and, like the Bohemians of Rozmital, marvelled greatly at their splendour and opulence. In the street of the goldsmiths² they beheld wonders of precious gold work, and so much silver plate ‘that they thought that in all their days amongst all the princes of Germany they had never seen so much.’ On old London Bridge—‘a bridge whereunder a great river flowed’—they found more than twice a hundred thousand florins’ worth of merchandise; while in the churches and cloisters they were shown such treasure of jewels and such marvels of architecture that they had never in any other kingdom beheld the like. ‘And that I may give an example from this country of the size of London: it was in its breadth as Bamberg, and as long as from there to Hallstadt.’

When the diplomatic monarch was ready to grant an audience—and none knew better than Henry VII. how both to cherish and to cheat the ambassadors of a friendly nation—he sent two great nobles to fetch them to him at Westminster.³ They went by the river, in a boat lined with cloth of gold and furnished with covers, cushions and hassocks of velvet, and were greeted on their arrival by two bishops, who led them to the King’s apartments. The Archbishop of ‘Candlweg’⁴ and a Cardinal brought them into the royal chamber, which was all hung with cloth of gold, and here they found Henry himself, seated in his

¹ ‘Hauptgeschossen, cartanen, notschlangen, steinbüchsen.’ ‘The diligent watch that is now kept over the Tower of London, was never so before the reign of Henry the Seventh, who keeps there a great store of heavy artillery and hand-guns, bombards, arquebuses, and battle-axes; but not in that quantity that I should have supposed.’ *A Relation of England.*)

² See Illustrative Notes, 33.

³ *Ibid.*, 34.

⁴ This was that ‘Lorde John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chaunceler of Englande,’ to whom Henry VII. sent for ‘Counseill and Advis’ whenever a foreign envoy arrived. (Cf. Leland’s *Collectanea*, iv.) There are many ‘greate Ambassades’ from the King of the Romans recorded about this time, though Schaumburg is not mentioned by name.

majesty under a fine canopy, appavelled in 'costly kingly clothes,' having on his neck a chain of splendid stones that gave forth a noble and goodly shining, and on his head a bonnet gay with'trimming and ornament. After the audience, of which we learn nothing, save that it was conducted with great seemliness, Henry dismissed the embassy to the ladies' apartments, where sat Queen Elizabeth of York and her women in rich array. The Queen herself spoke to them graciously, and they were 'lovingly greeted,' presumably with the famous English kiss, by all the ladies; a dance being also accomplished in their honour, that they might see the customs of the country. Indeed, so much attention was paid to them, 'that themselves could not have told what further honour, that was omitted, could have been shown.'

On the departure of the ambassadors from London, they were accompanied by another great 'land-lord' to Canterbury, where they duly wondered at the shrine of St. Thomas with its wealth of gold and precious stones, and at the treasury of the Cathedral, so rich in objects of gold, that 'these were little thought of and put to daily use.' They also heard with awe of the Saint's holy life, and of its terrible consequences to the reckless inhabitants of Canterbury. For of it 'a notable sign is left, the which shall perhaps endure even to the Last Day.' Once on a time, so runs the edifying tale, Thomas rode as an upright pious man on his little ass into the town to eat; but the peasants mocked at his mount, and cut the tail from off his ass. 'And thereat the dear holy one complained him, whence at the présent day all the boys that are born in the town bring into the world with them little tails, which they call "zegelein," on their hinder parts at the roots. Whence springs the proverb, which highly incenses them: Englishman, hither with thy rump. And I would fain behold that merry man who in this same city would cry aloud English Tail, for he must swiftly

retire, if he desireth not to be slain. And what woman soever who, at the time of her delivery, cometh no nearer than over the river into the other hamlet, yet is her child born with a tail.'¹

'So when,' continues the chronicler, with a pleasant inconsequence, 'the embassy crossed from Dover to Calais, there came three French robberships,² which hunted and pressed them hard, but the shipman did well by them, brought them in a boat to land hard by Calais, where the enemy and the great ships could not follow. Wherefore they gave the shipman an honourable guerdon. But what happened to him thereafter I commend to God, for he flew his ship quickly out to sea again.'

The immediate result of Wilwolt's diplomacy does not appear, but the peace between France and Germany was of a brittle character, and it was not long before England was again in alliance with the King of the Romans and assisting his Lieutenant, Albrecht of Saxony, to pull his perennially fizzling Flemish chestnuts out of the fire. Sluys was the scene of this second incursion of Henry VII. into the affairs of the Netherlands. For in this 'all-strongest townlet'³ Philip of Cleves was still defying Europe, 'waging sea-war on all the kingdoms, countries, and traffickers of merchandise'; and the Duke of Saxony, tired of the rebel commander's piracies, was resolved to put an end to them.

The investment of the town began in the month of May, 1492, and Schaumburg took a leading part in the preparations, his being the onerous duties both of equipping and of commanding the many caravels, hulks and great ships that composed Duke Albrecht's

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 35.

² The Channel was infested at this time by French pirates, and the Paston Letters constantly tell of 'Frenchmen whyrlyng on the coasts so that there dare no fishers go out.' The English, however, were by no means behindhand in the art of piracy, the seamen of Calais being known as 'Likedelers, dealing alike evilly with the ships of all nations.'

³ See Illustrative Notes, 36.

fleet. Now to reach Sluys, it was necessary to pass through the Schwarzgart, a narrow passage of rocks: 'and if any shipman knoweth this not right well, his folk on the ship may sooner sail through the whirlpool of the Tannau for thence may no man win forth by swimming.' Moreover, this convenient point of vantage was guarded by Cleves with all his vessels of war and artillery. None the less the Captain, in no way abashed, 'ordered his biggest ship with his best cannon to the front in the intent to drive forth that Ravensteiner, and urged ahead straight in his teeth.' When Philip of Cleves saw the great warship bearing down upon him, he fled in alarm back to Sluys, and Wilwolt, having effected his passage 'without any smallest mistake,' jubilantly re-possessioned himself of the little island of Cadsand, which he had once been compelled to abandon so hurriedly.

Cadsand, however, lay only a culverin shot from Sluys, and Cleves, with 2,000 men and his strongest artillery, at once took up a position opposite the German camp. And now Wilwolt and his officers disagreed, the latter, with one accord, maintaining that to send an expedition across the water to attack Philip would be altogether too perilous a business, while the Captain averred that their adversary, 'when knightly encountered,' was prone to flight,¹ and that, moreover, if they remained supine and suffered their ships to be sunk, they would be left defenceless in a small and unfortified place. Finally, Wilwolt took the matter into his own hands: 'ran to his nobles and common soldiers, formed them into order, cried to them that they should hasten to the ships, seized a pennon from a pennon-bearer, ran with it here and about, caused the drummers to beat the alarum, went to meet the captains of the footmen, cried to the soldiers to stand back (for the said captains knew of those counsels of difficulty, and he feared they might cause his men to

¹ Molinet gives a very different account of the courage of Philip of Cleves.

waver), fell on to his feet from off his horse, spake to them from his heart, calling upon them by their honour and oaths to follow him.'

The soldiers responded manfully to the appeal, and, taking ship, they sallied out to attack. Nor was it long before Philip of Cleves fulfilled Wilwolt's sanguine prediction, and practised his ancient ways by limbering up his cannon and retiring hurriedly into Sluys. 'And hereupon the Captain thrust to land and chased comfortably after them, some fleeing and some being run through.'

Duke Albrecht now arrived upon the scene with all his troops to assist in the siege, and the whole army encamped before the town in four places. Finding that the fortifications of this new Troy¹ presented many vulnerable points, they set themselves industriously to make gabions and shelters for the master-gunners, and from behind these furiously battered the two citadels. Soon, to their great satisfaction, they shot a hole in the wall of the smaller castle. But the hole was not very big, and the main result of the achievement was that 'through it the Sluysers ran commonly all day long, making many skirmishes' and keeping them constantly occupied.

Suddenly a rumour arose that a French fleet of surpassing size and strength was approaching to relieve the town. So the Captain, in a row-*barge*² ('sometimes called running boat or guard boat'), went forth to reconnoitre. When he reached the open sea he saw about eighty great-ships, each having five great topsails and foresails, as well as many caravels, hulks and other large vessels. They were all advancing in order, and the wind stood right into their sails and so puffed them out 'that to see them thus like mighty castles passing by was beautiful.' Wilwolt returned

¹ 'Comme jadis les Grégeois se mirent sus à grande puissance pour avironner la noble cité de Troye, gendarmerie se adoubla de tous costés pour subjuguier l'Écluse.' (Molinet.)

² 'Ring parsen': probably the 'basteaulx appelez *royebargen*,' mentioned by Maximilian in a letter to the Regent Margaret. (Le Glay.)

in haste and anxiety, and every one prepared to fight. The Duke, however, sent the row-barges out once more, with orders to erect, 'according to the custom of seafare,' a hat upon a pole, as a signal that the vessels should give an account of themselves.¹ And the stranger ships then explained that they were English, and that their King had sent his best Captain, with four thousand men and notable guns, to the help of Roman Imperial Majesty.

Here, in fact, was the English fleet, or a considerable portion of it, 'wel furnished with bolde souldiours and strong artillery,'² under the command of that valiant knight and hardy warrior, Sir Edward Poynings. For Duke Albrecht had written privately to the English King, and Henry VII., who realised that Sluys had become a very den of thieves to all traffic and commerce, had instantly dispatched a large force to his assistance. 'And when the news of this help came to the dear prince, who more joyful than he and all his men?' The visitors were received with all possible honour, the Germans even turning out of their own camp for the better accommodation of the Englishmen.

The task was now divided between the two forces. The Duke of Saxony besieged the great castle, living in a church over against it, while the Englishmen assaulted the lesser castle, issuing from out of their ships daily at the ebb of the tide: whereby the enemy was allowed no moment 'to repose or playe.'³ The artillery of the English was 'beyond measure good,' but they had no one with them who knew how to set a gabion or make a gun-shelter. So Sir Edward Poynings requested Schaumburg to perform these offices for him, 'which he willingly did, and received high thanks therefor.'

The circumstances of the siege seem, indeed, to

¹ 'Holding up their Hats upon Poles that they would have us put in.' (Erasmus, Colloquy of *The Shipwreck*.)

² Hall's *Chronicle*. ³ *Ibid.*

have been peculiarly unpleasant, and many strange and ingenious appliances were needful. Thus, when the sea rose, the Duke's artillery lay so deep in water that it was hidden from sight, and the master-gunners themselves 'had no dry lodging, but hung on the great gabions which they had set up, like swallows on a wall.'¹ The enemy had also acquired the unpleasant habit of sending their marksmen in boats,² to stalk these pendant warriors. The Germans did their utmost to improve matters by raising their great cannon on dams; and when the tide went out they dried them and shot till it came in again. But they were at a grievous disadvantage. Moreover, whenever a spring-tide chanced, which was at the least once in a month, the whole army stood, even in their tents, up to the knees in water;³ while, worst of all, the cooking became 'very adventurous,' and great care had to be taken 'lest the cooking-pots should drown.' It is little wonder, then, that the number of sick was unprecedented and included Wilwolt himself; indeed, in all the camp there was only one sound man, 'who was a tailor, and had much ado to wait upon them all.'

But, even in the course of this wearisome business, Schaumburg managed to procure for himself an interval of diversion. For Ghent—that fickle and rebellious town,⁴ 'which amongst all merchant cities is held the almightiest after Venice'—had fallen away from her allegiance, and it was once more necessary to reduce her to a condition of 'sorrow, terror and need.' Wilwolt, therefore, quartered himself cheer-

¹ This simile is probably taken from the iron cradles or 'swallow's nests,' which formed part of the defences of a castle in the Middle Ages. Cf. Sir Walter Scott's description of Plessis in *Quentin Durward*.

² 'Called *botachen* or *zullen*, after the fashion of the country.'

³ Hall describes the English also as being 'in water to the knees.'

⁴ 'I cannot imagine for what cause God hath so long preserved this towne of Gaunt, the fountaine of so many mischiefes, and of so small importance for the benefit of the countrey where it is situate. . . . But it seemeth that God hath created nothing in this world, neither man nor beast, without an enimie to hold it in feare and humilitie; and for that purpose serveth this town of Gaunte very well.' (Commynes.)

fully in a cloister near by, where he remained, hindering the entrance of all provisions, and slaying such unfortunates as he could catch. So bravely did he lord it that the citizens could get no food or drink of any kind. Whensoever they ventured forth they were speared and slain, and so driven about, 'that for tiredness and hunger they could scarce lay them down.' In all the mighty city there was no longer more than one wine-shop. And even had there been, the burghers were now too poor to purchase wine, 'and must, with their comely wives, make shift with filth.' So it was not long before the burgomaster and councillors rose in a body, barehead and barefoot, in long, black, ungirdled robes, with little white staves in their hands, and fell on their knees before Duke Albrecht, offering their keys and praying for mercy. Wilwolt, overjoyed at his success,¹ at once prepared a banquet in the town and invited a host of great lords and notabilities, amongst whom were Sir Edward Poynings and his chief officers, the Prince de Chimay and Count Engelbert of Nassau. 'And he gave them of fish and of venison, and for drink hippocras, malvoisie, parsehart and others,² of the costliest and best that he could procure in all the land. Furthermore he fetched from Bruges the all-loveliest dames that were there and therewith the best musicians, and they danced and were merry, and at night he presented each lord with a lovely lady with whom to sleep on

¹ The end was hastened by treachery within the gates, and the betrayal of the valiant brothers Coppenolle. The treatment accorded to the rebellious burghers meets with Eyb's fullest approbation, and his aristocratic soul yearns to inflict a like chastisement on his nearer neighbours of Nuremberg. 'Wherefore, take example, ye just princes,' he exclaims. Keep the haughty peasants under your rods, that it may happen to them as to the men of Ghent, who had to submit to this aforesaid conquering.'

² Hypocras was a pyment or liqueur. 'It is a usual drink to partake of soberly in the morning,' writes the apothecary, Gualther Ryff (1540, in Scheible's *Kloster*, bd. vi.). Malvoisie or malmsey was a Greek wine from Monemvasia in the Peloponnesus. 'Parsehart' is mysterious, but possibly stands for bastard, a favourite Spanish wine of the day. (Cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. ii.)

trust, according to the custom of the country. And in the morning were they all affably returned to him with exceeding high thanks; and he rewarded each one according to her station, and sent her honourably home.¹

Beside this consoling interlude, various lesser but lusty sports enlivened the days of Wilwolt. To him, as Chief Captain, for instance, fell the important duty of superintending the single combats which, in the fine ancient manner, took place at intervals between champions of either side. Sometimes, indeed, these encounters were more savage than chivalrous, as notably on one occasion, when a Swiss man-at-arms came out from the besieged fortress to fight with a landsknecht of the assailants. The encounter between the combatants opened gallantly enough. Hose and shirt were their only wear, and pike and dagger their only weapons; and thus 'they sprang with few words on one another.' At first the landsknecht seemed to have the best of the business, since he quickly spitted the Switzer with his huge pike, and, thrusting him back into a little ditch, inflicted terrible wounds with his dagger. But the Sluys champion laughed last. For, finding himself in so desperate a strait, he plucked in fury a bread-knife from the sheath of his dagger and severed his enemy's throat. The landsknecht was left for dead on the field, while the Switzer, his treachery notwithstanding, was decently draped in a cloak and carried by the marshals back to his fortress, where 'so much advice was given to him that he remained in life.'

At last, after sixteen weeks, Philip of Cleves made overtures of peace, partly 'for boredom at the death and pestilence,' and partly because his father died and he was desirous of seeing to the succession. At once the sodden camp was made gay with magnificent pavilions. Duke Albrecht stood to receive the vanquished in a costly coat of gold, while Philip and the

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 37.

THE SUBMISSION OF SLUYS

burghesses of the city appeared in the same gloomy garments of submission that had swathed the penitents of Ghent. Kneeling before the prince, they proffered allegiance and prayed, in a lengthy speech, for clemency.¹ Then the keys of the town and castles were given to Schaumburg, who, taking with him the English Captain, entered the smaller fortress, reared up the banners of the Hapsburger and the Tudor side by side, let blow all the trumpets for joy, 'and caused all the other minstrels to perform their courtly usages.'

Of the English contingent Eyb speaks with appreciation. 'It is found in old chronicles and histories, that the English are a very warlike and combative people. And this they showed themselves here: gave the German soldiery little advantage, stood up well to the enemy in skirmishes and engagements, bore themselves right laudably.'²

They also, it must be added, skirmished well and frequently with their own allies; and no sooner had the moment come for each army to go its way than a lively tumult took place between the German and English soldiery, 'whereby many remained dead.' Indeed, the Duke and his captains had the greatest difficulty in separating them. At length, however, the Englishmen were duly collected and conveyed to their ships, and they arranged themselves carefully and comfortably in the same order in which they had come, 'all tidy and joyful to behold.' 'And thereupon they caused all their trumpets to blow, and loosed off all their big guns, quartans, culverins and other pieces, whereof they had many and plenty, and thus in God's name they went their way.'

¹ The terms accorded to the 'rebel' show, however, the esteem in which he was held even by his adversaries, since he was permitted to hold the great castle until such time as Maximilian should pay a long-standing debt of forty thousand florins, and was also granted a yearly pension and the enjoyment of his estates. According to Molinet, the garrison would have held out indefinitely and the Germans been forced to retire had not an accident ignited the whole of their gunpowder.

² See Illustrative Notes, 38.

The Duke himself turned, with the flower of his army, to Bruges, leaving the common foot-soldiers at Damme, with certain barrels of money wherewith they were to be paid when their wages were due. The soldiers, however—never peaceful save when in action—rose in a body, seized the fortress and the money, and comported themselves altogether evilly. The Duke was at his wits' end, as they had made themselves masters even of the keep. But the Captain, having discovered that their officers and *grosten Hansen* were in the habit of repairing to Bruges 'to the baths and to make good cheer and to see the comely damsels,' took the provost and a sufficient number of men and, coming upon them in a helpless condition, seized them all. 'And, on pain of losing their heads, must they give every penny back again.'

And on this very human note ends what proved to be the culminating scene in the grim and stormy epic of the Flemish Civil War.

VI

THIS was not, however, the end of Wilwolt's dealings with England, for another large adventure, wherein King Henry VII. played a characteristic but no very glorious part, fell instantly to his lot.

During all this period the western Courts of Europe had been harassed and harrowed by the spousal sorrows of Anne of Brittany. The dying fief of France had assumed an almost melodramatic prominence in the politics of Western Europe, and Anne, a small, plain, uninteresting child, was the uncomely Helen of the melodrama.

Elder daughter and heiress of Francis, the last Duke, Anne was, so to speak, the 'perfect plum' of Europe's marriage garden, and, even before her father's death, was the mark of several eager suitors and the cause of

ANNE OF BRITTANY

an intermittent war conducted by France against the Duchy and its two supporters, Germany and England. After her succession (in 1488) Anne betrothed herself, against the will of France but with the assent of England, to the widowed Maximilian, who, to ensure the fulfilment of her promises, insisted on a form of affiance that startled even the hardened historians of the period. But even this was of small avail, for no sooner had the 'fonde new-founde ceremony'¹ been accomplished and his happiness apparently assured, than the intending bridegroom, unstable as ever, relinquished all further effort and transferred his attention to his wars. It was his characteristic, declares Bacon, 'to leave things when they were almost come to perfection, and to end them by imagination'; and, like a bad archer, he had again not drawn his arrow up to the head. In this case the omission was fatal, as it left the field clear for that enterprising Paris, Charles VIII., who at once entered Brittany, suborned the garrison at Rennes, and, in December 1491, triumphantly eloped with the so-called Queen of the Romans. Since, by this proceeding, Charles also repudiated the claims of the little Margaret of Austria, who had been educated at the French Court as his future bride, he administered to the unhappy Maximilian a double-edged and doubly-pointed thrust. Quick for vengeance, the King of the Romans applied for help to every quarter of the horizon: to the Kings of England and of Aragon, to the Swiss cantons and to the Diet of the German Estates. But if Maximilian was as sore as the proverbial bear, he was also as poor as the proverbial badger, and the only power which responded to his appeal was the astute and resourceful Henry VII., who was urged to action by the unflaggingly warlike and anti-French proclivities of his subjects.

This monarch now sailed over the Channel to the

¹ Hall's *Chronicle*; but, according to some chroniclers, the ceremony was the same as that usually performed at betrothals.

loud music of minstrels and the quips of a Spanish jester, and appeared upon the coast of France. 'The King of England,' writes Eyb, 'having levied an over-great tax and duty on his people, as it is said over eighteen times a hundred thousand florins, and seeing that there is an eternal, everlasting war between the two kingdoms, covenanted with his countrymen to cross over to the King of France, and commanded above four hundred great and middle-sized ships, the best that he had or could fetch from his kingdom, Holland and Zealand,¹ the which were all brought in his pay to England. He furnished the same with folk, provisions, artillery and all that pertaineth to a camp, and shipped thus with two-and-twenty thousand men or more to Calais.' This done, he sent an ambassador to the Duke of Saxony, demanding assistance as a return for the notable help which he had given at Sluys and elsewhere. Duke Albrecht, 'high-spirited and knightly,' forthwith despatched to Calais four thousand men-at-arms under his favourite captain, Wilwolt, promising to follow in person before long.

Schaumburg, however, never arrived in Calais, for while still two days' journey from his destination he was secretly approached by an adventurer named Grison,² who offered to assist him to recapture for his master the town and citadel of Arras, now occupied by the French.³ And here ensues a narrative, from the German standpoint, of the celebrated recovery of this city of looms, Eyb's hero being, as it appears, the leader of those 'bands of Maximilian'⁴ whose triumph was so sure and speedy.

Wilwolt was greatly tempted by the suggestion of

¹ These included Sir Edward Poynings and his fleet from Sluys.

² Grisart in Molnet. This chronicler's account of the assault differs considerably from that of Eyb.

³ Louis XI. had annexed Arras in 1477, expelling the entire population and rechristening the town 'Franchise.' The great industry that had been its glory was never re-established.

⁴ Commynes,

Grison, and since a certain honest nobleman out of High Burgundy, named Loi de Wadre (Louis de Vauldrey) not only answered for the man's good faith, but proposed to back up the offer with five hundred horse, he finally yielded to it. Dividing his army into two companies, he sent half to Henry and advanced with the remainder to within a league of Arras, where he was joined by Loi de Wadre. Every man and woman whom they met on the way was captured, so that no warning reached the doomed city; but, with a humane intention that deserved a better reward than it obtained, Wilwolt promised each of his landsknechts three months' pay should they take possession of the place without pillage or plunder.

When night fell the adventurous band stole closer to their prey, and, after an anxious and hazardous wait in a deep entrenchment, where they were disturbed and forced into an alarmingly noisy skirmish by some French booty-riders, heard sounding through the darkness the welcome signal of a cat mewing upon the wall. On this they made their way cautiously to the town gate, but found it, to their horror, still shut. This disappointment, added to the suspicious inattention with which the town guards had greeted the sounds of their recent scuffle, caused Wilwolt to fear an ambush. It was too late, however, to draw back, and, without undue dismay, he invented a new method of entry. Hastily making a scaffolding of spears from the bridge over the ditch on to the wall, he persuaded 'a soldier of half wits' to creep up the unsteady ladder. As, on arriving at the top, the fool was unnoticed and unchallenged, the Captain next bribed one of the trabants to climb up also, to run to a smithy¹ that lay near by, to seize a big hammer and

¹ 'The author of this treason was a poore smith that dwelled upon the towne wall, and had been the onely man that was suffered to remaine in the towne by Lewis the eleventh, when he transported the townes men as a colonie into Fraunce.' (Commynes.)

to destroy the bolt of the small door in the town gate. Through this Wilwolt and his men-at-arms now crawled one by one, and their spirits began to rise. But barely twenty of them had passed when the street in front suddenly filled with the cuirassiers and soldiers of the French.

Without a moment's hesitation, the Captain rallied his men, gathered round him the soldiers with the longest spears, 'and ran straight at the townsfolk, crying to them gaily and gallantly: Hye, hye, ho!' The Frenchmen, who were taken utterly by surprise, and thought that the whole army of Burgundy was without doubt upon them, were aghast, and fled into the neighbouring church; but the Captain followed and took over 200 prisoners. Meanwhile, the great door had been broken through, and the Burgundian cavalry dashed in. With this reinforcement, the matter was quickly settled. Wilwolt's servants brought him his horse, and on this he 'sat, running from one troop to another, commanding what each one should do or leave undone.' The unfortunate burgesses fled into their houses, hiding and fortifying themselves as best they might, for the order had been given that every Frenchman was to be slain. The Captain, however, with his usual humanity, let it be made known, that all such as were for Burgundy might mark themselves with St. Andrew's Cross and shelter in the great Cathedral. 'And forthwith out ran the burghers unarmed, from all the corners and streets, shouting aloud "for Burgundy"; one marked himself with chalk, another with white cloth, as best they might in such haste, and there were over two thousand in the church.'

The town was now in Wilwolt's possession, but the two castles were still in the hands of the enemy, while the French commander, D'Esquerdes, lay but a few miles away above 10,000 strong. Moreover, the only cannon available were two snatched from the council hall, and at the first shot one of these burst

and wrecked the other.¹ Fortunately the small citadel decided to surrender, and hereupon Wilwolt set to and stormed the main fortress with such 'earnest and joyous determination' that the garrison 'became feeble for fear,' and, led by the Governor, Cerclemant, fled incontinently by the hinder doors into the open country. The landsknechts, following, ran down many, including the Governor, who was too fat to run.² And they brought him in, with his baggage, which contained 'many golden chains and crosses, paternosters and much preciousness.'

Schaumburg now made order in the two castles and the town as best he could. Nor, in this moment of elation, did the noble Wilwolt forget that generous courtesy of which his chronicler makes so constant a boast. For not only did he strive to prevent his soldiery from sacking the city, but when the Governor's lady actually offered to him, as the favoured of the Almighty, all her treasure—'raiment and jewellery, with gold pieces, chains, jewels, money, precious stones, sables, martens and good fur-linings, rich cloth and other costlinesses worth above four thousand florins'—he waved it aside with the perfect grace of a Bayard or a Sidney. Captains and soldiers growled and threatened, declaring that a man should do according to the custom of the country he was in. But Schaumburg remained firm, speaking many noble words of

¹ There is a curious passage on the dangers constantly incurred by artillerymen in a French work of the fifteenth century called *Le Livre du Secret de l'Art de l'Artillerie et Canonnerie*. The first and chiefest 'art of cannonry' is to fear God more than all other men of war soever. For, if one fires any piece of artillery and makes use of gunpowder, the great strength and force of this constantly causes the cannon to burst; and, if the cannon itself do not burst, there is ever a risk of being burned by the powder. 'Of the which powder the vapour alone is really venomous against man; and it is to him an enemy more grievous and terrible than all others, through its desire to kill and destroy him by means of the great ills, mischiefs and damages that it does to him in its said vocation and trade.' (Cf. Boutell's *Arms and Armour*.)

² 'Carquelevant the Governor, when the towne was surprised, lay fast a sleepe, drowned in drink and good cheer, as it is said,' (Commynes.)

knightly honour, and of the difference between the French and the Germans—especially those of the High Country—in their treatment of women; whereat the ladies and ‘even the Wahlen’¹ were greatly moved. ‘For one may not often meet with such things among customs of war in the Netherlands,’ comments the historian.

The news of the capture of Arras was a great blow to the French General, who, when he heard the terrible tidings, ‘trembled beyond measure greatly, snatched his headdress from his head, threw it on the fire, tore his hair and beard, wept bitterly.’ Rising up eight thousand strong, he camped before the walls of Arras, but it was all in vain, and he soon withdrew, with no gain save mockery.

Open methods having failed, he resolved to recapture the town by stratagem, and a fine opportunity soon seemed to present itself. For a certain serf of Loï de Wadre had come to his master and offered, on condition of freedom from bondage, to go with two soldiers to a neighbouring Burgundian magnate, and to bring both himself and his great possessions to the new garrison’s support. The proposal had been accepted, and the three men had set forth; but instantly—whether of design or by mischance is not quite clear—they had fallen into the clutches of D’Esquerdes. Here were the tools ready to the Frenchman’s hand, and he used them. Confronted by the alternative of the speedy hangman or a reward of four thousand florins apiece, one of the soldiers chose honourable death; but the serf and his second comrade not only gave away

¹ The meaning of the word ‘walhen,’ ‘walhisch,’ ‘welhusch’ or ‘wälsch’ has been much discussed. The usual rendering is Italian, but it has also been interpreted to mean North French and the *langue d’oïl*. When Maximilian, in a letter to his daughter, desires her to see that the boy Charles writes some good letters in ‘walon’ to his grandfather of Aragon, he certainly means French. It seems therefore probable that in this case the ‘Wahlen’ designate the defeated garrison of Arras. Yet, to complicate the matter still more, ‘die welschgart’ was one of the many names given to the cuirassiers in Maximilian’s own troops.

their own project, but consented to fall in with the ingenious plan that was now builded upon it. This was no less than to keep the appointed tryst with their master at the door of Arras citadel, having with them as warrants for their honesty, instead of the expected Burgundian treasure, the plate-chests and possessions of D'Esquerdes; and at their backs ready for the opening gates, instead of the friendly magnate, the whole of the enemy's force.

The scheme promised well, and the French troops crept eagerly towards their glorious revenge. But their commander had reckoned without the prudence of his adversaries or the cowardice of his own men. When the advance-guard with the convoy of treasure reached the citadel, the outer gate only was unbarred, and four men were squeezed out to inspect the new arrivals. And hereupon the unfaithful soldier, hastily reverting to the path of loyalty, began crying passionately and urgently, 'Take us prisoner, take us prisoner.' This, after a moment's surprise and demur, the four Germans did, the French guard without hesitation running away. The convoy was then quickly dragged within the walls, the gates shut, and D'Esquerdes left to pursue his homeward path, a sadder and wiser man, less silver vessels and embroidered wardrobe.

When the matter was sifted, Wilwolt ordered the traitor serf to be 'quartered, according to his deserts,' and the repentant accomplice to be rewarded with a hundred florins' worth of the treasure. As for the faithful soldier who had preferred death to disloyalty, he was treated with the utmost honour: a captured nobleman of the French army was exchanged for him, and he was given a competency for the remainder of his life.

Meanwhile King Henry of England was no better pleased than the French General at the turn which matters had taken. As Bacon says, he preferred the fame of a war to its achievement, and, when Wilwolt

sent him news of his success believing that he would be greatly rejoiced, 'the King was contrariwise above measure sore troubled.' Now this, according to Eyb, was the cause of the English Worthiness's terror, as privily explained to the Captain. The King of England had, as aforesaid, taken eighteen times a hundred thousand florins from his people,¹ promising them to sally forth against the King of France, their hereditary enemy. But the King of France it was who had helped the King of England to his throne, with 'singular much money and other furtherings.' Yet, again, 'he of England could by no means let this be known, else would he soon be put out of the way by the lords of the land and those near to the crown.' He resolved therefore to make a feint of fighting, and, in order to show determination, attacked several little towns lying round about Calais, won two of them, burst the walls and burned the houses, and gave the King of France, out of his store of money, a hundred thousand florins to permit this to happen. 'Thereafter, he proceeded to a town called Bullion, wherein our dear Lady most graciously rests, camped there with his artillery, worked very hard.'

But Boulogne had been provisioned for two years and was defended by 1,800 men-at-arms, and although the noise of the English shooting reached as far as to Grammont in Flanders, its result was small. This unexpected check, coupled with the nearness of the winter season, and the difficulty of transporting food and ammunition from England through 'the great rage and tempest of winds and weather,' furnished Henry with an excellent excuse for withdrawal from an awkward position; so (on November 3, 1492) he meanly deserted his Imperial ally, and signed a peace at Étaples. The soreness of the Germans, though Henry was but apeing the tactics of Maximilian at Frankfort, finds vent in some remarkable asseverations

¹ Henry demanded £100,000, but obtained £27,000 only. (*Polit. Hist.*, vol. v.)

on the part of Eyb. It was arranged, he declares, 'that the King of France should give him of England ten tuns of golden crowns¹ for his expense and trouble and labour out of England, the which barrels were placed by one another in a great hall, being so contrived as to hold ten times a hundred thousand golden crowns. When the English saw these, they reckoned to have achieved a great matter; but the barrels, with the knowledge of both Kings, were filled with ashes, whereon were laid gilded copper crowns, of the which fifty were scarce worth one golden one, and whoso felt by chance in the barrels would remark no otherwise than that they were filled with gold.'² Henry was now therefore greatly alarmed lest Duke Albrecht or his Captain should arrive 'and maybe tell or give the English to understand with what knavery their King was occupied'; and he wrote with all speed to inform them that all disputes had been settled, thanking them politely for their past pains on his behalf, but showing no desire for their society.

Be this as it may—and even in England 'they stuck not to say' that the King had plucked his people to feather himself³—Wilwolt was in no position to investigate the matter. Indeed he had at that moment scant leisure for any difficulties save his own, since his closest enemy lay within his gates. Perhaps the sternest problem that confronted the officer of the fifteenth century was that of the payment of his troops, cash being almost invariably lacking and plunder precarious. The chief duty of a captain, wrote Machiavelli, was to keep his soldiers punished and

¹ The indemnity of 145,000 crowns, equal to about £4,000,000 sterling of our money, was to be paid in half-yearly instalments of £25,000. (*Polit. Hist.*, vol. v.)

² A like trick is attributed to Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, who is accused by Bohemian historians of paying a ransom to George of Podebrad with a bushel of bran thinly covered by gold pieces. But in this case it was the enemy only that was deceived. (Cf. Sayous.)

³ Cf. Hall. 'We accepted this peace, both in order to attend to other matters and to avoid shedding Christian blood,' wrote Henry piously to Pope Alexander VI. (*State Papers, Venetian*, vol. i.)

paid. And although the landsknechts were compelled to swear unfaltering obedience to their leaders 'whether it rained or snowed or the sun shone by day or by night,' their fulfilment of this oath appears to have depended wholly on the fatness of their master's purse. That Wilwolt suffered sorely from the universal disease of impecuniosity appears on almost every page of his biography; nor did his unusual leaning towards honesty and humanity tend to smooth the difficulties of his pauper path. 'So I must now,' declares the chronicler ironically, 'expound the good deeds of the honest landsknecht.'

Wilwolt, as already told, had promised to give each man three months' pay fourteen days after the taking of the city—a promise that required for its fulfilment the important sum of 60,000 florins. He laboured hard, and, thanks partly to the welcome French contribution, succeeded in collecting almost the whole amount in a short time. But when the soldiers learned that he had the money by him, 'they were minded to strike him dead, to share the money and to plunder the town, the which they had beforehand agreed not to do.' They therefore marched all of them in full order, armed with handguns, culverins and sakers (*zachen*?) upon his lodging, and sent their officers¹ to tell him that he must pay them instantly and without delay, 'otherwise they would know how to pay themselves.' Wilwolt distributed the gold in his possession so far as it would go, but found himself about 12,000 florins short, and was forced to take the silver vessels and cupboards of the Bishop of Arras to pay the 'nobles' and the cavalry. And even so the villains were not satisfied, but continued to riot and ravage at large, no one in the whole country-side being safe from their attacks.

¹ 'Haubtleut, fendrich (fährnich) und waibl (weibel)': captains, ensigns and sergeants. These, with the captain-in-chief and the 'provos,' seem to have constituted the tale of officers in Wilwolt's troops. (Cf. Fronsperger's *Kriegsrechte*, 1566, and *Zwiedinck-Sudenhorst*.)

Moreover, at this precise juncture it befell that Margaret, the small rejected bride of Charles VIII., was to pass through Arras on her return to her Imperial father's dominions. Knowing the disturbed state of the district, her escort sent an embassy to Schaumburg, to bid him turn out with his whole garrison of horse and foot, 'to the end that she might peacefully and unhindered pass thereby.' The Captain, in much perturbation, assembled his troops and laid the matter before them. But objurgations and blandishments were alike vain. They merely replied that much was still due to them, that they were short of money and 'that they prayed to be excused.' Were they paid, the behests of the ambassadors should be fulfilled, but were they not paid, they would 'seize, take, capture and keep' whomsoever they could, to keep life in their bodies. Nor with the utmost trouble and industry could the Captain procure or forward any more satisfactory answer. A second deputation was sent and the troops were again assembled. Wilwolt now pointed out to them how shameful it would be to lay sacrilegious hands on the daughter of their own suzerain lord, and how that death would thenceforward be their only wage throughout all the Empire, ending with a moving allusion to his own honourable ancestry and the jeopardy of his stainless name. 'Dear friends, here is the truth: if we do this we are for ever shamed: whithersoever we go, unsure of life and limb.'

None the less, 'stiff as a stone, here was no turning.' And it was not till the Captain had bethought him of pointing out to his 'dear friends and pious men-at-arms' that the Archduke Philip rather than his sister was their true creditor, that they decided to yield obedience. This thought indeed pleased them. 'The Duke Philip!' they cried; 'what should others matter to us? In his lands will we rob, burn, spoil and ravage, even till we are paid.'

Hereupon the Lady Margaret was given her safe-

conduct and passport with the Captain's seal. And she passed on her way, all joyous at her escape from France: 'with great splendour, costliness and bravery, in a horse-litter, seated on a noble throne erected thereon. Over her was a roof fashioned of a golden piece to shelter her from the sun: and thus she fared through Brabant.' She was everywhere received with great honour, and many merry bonfires and noble spectacles. And she perhaps never realised the danger that she had so narrowly escaped.

When the passing of Margaret was accomplished, the soldiery felt themselves at liberty to pay full attention to the Archduke Philip and his liabilities. This they accordingly did, 'robbing, burning and lording it throughout his lands, even as though he were the enemy.' And when the country round was squeezed quite dry, they behaved 'evilily and horribly' in the town, torturing the rich citizens and holding them to ransom. The Captain would gladly have punished the mutineers, as he had done once before, when he had 'run sundry through with the spear and cut off the heads of others.'¹ But the revolt was too general. The soldiery 'held together after their old fashion, that none might seem too pious or too honest.' And instead of his punishing them, it was they who ordered him to bestir himself and procure money for them, on pain of instant death.

Wilwolt's position now became, in fact, one of extreme peril. On one occasion the mutineers felled him to the ground, and had not the halberdiers protected him, repelling the assailants with their

¹ These were the two methods of execution in Maximilian's army. The culprit had either to suffer 'Das Recht der langen Spiesse' (the law of the long pikes), running the gauntlet through a lane of his comrades' lowered weapons, or to have his body cut 'into two parts in such wise that the head shall be the smaller and the body the larger part.' The first of the two punishments was considered the least degrading, as it was possible to show courage and resolution by dashing down the lane of death at utmost speed. (Cf. the woodcuts by Jost Amman in Fronsperger's *Kriegsrechte*.)

pikes, he would assuredly have been killed.¹ As it was, they took him prisoner, together with Loi de Wadre and the other commanders, shut them all in one room, and had them guarded with halberds night and day, 'before, behind and at the sides, even as though they had been thieves and murderers.' Moreover the prisoners were constantly forced to write letters asking for money, all the communications being carefully investigated by the soldiers. As no answer, however, came to these missives, the rebels themselves soon began to correspond with the authorities, offering the town 'to the Kings of France, England and others, for the price of their wages; and they placed bundles of straw over the town gate as a token of the sale, cried, according to their custom: Who buys may have.'²

Matters dragged on in this way for a year. Wilwolt's friends managed presently to escape, but the Captain himself remained, 'thinking to watch that the town was not verily sold, for had that happened it had been a great and eternal disgrace; what prince, king or lord would ever again have put faith or trust in them? For never more had they been worthy of faith, honour or confidence.' His sole consolation lay in fostering a lively disagreement between the divers parties in the camp, with the result that no decision was ever reached.

But at last even he could stand it no longer, and a fresh and yet more insulting attempt upon his honesty brought matters to a head. Among the soldiers were five hundred Swiss ('evil rogues') commanded by a captain named Kaneloser, who had formerly been in the French service, and would have been delighted to

¹ Compare Frundsberg's treatment at the hands of his beloved 'children.' Their mutinous assault upon him broke his heart and ended his career.

² 'Lat ir das stroh hangen' ('Let her hang out the straw'), writes Albert Achilles of Brandenburg to his wife, when suggesting a certain line of conduct as suitable to the needs of the Lady Regina.

hand over the city to Charles. This man came secretly to Wilwolt and tried to persuade him to affix his seal to a document which he had prepared, promising the prisoner 4,000 crowns and all necessaries for the due payment of the troops if the matter were brought to a successful issue. 'O, think,' exclaims the chronicler, 'think, each pious, true heart, how heavy this was for that dear and faithful knight!' Utterly at the mercy of his gaolers, the victim dared not answer 'from his heart,' and could but temporise by imploring the Switzer to wait a little longer for an answer from the lords of Brabant. The whole garrison promptly guarded him with increased attention and industry, lest he should escape as the other officers had done; 'day and night they guarded his lodging 200 strong, and watched the gates of the city without intermission.' Feeling, however, that the position was no longer tenable, he determined to evacuate it at the first opportunity.

It so happened that the soldiers had captured 'a notable herd of cattle,' and that they asked the Captain—who still retained a measure of authority—to apportion the beasts into equal lots. Wilwolt assented graciously, discerning possibilities in the situation, and 'sat him in a great velvet cloak, having shoes on him, upon a mule.' But near by stood a tall and fleet jennet (*jeniter*) in the charge of his boy, who had orders to draw as close as possible to him, and, if any chance appeared, to fall off and help him to mount the horse instead. The Captain next rode up to the cows and caused them to be sorted out, telling the soldiers that, so soon as they had divided the booty with perfect equality, he would distribute it: 'saw then his opportunity and stepped aside, as though for a purpose.' And now, in a moment, off the jennet leaped the boy and on to the jennet leaped the Captain.

Once his good horse under him, Wilwolt felt a different man. Spurring with splendid insolence up

to his chief enemy, he advised him to find some other tool for his evil projects; then, turning his face to freedom, galloped off.

Mighty was the hue and cry when the landsknechts found that their victim was away, and over a hundred horsemen thundered after him. But the Captain was too quick for them, and arrived safely in the little town of 'Buscha in Henigau, where many say that in old times Sir Lancelot of the Lake resided.'

When Schaumburg reached the camp of Duke Albrecht, he painted so lively a picture of the state of Arras, and of the certain consequences of its sale to the French King, that 40,000 florins were at once raised for the payment of the troops. His own troubles were, however, by no means over, for it now behoved him to return and discharge the debts in person.

Uncertain of his reception, he set forth for a town named Toi (Douai?), four miles distant from Arras, procured a safe-conduct from the burgomaster, and commanded the heads of each troop to come to him for the money. But these still pursued a mutinous course and refused to appear in their proper order. For, when payment was so long delayed, the officers could often obtain a booty of some thousand florins by suppressing the death or disappearance of many of their number: 'of whom they would make show, even as though they were yet to hand.'

And worse was to come; for, in addition to their disobedience, the landsknechts plotted 'a knavish trick.' Having carefully inquired for the wickedest and worst-tempered women of Arras, they forthwith seized these ladies' husbands, and declined to set them free save on one condition: that the wives should betake them to Toi, should ask for Sir Wilwolt of Schaumburg, should beseech him to help them in freeing their spouses, and finally, wheresoever they found him, even if sheltering in a church, should take him prisoner and bring him to Arras. If that proved

impossible, they were to stab him: for so and no otherwise would their husbands be set free.

Soon, therefore, the streets of Toi were thronged with above two hundred wives, urging the Captain, with tears, to lend his help and authority, that the soldiery might be paid and their husbands set at liberty. Unconscious of the plot, Wilwolt made answer that the headmen of the regiments had already been summoned, and that, when these arrived, reckoning and payment should be made and all that was possible arranged. Having said this, he thought no more of the matter; but while he was eating in the paymaster's house, the women collected all the prentices and porters of the town, with 'what they could find of evil folk,' and, having raised their courage by drink, arrived 'all unbeknownst into the said house with great tempestuousness.' The Captain had several of the higher rank of the footmen with him, and together they could easily have quelled the tumult; but when these saw the 'notable number of the people, with their manner and gestures, each man looked at his neighbour and stole away.' Wilwolt went out on to the stairs to meet the women and asked politely what they wanted, and when they answered that they wished to take him with them to Arras, to compel the soldiers to set their husbands free, he gave them his word that he would attend to the matter with all industry and dispatch. It was of no avail, however, and the mob surged with violence up the stairs. Wilwolt had by now only one of his servants near him, and the two men seized their daggers and defended themselves as best they could. The ruffians were armed with pikes and pressed them continually backwards. At last the Captain drew back into the room again and fastened the door behind him; but the mob burst it down and pursued him. Fortunately, there was an inner chamber, and before they could burst the door of this also he took his great golden chain from his neck and thrust it into the servant's bosom. In

another moment this slight defence was also demolished and the termagants 'fell in upon him, asked not at all after the servant, since all their thoughts were on him alone, but took him thus by force, led him to a house right across the market-place, with all the rascals and rapsallions running behind.'

Here was a predicament. But if the Captain's guests had no stomach for battle, at least the Captain's cook had kept his wits. So this genius ran to the burgomaster to tell what was happening, reminding him of the safe-conduct and advising him 'to look to the matter quickly' lest worse befall himself. The worthy man was greatly alarmed, and, seizing his weapons, came running with his council and his grooms to beat back the mob. When the male ruffians became aware of the rescuers, they prudently withdrew from the fray; but the women, seeing that their plan of imprisoning Schaumburg had failed, seized their bread-knives and endeavoured to stab him. And, although he beat off their thrusts as best he could, he was severely wounded in the arm before the relief party could bring him out of danger. The burgomaster and his council made abject excuses, declaring their entire ignorance of the affair, and Wilwolt, whose single desire was to get out of the town, and who feared, should it be supposed that he was angry, that they would keep him in custody, made gracious replies. In any case, he concluded, 'it was almost insufferable to him to have undergone such handling from strange women in their town, but with their knowledge it would have been ridiculous; whence he gladly believed them.'

The Captain was, indeed, bent on escaping at any cost, and soon devised an ingenious plan for the hoodwinking of his officious guardians. He first gave the innkeeper ten golden crowns to prepare for him 'a noble and good banquet,' and he then invited to it the burgomaster and the council with all their wives. But when everything was arranged and the guests

were about to arrive, he sent twelve of his halberdiers 'as for a stroll,' following after them himself on horseback with one servant. The keepers of the gate were inclined to hinder his departure, but the halberdiers lowered their weapons and kept them quiet till he was through. 'And thereupon Sir Wilwolt and his servant took their ways to Brabant.' When the burgomaster and council heard of his departure they were by no means pleased, for they rightly feared that 'these wounds would not heal without noise,' and that they would have to atone for the outrage that had befallen under their safe-conduct. As a fact, they were compelled to pay the Duke 4,000, and the Captain 500, florins for their negligence.

Here ended the adventure for Wilwolt, but the behaviour of a member of his escort rouses the chronicler's literary zeal by its likeness to events of the Round Table days. 'It has already been written how, when the tumult of the women arose, they who were with Sir Wilwolt had each one, as best he might, withdrawn himself away. Now there had been given to him a Netherlandish gentleman and knight to help pay the soldiery. This good man burrowed into a heap of corn, buried himself under the grain, supposing that none would seek or see him there; sojourned in sore anxiety a long while thereunder, but at length stretched forth his neck to hear and discover whether the tumult of the tempestuous weather still continued: and when they told him that all was over, then was he glad and reckoned himself a hero. And in this he was even as the Trüchsess Morido, who also thought to win the young Queen Isotte of Ireland.¹ For when the boaster beheld the dead men whom the dear and manly prince Sir Tristan had slain and knightly overthrown, he was so sore afeared that he fell to the ground. But when he had assured himself that all were really dead, and that Sir Tristan was not there

¹ The Seneschal Marjodo in Gottfried von Strasburg's *Tristan*, l. 9740.

although he had found his horse, he bethought him that the prince also must be slain, grew glad and took to himself the manly feat, whereby he came to shame from each and every one. So this one also declared his manful deeds, but was well laughed at for his pains, and another man was sent to pay the soldiery.'

As for Wilwolt, he was not long out of danger, for he was soon devoting his energies to Guelderland, the home of high horses and bare swords swift from the hand,¹ where his antagonist was that irrepressible Charles of Egmond, who played the part of gadfly with such brilliant success to so many regents of the Netherlands. The task was a thankless one, and the campaign was as inconclusive as all attempts against Egmond seemed fated to be. But it served at least the excellent purpose of tightening the bonds between Wilwolt and his master. Indeed, so proud was Duke Albrecht of the manner in which his Chief Captain assaulted and won the little town and fortress of Battenburg,² that he instantly presented the victor with the fruit of his toil. And for seven years thereafter—though in the heart of Guelderland, and girdled by enemies—the hero Wilwolt held this fortress, 'no man daring to seek to win it from him again.'

VII

WILWOLT'S life of warfare continued unbroken till the year 1495, when he snatched a brief holiday and went, in the company of Duke Albrecht, to the Diet of Worms. This was 'the Great Diet' summoned by Maximilian

¹ Hooghe peerden
Blanke sweerden
Rasche van der hant.

Dat zijn de snaphane van Gelderland,
says a contemporary epigram. Roger Ascham complained of the 'thieves called *snaphanses*, in complete harness,' who infested this country.

² 'He took the Towne of Batenbouch by Scalado,' writes Grimeston. But the feat is attributed to Duke Albrecht.

with intent to procure a suitable equipment both for his coronation as Emperor at the hands of the Pope and for a mighty enterprise—with himself as the Captain of Europe—against that common and ever-threatening enemy, the Turk. It was also the Diet at which the princes and Estates, labouring with ill-digested if most sorely needed plans for internal reform, put forward their schemes for an Imperial Court, an Imperial Council, and a permanent 'Landfriede' or prohibition of private wars and feuds. Not one of these fine ambitions was destined to be realised, for the public peace of the Empire remained at the mercy of that mediæval spirit of lawlessness that still ran wild even in the near neighbourhood of her richest cities; the government of the country lay helpless before the secret fires and ferments, both religious and political, that were soon to come to light in the blaze of the Reformation; the Imperial coronation never took place; the Turkish expedition, owing to the sudden irruption of the King of France into Italy, had to be indefinitely postponed; while the hated poll-tax was set aside by the simple device, adopted almost unanimously by the Emperor's subjects, of refusal to pay.

This doom of failure does not seem, however, to have impaired the gaiety of the present festival.¹ It was on this occasion that Würtemberg was transformed into a duchy, and to celebrate 'this joyfulness' the splendid joust was arranged that was to crown Maximilian's reputation as a champion of strength and skill. For a few months earlier a challenge had been given and accepted in a manner worthy of the best

¹ Friedrich Zorn records strange and 'swinish' amusements at this Diet on the part of the German nobility. 'One evening there were 24 at the Swan who ate together a raw goose, feathers and all, and drank and squandered 174 measures of wine, challenging one another therewith. Item, one evening they had a festivity at the Neuhaus, and there were 34 tables furnished, and they drank and spilled wine that one might have waded therein. The meal cost 100 florins and full 100 glasses were broken.' (*Wormser Chronik*.)

traditions of Don Quixote : one Clau de Wadre (Claude de Vauldrey, a kinsman of Wilwolt's ally at Arras, and a famous and invincible fighter) having set forth to seek adventure at the hand of the King of the Romans. After a perilous journey—in which the master, with indomitable valour, drew his sword against the lightning, and the man beheld a vision of the devil on horseback 'outrageously horrible'¹—the challenger had delivered his defiance in the name of The beautiful Giantess with the Yellow Lock. And Maximilian, with genial valour, had promptly accepted it.

So lists were arranged with great magnificence, all hung with cloth of gold and of arras, and the Queen of the Romans and her ladies, pompous and gay, filled the stands. And when the champions had left the sumptuous pavilion in which they were accoutred, and come to their places, the herald appeared and made his proclamation : 'Cried aloud and commanded that one and all should be silent ; should not disturb the fighters, whether by call or cry, by beck or blink, but should suffer them to fight together and defend themselves ; and whoso disobeyed, of what state soever he might be, it should not protect him, but without mercy his head should be struck off.'

Clau de Wadre, 'a lovely strong High-Burgundian man,'² rode first into the lists, 'his lance set on his saddle.' Then came the King of the Romans in his tilting harness, with lance in rest. So soon as the trumpets blew, they struck together with their spears ; but it was not till the heroes had seized their swords that Maximilian gained the advantage of which he was so proud. When at length the King had succeeded in overcoming and disarming his adversary, a great *mellay* took place between the highest princes and nobles of the Empire, all armed with long and broad

¹ Cf. Molinet.

² 'Ung des plus apperts et duyts chevaliers de guerre qui fust au monde,' wrote the 'Loyal Serviteur.' It was against Claude de Vauldrey that Bayard had, only a year before, won his first triumph in the lists at Lyons.

swords, half being within and half without the lists. 'And they strove, they of the outside to be in, and they of the inside to be out; and they strove with each other long and hard, and also seized each other, and those of the outside dragged those of the inside by force out of the lists, so that here two and there three lay on the top of one another.'

Nor did Wilwolt remain in idleness throughout the festivities, despite the fact that he had left his armour and horses at Battenburg. Maximilian, it must be said, had 'for the further adornment of this business,' commanded that his princes and knights should assume the names of the old Round Tablers, and 'as in the times of King Arthur also happened, sociably fight and strive with one another.' For this purpose a Queen had been needful, and, 'by reason of her loveliness,' the knights had chosen a maiden out of the women's apartments to be their sovereign lady. This damsel, again, was bound to select a champion, so she straightway summoned Duke Albrecht of Saxony to her presence, reminded him of the immemorial fame of Worms and its Rose-Garden in the annals of chivalry,¹ spoke very beguilingly to him of his own glistening renown, and laid upon him her commands to combat the next day before Queen Bianca and herself. The Duke responded in terms of suitable modesty and zeal, and, sending post-haste for Wilwolt, whom he 'held as the dearest of his captains,' desired him to be his opponent in the play. Schaumburg hesitated, owing to his lamentably denuded condition; but the Duke generously promised to provide him with harness of a goodly size and a horse to his pleasure, and his

¹ Planted by the lovely Chrimhild, daughter of King Kibich, on an island in the Rhine. It was a league long and half a league wide, 'all appparelled in roses,' with a great lime-tree in the middle that could shelter five hundred noble ladies. Its only fence was a slight thread of silk, but this was guarded by twelve princes who battled with all invaders. At every fresh triumph the victor received a kiss from the Princess and a crown of roses. Cf. *Der grosse Rosengarten*, Hagen und Primmisser.

hesitations quickly vanished away. On the great day, therefore, he rode with his master into the lists, 'being wholly covered in an arming coat of velvet, and his panoply wrapped in a goodly damask.' At the very first shock their lances sprang into splinters; whereupon they seized their swords, and lashed it out so long and lustily 'that the like had not happened twice before.' And after the evening banquet the Queen honoured both the champions with a dance.

Nor was this Schaumburg's only traffic with royalty, for he was soon journeying 'ambassador-wise' to Charles VIII. of France, to claim payment for his master of certain moneys owing since the wars against Charles the Bold. Duke Albrecht, in fact, was at this period in the most dire straits of penury. In the course of the Netherlandish war he had lent to Maximilian and the Archduke Philip above three thousand gold florins, and unremitting efforts had not availed to recover any portion of this vast sum.¹ 'For him were naught but good words, which gladden fools and do not break the head of the wise.' He now, therefore—and the incident is not devoid of a certain regrettable mystery—turned his hopes and his attentions to the French Crown.

France, at all events, appears to have seen her opportunity and to have made the most of it, for it was ever her earnest desire to detach the great princes of Germany from their rightful allegiance. Wilwolt was escorted to Orléans with pomp and received with effusion, and there he was repeatedly informed that if he would but induce the Saxon prince to become the servant of the King of France, the Duke should receive a yearly pension of 100,000 francs,

¹ In 1492 Duchess Sidonia of Saxony writes pathetically to her son George that his father has, after much adventure, taken Sluys and that, if Maximilian will only pay him, he promises soon to return to her. And again, in 1495, she complains of the sacrifices demanded of him. The King of the Romans can make many charming offers, but never does he say 'I will right thy wrongs, and what thou hast earned repay thee.' (*Privatbriefe*, i.)

nor ever be required to fight against the Holy Roman Emperor. As for the ambassador himself, he should be rewarded for his services in the matter with 4,000 crowns, in earnest whereof the King presented him with a silver goblet, that contained over forty marks' worth of pure silver, excusing himself for the smallness of the offering by a reference to his recent costly expedition to Naples: 'therefore should Sir Wilwolt now hold this sufficient and arrange the matter well; and next time he would better his gift.' Schaumburg promised affably to spare no possible pains. But when Maximilian and Philip heard of the matter they hurriedly undertook to pay and defray all that they owed, if only the Duke would abstain from 'becoming French.' So the affair ended—as many others had done—in a mist of Hapsburg promises, and Wilwolt returned to his duties in Guelders not much the richer for his diplomatic excursion.

But if his purse was thin his heart was stout, and the tide of adventure rolls on. Now he achieves a gallant rescue of Duke Albrecht from the hands of four thousand rebellious burghers of Brussels, whom he outwits by the aid of a student's disguise and the free use of monstrous and impossible threats. Now he appears in philanthropic guise, risking his career for the sake of an ancient friendship.

This (for it is a cheerful story) had to do with a captain of fortune named Neidhart Fuchs, 'a wise ingenious man and a serious warrior, dear and peaceable,' who, having entangled himself in a quarrel with the Bishop of Utrecht, sought out his old comrade to ask for his help and advice. Now, though Wilwolt remembered that his master was warmly attached to the Bishop, and that to espouse the wrong side might arouse the Duke's serious displeasure, 'yet did it far more go to his heart to send this knightly hero and his men comfortless away.' So he helped Neidhart to inspect the ground where the battle was likely to take place, and exhorted him to have manful courage and

heart. 'If the luck goes against you and you must flee,' he urged, 'come hither for shelter, and I with my cannon will save, guard and defend you to the best of my power.'

Neidhart went off joyfully, and Wilwolt ordered his artillery to the best advantage. Then, having received a message to the effect that the battle was to be on the morrow, he was suddenly struck with an illuminating idea. This was that in all the battles in which he had taken part, he had always had himself so much to do, that he had never rightly witnessed one; and that here and now was evidently his opportunity. More than this, it would surely be selfish to keep the entertainment to himself. So down he sat and wrote to all the most beautiful ladies of the town and neighbourhood to come to him 'for merriment and diversion.'

They accepted gladly, and, filled with importance, he arranged a fine banquet on the tower that was walled one-and-thirty feet thick and named Schweigutricht. Here, at the appointed moment, he led his lovely guests and their husbands, comforting them with assurances of their safety, and feasting them with unaccustomed lavishness that they might be in a fit mood to see the play. The more was the pity, when it appeared that the brilliancy of the entertainment had been impaired by his own intervention; for, having discovered that the town guns were ready to take part in the combat, the Bishop resorted to prudence, and, after a brief demonstration, retired. The ladies were sorely displeased at this episcopal cowardice, for they longed to see a real battle. 'It might have been as diverting for them as for the Lady Trunhild¹ in the Rose-Garden.'

This was not, however, the end of the dangers into which Wilwolt was led by his connection with Neidhart Fuchs, and, thanks to the further indiscretions of this lively adventurer, he was soon face to face with the chief exploit and triumph of his life. For Fuchs

¹ Chrimhild? See *supra*, p. 220, note 1.

now transferred himself and his eight hundred mercenaries to Friesland—where the Hooks and Cods were once more in a state of violent eruption—and, by adopting the cause of the Hooks, seriously upset the normal balance of the parties. Feeling ran high and higher, and the country flowed with blood; whoso was strongest killed his neighbour, ‘regardless whether he were father or son, brother, cousin, uncle, or kinsman by marriage.’ At last the Cod-fish came in a body to Wilwolt to implore his help.

Unwilling to take the responsibility, the Captain referred the matter to Duke Albrecht at the Diet of Lindau, who in his turn appealed to the Emperor, and was at once appointed hereditary ‘jubernator’ or potestate of Friesland, with the onerous duty of quelling the disturbances. And hereupon (in 1498) Wilwolt was sent to subdue the fierce little country on his master’s behalf.¹

VIII

Now the Frieslanders, says Eyb, had for eight hundred years been a ‘seriously fighting people,’ refusing all mastery, and claiming in their statutes to be ‘free as the wind so long as it blew.’² When Philip the Good of Burgundy had sent his captain, Egmond, with sixty thousand men, to reduce them to obedience, they had themselves been reduced to speedy death, and buried—so it would seem—‘in one grave.’ The land also had long been laid waste by chronic feuds and by the struggles of Gröningen, the capital city, to

¹ ‘The duke, to take possession of that which was offered him, and which he had so much affected, sent the seignior Willebrord of Schooneburch a knight, his counsellor and treasurer generall, with an ample commission to treat with them; joyning with him the Collonel Nythard Foox and Bernard Mets with their Regiments.’ (Grimeston.)

² ‘They wolde not be subject to no man,’ writes Boorde. Even the vermin were afraid of them: ‘I beshrew the louse that pyncheth us by the back!’

establish its authority over the rest of the country. Add to this, that the unsavoury fame of the landsknechts made the Saxon appointment far from popular.

The undertaking was therefore no light one. Nor was it made more feasible by the fact that, while the enemy were over ten thousand strong, Wilwolt, even when joined by Fuchs and his band, had with him less than a thousand men, and that the first encounter came about at the very spot—well named Geisterland—where the great slaughter of the Burgundians had taken place.

The position, indeed, seemed far from inviting, being surrounded on three sides by the sea and on the fourth by a bog and deep ditch, through which none could pass save by one narrow pathway; and Wilwolt would gladly have avoided an engagement. But he had little choice in the matter, for when he reconnoitred he found the Frieslanders lying in force close by, and so great were their numbers and so long their pikes¹ and their leaping-poles, that 'he bethought him verily that he was looking upon a wood.'

Disturbed at finding that 'the vermin' were so many, and fearing that they might open the sluices and drown his entire force, Schaumburg determined on an immediate attack. His plan was for the troops to advance upon the enemy in full order of battle, to halt as though alarmed when but a short distance from them, and then to feign panic and flight. The enemy would certainly pursue them, making a rope with which to cross over the sluice; and hereupon he would turn his men and engage them. The only fear was lest the landsknechts, being in full flight, and seeing so great a horde at their heels, might refuse to turn; so Wilwolt had once more recourse to eloquence. 'Dear brothers,' he ended, 'ye see these

¹ 'Four feet longer than those of our landsknechts, which they call *Schotten*.' Yet about this time Maximilian was providing his troops with ashen spears eighteen feet long.

great heaps of people. Round us is the sea, behind us the bog, before us the enemy ; and here we must win through. Have trust in God and be of good courage, for this worketh wonders with enemies. Let us look faithfully to one another, and hold by one another. So alone will good come of it.'

The suggestion pleased the soldiers exceedingly, and the first act of the comedy was duly carried out. But the enemy saw through the plot : 'the Friesland-ers stood, stretched out their necks like geese, would not pursue.' The Captain was thoroughly alarmed and at his wits' end, when a Frieslandish deserter chanced to tell him that, on the other side of the ditch, there lay a town. Wilwolt instantly formed a new plan, and, under cover of his guns, 'dugged with haste' and filled in the ditch so effectually that even the artillery was able to pass over. Then, having again drawn up his troops in battle order and placed his guns according to the wind, he sent Neidhart Fuchs to fire the town. 'The enemy raged, and made straightway for him.' The badger was successfully drawn, and the battle had begun.

When the Germans saw their foes advancing, they all, according to their custom, kneeled down and prayed for good fortune and victory ; and the Friesland-ers, supposing that they were begging for mercy, cried all together : *Sie trenschy, trenschy*, that they would drown them all.'¹ The Captain feared that his men might abandon the guns, so with urgent eloquence adjured them still 'to say their prayers, and not to suffer themselves to be led astray,' or he would shoot them down. Even before he had finished his little speech, the Friesland cannon were loosed off right at them ; but the shots fell too high, and only one man

¹ In this the Friesland-ers resembled Paulus Jovius, who describes the praying Germans at Cerisola as lying on the ground to avoid the cannon balls ; and, at Pavia, as prone on the earth and singing wild songs. He also tells of their *mos antiquissimus* of scattering dust three times in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

was hit. In answer the Captain promptly discharged his own artillery, which 'went right well at the enemy.' This appears to have exhausted the shooting capacities of the two armies; for both sides now lowered their pikes, and they were quickly engaged at close quarters. And here Wilwolt's skill as a general is shown, for by his command a body of skirmishers (*Katzbalger*) and halberdiers dashed with their halberds right athwart¹ the pikes; and before these could draw back and come again to the thrust, the landsknechts ran swiftly forward till they closed with the enemy. 'And they pressed on, and stuck two ranks with one thrust.'

The main army of the Frieslanders took to flight, but there was a second army at the side; and Wilwolt cried to his men to keep strictly to their ranks, for should they separate and fall to plundering worse might come of it.² He then took 'two of the hindermost ranks of the gunners, and cut the enemy down; they with the short weapons followed after, let these not get up again, but beat them thoroughly dead. Thereafter followed the main body.' The second army of the Frieslanders, seeing that the Germans would not allow themselves to be broken up, now also took to their heels, and when Schaumburg saw it he shouted joyfully to his men to follow as they pleased. This they accordingly did, and over 5,000 Frieslanders were slain.

The remainder of this short campaign was accomplished with a like gallant energy, though the Captain was sorely hindered by the disobedience of his troops. Thus at the siege of Leeuwarden, their insubordination nearly cost him the victory. He had advanced against the enemy with his cavalry, sending word to the footmen to follow quickly and support him. But

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 39.

² 'He that with disorder followeth the enemy after that he is broken will do no other than to become of a conquerour a loser.' (Machiavelli.)

this order their head men—‘the vintners, the butchers, the leaders of the common women, and other of the *gros hansn*’—entirely declined to obey, fearing, so they declared, that the townspeople might steal their merchandise or their women. ‘The which verily would have been but a small misfortune,’ comments the chronicler ironically: ‘but herein they betrayed their natures; for when they obtain some little advantage, and are not in fear of present imminent death, they will bestir themselves for no one.’ Meanwhile the Captain, unaware of their knavery, pressed the Frieslanders so well that they threw up their hands, petitioning for mercy and ‘knightly imprisonment.’ Wilwolt, believing that his foot-soldiers were following, and fearing that they would certainly betray his promise and ‘stick’ all the prisoners, dared not give any such assurances. He therefore delayed matters till his troops should come up, and many of the Frieslanders escaped, ‘running for three days, bare-foot, bare-headed and unclothed.’ When Wilwolt learned the treachery of the landsknechts, ‘he could have torn out his own hair for woe and anguish, for the enemy had all been in his hands.’ And when, on his return to the camp, the head men came to ask how matters had gone, he would not speak to them, but shut himself into his room and had his food and drink passed in to him. The conduct of the ruffians was indeed the more ungrateful that—‘seeing they were not well-dressed’—he had recently new-clothed them all in his own colours of white and black.¹

At Gröningen, again, the soldiers of Neidhart Fuchs played an even viler trick, which cost the life of ‘that

¹ The landsknechts were usually clothed in a very haphazard fashion. Compare Brantôme’s description of them on their march to Rome, arrayed “plus à la pandarde qu’à la propreté, portant des chemises à longues et grandes manches comme Bohèmes ou Mores, qui leur duraient vestues plus de deux or trois mois sans changer, monstrant leurs poitrines vélues, pelues, toutes decouvertes, et aussy la chaire de la cuisse, voire mesme plus haut; les chausses bouffantes, bigarrées, déchiquetées, balaffrées, et le haut de chausses pendu à la ceinture pour garder les jambes nues.” (Brantôme, *Des Coronels Français*.)

dear hero.' When Count Edzard of East Friesland sent for assistance against the rebels, Wilwolt dispatched his trusted friend, with four hundred footmen and the sensible advice to go round by sea. Neidhart, however, 'albeit, as often declared, a brave man, was on the water fit for naught; did but the smallest wind or wave rise up, he lay there like a dead man, all shipsick.' So, with lamentable rashness, he determined to follow the land road. This led close to the disturbed city of Gröningen, and the citizens at once swarmed out, 1,200 strong, to stop him. Considering the smallness of his force, he decided to retire into a strong abbey that lay near at hand, and issued his commands accordingly. But the landsknechts, supposing that they had only burgesses and peasants to deal with, not only declined to obey, but loaded him with abuse: 'said that they had in all their days held him for an honest man; that they were astounded, and that not unreasonably, at his behaviour that day; admonished him, with many threats, to advance against the enemy.' Neidhart answered fiercely: 'You shall see to-day that I am no poltroon; and you shall see much else to-day also, and remember what I have said.' Then, making the best of a miserable business, he prepared to attack. It at once became apparent that the opposing force consisted of proper men-at-arms, and now, of course, the footmen were bent on running away; 'but Fuchs, the worthy hero, cried to them that it was no longer time for shirking,' threw himself off his horse and out of his armour, and stalked at the head of his men. The landsknechts, thus encouraged, thrust through three ranks of the Gröningers, right up to their main standard. 'But, dear God, the multitude was too great, and they sprang from both sides at Fuchs's banner, caused them to yield; and Neidhart was shot with a gun and fell. And so soon as he lay there his knaves fled away.'¹

¹ Cf. Koelhoff's *Cronica*,

Despite these hindrances Wilwolt was able, after a few weeks of constant warfare, to invite his master to enjoy the fruits of his toil, and accordingly wrote to inform Duke Albrecht that the conquered country lay at his command. And at this, Eyb breaks into a passion of surprise and delight that curiously illuminates the ordinary habits and methods of fifteenth-century lieutenants. 'For surely,' he exclaims, 'every war and world-wise man will consider what great honourableness was in this Captain.' The common people in Friesland had thought no otherwise than that Sir Wilwolt was to be their rightful lord. Rustics and country folk ever held more by possession than by honour or justice, and, as the powerful owner of Friesland, he might well have secured the daughter of a Duke of Hohenstein or of a great mighty lord out of England, with whose help he could easily have kept the country from all the Dukes of Saxony. Moreover, with the exception of a paltry 1,500 florins doled out to him at the start, the costs of the whole campaign had been squeezed from his own exchequer, all that he had laid by—and this was no small sum—in thirteen years of battle and great adventure in the Netherlands, having passed into the rapacious hands of his troops. Nor had he been provided by Duke Albrecht with so much as a finger-long letter or manuscript that might constitute a claim. In brief, there was no doubt that he might, with perfect justice and equity, have kept the country for himself, at the least until his lord had satisfied any demands he had chosen to make. 'Verily, he was more pious than that Duke who, at the Venetians' cost and damage, took Milan, and held himself therewithin, even till the King of France won it and imprisoned him.'¹

But, his calling notwithstanding, the soul of Wilwolt was no mercenary one, and he remained un-

¹ Lodovico il Moro was a prisoner at Loches in 1507, when Eyb was writing.

swervingly loyal to the master who had shown him unswerving kindness and faith. So Duke Albrecht arrived and took over the country, and was received with unparalleled rejoicings and honour. And, since 'language failed the worthy inhabitants' when they wished to express their inordinate gratification and joy at the event, the Captain was induced to convey their sentiments in his most 'lovely and beautiful words.'

Wilwolt, indeed, was prevented from taking a very active part in the ceremonies that followed, for he fell into so great a sickness that all the doctors despaired of his life. He could take no food save 'the powders of pearls, corals and other precious stones; and no drink save woman's or other good milk.'¹ Now was the time for his master to show his gratitude, and he was not behindhand in so doing. 'And when,' writes Eyb proudly, 'the noble prince wholly despaired of his best-loved Captain's life, he caused to be made for him a copper coffin, with the intent, so soon as he expired, to commit him thereinto, and, with him thus dead, to proceed to Meissen, where the princes of Saxony have their sepulture.' The Duke even went so far as to choose his tomb. 'And I cannot refrain from writing, that not all princes are as this one. For he had remembered the honour and high faithfulness of his chosen Captain, to reward him not only in life with much respect, but also after his death to add a burial whereby he should be held in everlasting remembrance. But one findeth not many such princes who bethink them of such things, but rather do they suffer their servants, knights, and soldiers to

¹ 'Some mix powdered pearls and precious stones to strengthen the heart in great and severe illnesses, weaknesses or faintings.' (Ryff, in Scheible's *Kloster*, vi.) Pope Clement VII. is said to have eaten 40,000 ducats' worth of pearls, precious stones and unicorn's horn in fourteen days. The last item on the list of Wilwolt's medications was also in frequent use, both internally and externally. The learned Jean Gœurot, doctor to François I., recommended as a remedy for 'migraine': 'faire tondre les cheveux, et y faire traire laict de nourrisse qui allaicte une fille.' (Cf. Franklin.)

be stricken down, even as the hounds¹ which in a boar-hunt are left lying miserable and unremembered on the field.' Wilwolt, however, recovered, spared 'by the mild Giver of all Grace to perform many more goodly deeds.'

And, in truth, 'more goodly deeds' were soon required of him, to make good the conquest which he had seemed to achieve so rapidly. For, after a brief interval, filled by a campaign in Guelders, there came the terrible news that the Frieslanders were once more up in arms, and that young Duke Heinrich of Saxony,² who had been left there as Governor, was in direst straits at Franeker. Duke Albrecht received the news while attending the Diet at Augsburg, and at once applied to Maximilian for help. Roman Majesty was by no means inclined to dispense with the services of his best general, and ordered Wilwolt to go in his stead. But at this 'the noble sorrowful Duke' was moved to wrath, and answered so passionately that himself should rescue his own flesh and blood, nor be hindered therefrom by any king or prince soever, that Maximilian gave way. So Duke Albrecht bade farewell to the Diet in the time-honoured manner. Taking to him two friends, he 'set many casks upon a waggon, and therewith trumpeters, pipers and playing-folk, singers and songstresses'; went first to the apartments of the Queen of the Romans, and then, the whole night long, ran from one prince's lodgment to another, making music and cheer before each. 'And thus did the pious and world-blessed prince drink the stirrup cup with his lords and friends.' On the following day Albrecht and his faithful Captain started for the rebellious province.

The expedition prospered from the outset, thanks to Schaumburg's knowledge of the country and ingenuity

¹ *Riden* in the Nüremberg MS. Keller has *rinder*, which has no meaning in this connection.

² Second son of Duke Albrecht, and father of the famous Elector Moritz.

of mind in defeating the enemy's tactics. A great battle was fought and won near Workum, under such circumstances as had been the undoing of many a gallant general. For close by ran 'a deep and grisly water, not to be fathomed,' and the enemy had carefully prepared for their reception two formidable sluices. These, indeed, almost caused a panic among the landsknechts, for they remembered with terror the recent defeats of the Duke of Brunswick and the King of Denmark, who, for ignorance of the ways of water, had lost in the resulting confusion no less than 16,000 men. Wilwolt, however, was equal to the emergency, and instantly produced sixteen planks and a band of carpenters, by the means of which he stemmed the flood and took possession of the sluices. The Friesland-ers were now bombarded by the German guns for five whole hours, and 'one saw on both sides heads, legs and arms falling.' At last, unable to hold out any longer, they lay down, sticking their spears upright in the ground, that it should be supposed that they were still standing in order. But the Captain, 'seeing that heads and other things no longer fell,' detected the manœuvre, and commanded the gunners to shoot along the ground. The enemy took to flight, and the day was won.

The victory made easier an approach to Franeker, and Wilwolt urged on ahead with 600 'running soldiers.' When close to the beleaguered city he sent forward some of his men 'with a hat raised on high, that they in the town should not shoot,' to give the glad tidings of relief; but the news seemed too marvellous to be true to the miserable garrison, and he had to climb up on to the entrenchment and show himself in person before they would believe it. Duke Heinrich himself was at table eating, and the soldiers fell over one another in their eagerness to obtain the guerdon.¹

¹ 'Pottenprot:' the reward to the first bearer of good news. It was the universal custom in Germany to bestow a 'botenbrod,' or *evangelium*.

And hereupon 'the overjoyed man' sprang up, and ordered that the gate, which was barricaded, should be cleared for the rescuers. This, however, was too slow a process for the Captain, and he let himself in through a secret door, by which the garrison had been wont to importune the enemy in the trenches. 'And the young prince went to meet him, crying with great joy: "O Sir Wilwolt, I would never have thought or believed that you would have left me for so long." And the Captain answered: "Gracious lord, it is no meagre distance between the land of Meissen and here, and it takes time to equip oneself with troops, money, and all appurtenances."' Heinrich then asked after his father, and when the Captain replied that he lay close by with his army in the field, 'then was the noble young prince so moved to the heart by this fatherly love and faithfulness, that for the greatness of his joy he began to tremble.' He presented Wilwolt with a fine charger as 'botenbrod,' and formally received him as his subject.

And, as a fact, Wilwolt of Schaumburg's long and loyal service to Duke Albrecht was nearly at its end. The prince, already a sick man, now also entered the city secretly: and 'ah! what a joy was that between father and son.' The enemy was duly driven off and defeated, and the Duke, seizing the strong fortress and block-house of Leeuwarden, once more declared himself master of the dominion of Friesland.¹ But his illness developed rapidly, and he was soon lying on a bed of death at Emden, his end being hastened and embittered by the unruliness of his troops. For the

¹ 'His Father came posting . . . into Friseland, where he made such a pittifull spoile as all, both noble and base, rich and poore, Priestes, Monkes, Nunnes, and Novices, fled out of the Countrie, none remaining but the poore pesants of the seven Forrests, who would see what the end might bee of all their miseries. Duke Henry would gladly they had ruined all Friesland, not being satisfied with the revenge his Father had taken. But the Father, with a better consideration (being of a deeper judgement than his sonne), would not consent unto it,' (Grimeston.)

lands-knechts, true to their genial traditions, 'held a Judas-council' with the Frieslanders in the intent to rob him of both money and freedom. These, needless to say, were protected by Wilwolt's devotion. But the noble Duke's spirit was tired of the noisy world, and he stretched him calmly down on a bed of straw, with a rain-cloak for his only pillow, to die. Taking off his precious Order of the Golden Fleece, he commanded that it should be restored to the Archduke Philip with these words: 'This is the little lamb which I have so loved, and ever carried in my heart.'¹ And then 'the sick Prince laid his hands together, and blessed his faithful servant, commending to him his children and his dominions by the love and faithfulness which they had borne to one another. And thereafter on the next Friday (September 12, 1500), between eight and nine of the clock, departed that high, famous, dear and manly Duke.' Nor, in the records of even more merciful epochs, do we often meet with a braver spirit of loyalty and loving-kindness than burned in these two men, Albrecht and Wilwolt, the one a commander of mercenary armies and the other a captain-adventurer in an iron age.²

And now the chronicle also draws to a close, for, whether from emotion at the death of his faithful friend and patron, or from a mere weariness of his life of blows, Schaumburg henceforward turned his thoughts to the lovelier joys of home. At the insistent request of Duke Heinrich,³ he undertook, however, the further subjection of Friesland, and in so doing was led to the last and perhaps the wildest of his vagabond adventures.

¹ *De Meritis Alberti Ducis Saxonici*. Mencke: *Script. Rer. Germ.* ii.

² 'He was full of years, of virtue, and of renown,' writes even Molinet, the passionate foe of all Germans, 'for he was hardy and valiant in arms, greatly feared of his enemies, just, loyal, and true; his word equalled the seal of a prince.'

³ Duke George (the Rich, the Learned, or the Beardy), who now succeeded his father, was the memorable antagonist of Luther.

Once more the landsknechts were the criminals. The country had finally yielded, and the campaign was at an end, when Wilwolt arrived at the outlying townlet of Sneek. It was occupied by a troop of his own mercenaries; and these men, under the usual pretext of insufficient pay, surrounded his inn with their guns, declaring their intention of keeping him as hostage for further supplies. Wilwolt, realising his danger, managed to escape by the back door, and, mounting his horse, made for the town-gate. Finding this in the hands of the foe, he galloped along the wall, and so out through the second gate and hard across country to the little block-house and sea-haven of Harlingen. Here he luckily found a store of good hackbuts, and, provisioning his shelter with all possible haste, settled down cheerfully to shoot every landsknecht that crossed his horizon until such time as a vessel should appear to take him off. This soon occurred, and, having attracted the shipmen's attention by a signal tied to the tower, he promised them three times the proper fee if they would convey him back to Holland. After some delay, owing to the tempestuous weather, he was got aboard, but the sailors at once explained that, being near Christmas-tide, they would certainly meet all the ice coming from Holland, and go straight to the bottom. Wilwolt was firm, and they started southward, with a little boat sailing a mile ahead to report the first sign of danger.

This was not long in making its appearance, for they had not gone half-way when the scout violently dipped its sail, according to agreement, and flew back to them; and there, sure enough, 'came the ice with a great commotion, looking like a mighty great mountain upon the sea.' Turning their helm, they made again with all speed for Friesland, but were overtaken by a rushing storm of wind: 'and the shipfolk and Sir Wilwolt and all set their minds to death.' Snatching at their one remaining chance, they ran ashore at the ebb of the tide; whereupon the country people,

having, 'according to their custom when they see a ship in distress upon the sea, beaten storm upon all the bells,' bravely rode out into the waters and rescued the shipwrecked crew. Nor were they a moment too soon, for scarcely were all out of the vessel when the ice arrived and broke it into fragments. 'And I heard,' adds Eyb, 'that in that week another ship well-laden with landsknechts had started from Friesland, but had not used a like prudence; and the ice had overtaken them and crushed their ship, and the soldiers had all been drowned. No one was saved save one landsknecht's wife with a little child in her arms, who was blown on an ice-splinter to Enkhausen. The sailors, discovering these, brought them in a boat to land, and when they reached the town the child was dead, by inadvertence frozen.' The townspeople had this inscribed in the church 'for a miracle'; though, to ordinary minds, it would have seemed more astonishing had the baby, 'by inadvertence,' been alive.

Meanwhile Wilwolt, undaunted, procured a cart and drove back to his lonely watch-tower, where he lay for another week spying for ships. Catching one on Christmas Eve, he set forth once more. But his new fortune was scarce better than the old, for another tempest arose, so violent that 'the sailors must needs yield the vessel into God's power,' and this time the winds elected to blow him—like the baby—to Enkhausen. It was a stronghold of the enemy, and he feared to land; but there was no choice. Knowing that, were he recognised, he would never leave the place alive, he disguised himself as a landsknecht and parted from his companions, spending an anxious night in a lonely inn. But on the morrow Providence at length befriended him, and, chartering a third ship, he arrived safely in Holland.

The conquest of Friesland being thus adventurously completed, and all loyal duty to his dead master discharged, Wilwolt felt himself a free man. Remember-

ing, therefore, that the ancient seat of his ancestors had been recently restored to him through the friendly interposition of that noble Prince, and 'bethinking him that a man should consider his latter days, serve God, and prepare himself therefor,' he now satisfied his debtors, ordered his affairs, and betook him to the Oberland to the Castle of Schaumburg.¹

Here, then, in his full age and the fruition of a strenuous life, we are called upon to leave 'this dear and noble knight, Sir Wilwolt.'

The old home proved to be almost a ruin, 'with no more than two old halls, without walls or moat, set upon the hill'; but the rebuilding of it afforded the tired soldier a peaceful occupation and helped to divert his thoughts from the activities in which his life had been spent. In this mountain eyrie he passed long days of unexciting toil: erecting and fortifying 'strong walls, towers, squared ditches, palisades and bastions,' arranging and ordering 'new chimney-rooms² and lordly chambers,' and finally building 'a lovely praiseworthy chapel, wherein he established a perpetual priest with many holy services, whereby his parents and all the dead of his race should be remembered to all everlasting, so long as the Castle should stand.'

Nor were these goodly new halls left long uninhabited, for while they were as yet but partly ordered the veteran Wilwolt wooed and wedded Waltpurga, daughter of Herr Hans Fuchs zu Binpach, at that time Hofmeister at Würzburg. The marriage took place at Schaumburg, and was attended by so many distinguished guests 'that on either side

¹ Schaumburg or Schauenburg in the Thüringer Wald, Upper Saxony, which, according to Eyb, had been lost to the family for eighty years. (Cf. Sach.)

² 'Kematen' (*Kemenaten*, *camera caminata*): the chimney or stove rooms, of which there were never many. A lady, writes Zerkläre, should be unknown 'uz ir cheminat.' See Illustrative Notes, 40.

there were more than six-and-eighty adorned dames and damsels to be seen at the dance.' Over five hundred horses and more than a thousand attendants were housed and fed. The field for the runnings, jousts and 'Italian tourneys'—which were 'merrily and well accomplished'—was arranged on the hill near the dance-house, and the lodgings of the guests were all prepared in the Castle, 'that none for any need soever might descend the mountain.' The feasting lasted for four days, whereafter every one departed 'in friendship and joy.'

And so the curtain falls upon Wilwolt of Schaumburg. To some he may appear but as one of the innumerable and blood-guilty soldiers of fortune who peopled and unpeopled Europe in those decorative, disastrous days; and assuredly his hands were not always clean of the blood of the innocent. Yet, granted even the generous portraiture of friendship, he seems to have drawn nearer to the ideals both of ancient and of modern chivalry than the most of his contemporaries. For he was of those fine and fearless spirits to whom knightly honour was still—in the words of Wolfram von Eschenbach—the prize of the body and the heaven of the soul, who, 'aiming beyond money, and sensible to more than hunger in this world,' sought a career on terms of purity and prowess. His intrepidity was remarkable, even in an age of boldness; his loyalty to his master was the surprise and diversion of a self-seeking generation; while in the less prominent virtues of unselfishness and humanity, he attained to a pinnacle but rarely reached by the captains of Maximilian's armies. That he possessed the qualities of a great soldier¹ appears, moreover, on every page of the Chronicle. He was valiant; he was expert; he was wise; he was large in his prudence and he was lusty in his pride. He was secret also and he was sudden: dissembling his business till the goal

¹ Cf. Machiavelli's description, in the *Art of War*, of a 'most excellent Captain.'

was at hand and the ways of flight had been closed. He was 'pious' and filled with a wholesome faithfulness, having ever before his eyes the fear of God. And he was eloquent: primed with that power of words, in whose absence 'with difficulty may be wrought any good thing.' Finally, in his methods of battle-array Schaumburg forestalled the precepts of the *Art of War*. Thirty years before the Florentine Secretary wrote, the German soldier had practised. And this despite the fact that the niceties of disposition which crowned his career of 'happy victory' against innumerable odds were contrary to the habitual practices of his countrymen. Of the difficulties which he encountered from the indiscipline of his troops enough has been said. The leaders of the lands-knechts had two armies to contend with: the enemy's and their own. And it was no easy or ordinary triumph—'in a strange countrie, full of men corrupted, not used to any honest obedience'—to achieve any notable victories at all.

Little is known of Wilwolt's latter years, save that, like those that went before, they drew the esteem of his fellows. As in his morning strength he had climbed the goodly stairs of courtesy and courage, so in the hours of his sunset did he abide upon the pleasant hills of peace.

'And if,' concludes the chronicler, 'I have not brought to light his worthy deeds in such a manner as I would fain have done—if they are somewhat uncourtly and unskilfully set forth—I pray me all readers and reasonable folk for forgiveness; and that they should measure my simpleness, and take heed of my small learning, education and skill; and may they so order their own lives as to be pleasant to God and honourable to themselves, and may we all hereafter attain to unending honour and joy. Amen.'

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THE ADVENTURES OF A PALSgrave

INTRODUCTORY

THE Annals of the Count—later Elector—Palatine Frederick II. are better known than either of the foregoing chronicles. Written originally in Latin in the middle of the sixteenth century, the work was not published till some seventy years later. This Latin edition was, however, quickly followed by a German translation under the pleasant title 'Spiggel des Humors grosser Potentaten': A Mirror of the Moods of mighty Potentates. And finally, in the middle of last century, it was rendered into modern German by Eduard von Bülow. The annalist himself, Hubertus Thomas Leodius (or of Liège),¹ was a man of very different stamp from the biographer of Wilwolt of Schaumburg. Born in the Netherlands of a burgher stock in the year 1495, he was transplanted to Germany at the age of seventeen, and his laborious youth was spent partly in the Imperial Chancery at Worms and partly in the Electoral Chancery at Heidelberg.

Now when Frederick, Palsgrave of the Rhine, decided to write a love-letter to the widowed Queen of Portugal, the princely wooer was in something of a quandary, for composition in the French tongue was

¹ He is usually referred to by modern writers as Leodius, but in English letters of the day he appears as 'Mr. Hubert (or Hubertus) Thomas,' Secretary to the 'Countye Palantyne.'

at no time a light matter to him. He therefore summoned to his aid Hubertus, the clerk of Liège, at the moment toiling in the service of the Elector Ludwig, and in so doing entertained unawares an annalist of considerable efficiency. Nor did this efficiency remain long unrecognised. To both men, indeed, it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and they grasped it. Here was the prince for whom Hubertus' ready pen was waiting, and here was the scribe who alone had been lacking to fulfil the life of Frederick. So from this time onwards the historiographer spent the most of his life and of his strength either in the company of his master or in the furtherance and disentanglement of this prince's sorely involved affairs. And as the Palsgrave was a man not only of European reputation, but also (so to speak) of a European career, he was thrown into contact with many of the greatest figures of that great age, the first half of the sixteenth century.

Despite his life of activity, Hubertus composed several historical works. These include a life of Franz von Sickingen and a history of the Peasants' War, and they have all, especially of recent years, been freely used and quoted by students of the period. He was also in the habit, as he tells us himself,¹ of filling up the spare moments of his journeyings by the composition of small treatises, which he would write on the corner of some rough kitchen table, while the horses were being rubbed down in the stables and his dinner was frizzling on the fire. But the masterpiece of the 'pithie and worthie' Netherlander is without doubt the biography of his patron and friend, and it is as the author of these diverting Annals that his name is best known in the country of his adoption.

As a writer, the chief merits of Hubertus Thomas are candour and fluency. Open of heart and honest of purpose, he narrates with a garrulous and not unimpressive simplicity, devoid of artifice but by no means of art, all that befell his master and himself

¹ See Preface to the treatise *De Tungris et Eburonibus*.

both at home in the spacious hunting-lands of the Palatinate and abroad in the scheming courts of Western Europe. 'If you have not learned anything remarkable from this history,' he writes at the close of his labours, 'you have yet thereby come to know the truth.' And assuredly his perfect acquaintance, not only with the deeds but with the intimate hopes and disappointments of his princely patron, joined to the many brilliant side-lights which he casts upon the policies and diplomacies of the day, entitle him to a distinguished place among the historians of his century. The biography was composed, it is true, many years after the events recorded had taken place. Moreover, even supposing his memory to have been irreproachable, the annalist was not personally acquainted with the doings of the Palsgrave till the first bright romance of this hero was already overpast. Yet, even with regard to his presentment—which an eminent German critic has cruelly stigmatised as far too romantic¹—of this charming and unusual episode, it may be urged that such intimate details can scarcely have been obtained from any less trustworthy a source than the Count Palatine himself; while a careful examination of the few documents which, by a curious chance, have been preserved in the *fonds de Simancas* of the Paris archives,² has revealed an unexpected agreement on all points likely to have become matter of general knowledge.

In his official career, however, candour was not the virtue on which Hubertus prided himself. In fact, his dearest arrogance was founded on a firm belief in his own diplomatic ability. 'I ever knew,' he declares, 'how to expound and extenuate all things'—in a word, to make the worse appear the better reason. And he would have us to realise in no un-

¹ 'Der sehr romantischen Schilderung dieses Vorfalls, welche Hubertus Thomas Leodius in seinen bekannten Annalen des Pfalzgrafen gibt, darf man nicht zu sehr trauen.' (Baumgarten, bd. i.)

² Cf. Moeller, *Éléonore d'Autriche et de Bourgogne*.

certain manner the natural eloquence with which he was wont, on his master's behalf, to soften the hearts and open the purses of emperors and kings. When it seemed meet and advisable and the surroundings were propitious, he could pronounce a lengthy oration, interspersed with learned and classical allusions; but, if his audience appeared unsympathetic or impatient, he was able, without loss of dignity, to hasten instantly to his point, 'making no long German business of the affair.'¹ At times he bemoans himself that others reap the benefit of his brains. Thus in the Italian embassy of 1530, his colleague, Hartmann von Eppingen, the learned jurist of Heidelberg, delivered a speech which Granvelle himself 'could not sufficiently praise,' preferring it to the many that he had heard in Italy, for that it was so 'brief and well expounded, comprehensive and decorous.' The Chancellor even asked for a transcript of the oration, and 'Doctor Hartmannus,' relates the annalist sadly, gained much fame thereby. Yet it was Hubertus who, seeing that his friend 'had never had the leisure to perfect himself in the art of speech,' had privily composed for him this happy effort. Generosity forbade disclosure, 'and to Hartmannus a silken dress was presented, but I, who had made the speech, received but a flick upon the forehead.'

Hubertus' knowledge of languages and the classics was also a source of legitimate pride to him, and, in the true spirit of the Renaissance, he delighted to broider the dull tissues of life with constant allusions to his favourite authors. Whether it be in the heats of Southern France, where he meditates upon the ignorance of Pliny concerning strawberries and the strange virtues of fern-leaves; or in the snows of Spain, where he recalls the experiences of Xenophon; or in the horrors of the sack of Schweinfurt, which he

¹ 'They use long Orations which with much teadiousnes they adorne with many old Apothegms of great and learned men.' (*Shakespeare's Europe*.)

likens, as did Melanchthon, to the siege of Troy, he is seldom at a loss for a suitable comparison. And perhaps the happiest moment of his life was when privileged to listen to the learned and fascinating conversation of the incomparable 'first Francis of France.'

In some ways, indeed, this burgher son of Liège was in advance of many more distinguished contemporaries, and in an age when the most brilliant minds of the Renaissance were not untouched by strange faiths and illusions, he maintained an attitude of polite but immoveable incredulity. He believed, it is true—with Machiavelli and Benvenuto Cellini—in the influence of the stars upon human destinies, and he read, like many of his betters, the wild portents of the skies. But the less reputable superstitions left him unruffled. Thus on one occasion, when journeying homewards across a mountain of the Pyrenees known by the sinister name of 'Perdu,' he came upon a monk in a blue gown. His comrade Marnold instantly grew paler than box-wood,¹ and, grasping his sword, exclaimed: 'I must kill this monk, or, from seeing him, we shall fall into uttermost woe.' The friar of ill omen prudently fled up the mountain, but, when his accuser would have urged hotly after, Hubertus clutched this worthy firmly by the cloak. In vain did Marnold explain that unless the seemingly harmless religious were at once dispatched to another world they would surely all break their necks, since never was it possible to meet such a person without evil ensuing therefrom. His captor would not release him, and they pursued their journey, Marnold growing more and more uneasy as they neared the perilous and robber-haunted French frontier, and Hubertus lecturing him on his fears and blood-thirstiness, and, 'by words and example, refuting him. It chanced, in effect, that on crossing the mountain

¹ 'Buxo pallidior.' Hubertus was presumably quoting Ovid's 'ora uxo pallidiora,' or 'buxoque simillimus pallor.'

they were overtaken by the deepest snow ever known in those parts; were forced to perform the whole journey on foot; and when at length safely arrived in a village, could no more stand but only fall half-dead upon their beds. Marnold, of course, laid all the blame on his comrade for having restrained him from killing the brewer of ill-luck. But Hubertus remained unperturbed.

Besides these very serviceable tastes and abilities, the annalist was possessed of another—less shining yet even more admirable—quality which must by no means be omitted. This was the unusual capacity for loyalty and self-sacrifice that formed the driving power of his busy, unresting life. His devotion to his master was indeed remarkable. At any moment of the day or night he would abandon for his service the joys of home and that comfortable little house in the Leiergasse, which, though of scanty dimensions as befitted his income, was, as he touchingly observes, ever ‘clean and neat and therefore only the more cheerful.’ On his first summons from Frederick he left his young wife in the ‘hardest and coldest depths of winter, being in childbed, among total strangers, with only a serving-maid of scarce ten years.’ And although he left her with so much money that his own little store could barely take him to his destination—although ‘I could be of good courage,’ he asserts, ‘since it was my profession,’—yet it was with a heavy heart that he set out. Nor, after many years of strenuous service, had his loyalty abated. On the Palsgrave’s last journey through Europe he still, though with infinite reluctance, decided to accompany him. ‘And verily I feared for my wife and child, not knowing if I should see them again before two years had passed, or perchance even for the span of my life; and it was but from the faith that I owed to my master that, despite their howlings and shriekings, I set forth.’ For ‘I was sorely moved,’ he adds, ‘by the misery wherein my good lord and his lady had fallen, and

I settled to fare forth with them, were it even to the end of the world.'

As a fact the wife of Hubertus must have passed a life of considerable loneliness and anxiety, for her husband's absences were constant and prolonged. After one journey Hubertus returned to find that three of his children 'would not know him: for that two had at my departure been small and had now forgotten me, while the third had but half a year later come into the world.' On another occasion—that of the Palsgrave's impetuous entry into Spires on a common go-cart—the good lady was 'utterly terrified' by the announcement of her husband's death. A neighbour, who had witnessed the apparently humiliating episode, hastened to paint the matter for her in the blackest colours. 'She said that she hoped to see me shortly, but he replied: O dear woman, your hopes are vain. The Palsgrave arrived yesterday in Spires, tattered and poverty-stricken, having for many nights fed upon roots in the woods, and being but with difficulty escaped from the hands of the King of France; his people are all imprisoned, thrown into evil dungeons and most of them already dead.' And she wept with her children—Anna Camilla and Adrian Pallantes, 'whom his grandmother still led by the hand'—until a letter from the missing one arrived to contradict the tale.

In middle life, despite the unwavering loyalty of Hubertus to his master, a melancholy rift appeared between them. For, from the time of Frederick's accession to the Electorate, when from a pauper Palsgrave he was raised to the dignity of premier Prince of the Empire, he became estranged from his faithful secretary, no longer using his services or entrusting him with his plans. 'He held me,' writes Hubertus gently, 'of too small account to transact the weighty matters which daily came for decision before the Electoral Council,' while he ever wished to have about him new and youthful councillors. Moreover,

old Thomas had many enviers among the courtiers, whose evil minds and tongues made the infamous suggestion that the secrets of a country should never be entrusted to a foreigner. Yet, though Hubertus was delegated to an unimportant post, his enemies were not wholly triumphant, since the prince would still often 'whisper in my ear, take me with him a-hunting, laugh and talk with me kindly.' Nor does it appear, from a study of his actions as Elector Palatine of the Rhine, that Frederick II. gained in any degree by his change of advisers.



FREDERICK, PALSGRAVE OF THE RHINE, IN YOUTH.

From a Painting by Albrecht Dürer (?) in the possession of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt

Photograph by Bruckmann

THE ADVENTURES OF A PALSGRAVE

Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

COWPER.

I

THE wind blew stark from the south and the dog-star, portent as well of great dignities as of great distresses, was climbing the sky, when the Palsgrave Frederick¹ was born. The year was 1483, the month December, the place the Castle of Winzigen near Neustadt on the Hardt, whither his mother—a princess of the Bavaria-Landshut house—had fled to escape the prevailing pestilence. The infant was named Frederick, maybe (writes the chronicler) after his great-uncle Frederick the Victorious; maybe after one of his godfathers likewise so called; or maybe, and what more likely, according to that excellent precept of Plato which holds that all mighty and valorous heroes receive their names, not by some cheap and hasty chance, but immediately from God, who thus discloses their intimate nature and being? And verily, throughout his life, this Frederick justified his title, ever seeking peace and ensuing it.

¹ Later the Elector Palatine Frederick II. or 'the Wise.' He was the fourth son of the Elector Palatine Philip 'the Upright,' and the great-nephew of Frederick the Victorious.

He was but the fourth son of his parents, yet in wits and parts surpassed both elder and younger brothers, his 'love-worthy' ways winning the favour of all men. Never was he stubborn or rebellious against his teachers, save when admonished unduly with blows and threatening words. And if he then retorted with a certain vehemence, 'I hold this,' says Hubertus, 'but as a sign of his valorous temper.' Indeed, the scribe has throughout more sympathy with the pupils than with the pedagogues. 'Nor can I approve the schoolmasters of the day, for they bore themselves as tyrants towards the boys, alarmed them with rods and lashes, and with a terrible voice sought to force from them what even their elders could neither grasp nor fathom. They were fain to drive—not to improve—the young folk.' This the Palsgrave himself often lamented when he came to riper years, 'doubting not that had he had such a teacher as Horace and Quintilian describe, the acquisition of knowledge, and therewithal of the Latin tongue, would have been an easy matter to his good head.'¹ For he ever loved the company of the learned, and went gladly with them. The matter seems the more regrettable that, from the year 1497, the famous Johann Reuchlin was appointed 'chief taskmaster' to the Palatine children, while the Court of Heidelberg was the constant shelter of the most eminent humanists of the day. But Germany was conservative on the subject of education, and the maxim of Solomon was still responsible for many a howling German boy.²

Another drawback to Frederick's comfort in these

¹ In this he resembled his ancestor; for when the Emperor Charles IV. complained that none of his princes knew any Latin, 'Lodovicke, the Elector Palatine, tooke such a deep disdaine in himselfe, that with teares ashamed, he much lamented his want of learning; and presently hereupon returning home, began (albeit he was very old) to learne his Latine tongue. Eberhard also, the first Duke of Wirtenberg . . . in a rage strooke his Tutor or Governor . . . for not applying him to his Booke when he was young.' (Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, 1634.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 41.

early years was the rigid frugality that distinguished the Court of Philip the Upright. No detail was too small and no economy too petty for the parsimonious attention of this prince. The eggs were counted, the salt was weighed, the fragments of the joints were gathered together; the lids of the pewter vessels were carefully inspected lest any drops of their precious contents should escape; while such ladies of the Court as were, fortunately for the Electoral exchequer, in a condition to warrant the deprivation, were sternly denied the luxury of pepper. The young princes themselves suffered to a lamentable degree, especially in their wardrobes. The court tailor, whose duty it was to see to their clean linen and restore their clothes, received but the paltry sum of eight to ten florins a year to stimulate his zeal. Moreover, even when permitted to supply the new apparel of which they were sorely in need, he was admonished, in no uncertain tone, that such raiment must first 'with industry and deliberation be measured, thereafter cunningly carved and fashioned to the required shape;' and where possible nothing was to be cut to waste.¹ Small wonder was it that in his first years of freedom Frederick felt it incumbent upon him to assert, even to excess, the right of a Palsgrave to decorous adornment.

As a boy of eighteen, being then 'not especially tall but of a somewhat thick-set body, with strong and sinewy limbs, an excellent rider and practised in all knightly arts,' Frederick was sent to the Netherlands, to learn foreign tongues and manners at the Court of the Archduke Philip the Handsome.² And it was in the train of this giddy and frivolous sovereign, himself but twenty-three years of age, that his varied fortunes have their beginning.

It was the year following the birth of the future Emperor Charles V. Four tragic deaths—of Juan, only

¹ Electoral accounts given in Häusser, vol. i.

² Son of the Emperor Maximilian I.

son of 'the Catholic Kings,' and of his posthumous infant; of the Queen of Portugal, their eldest daughter, and of her baby Miguel—had opened the road to the united thrones of Castile and Aragon. And, in tardy compliance with the urgent summonings of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Archduke and his wife were about to visit their kingdom to be.

Their adventures were such as befitted their rank and (not infrequently) their recklessness; since neither Philip the Fair nor Juana the Foolish was famed for discretion, nor as yet had the Palsgrave Frederick developed even that measure of good sense which later earned for him the title of 'the Wise.' Indeed, at the very outset of the enterprise Philip perpetrated what, in the eyes of his father-in-law, was a political blunder of the first magnitude. For not only did he insist on travelling southwards through the heart of France, and on ratifying the betrothal of his one-year-old son to the heiress of the hereditary enemy of Austria and Spain; but also, no sooner had he arrived in Paris than he visited 'the council in the Parliament,' with its President and its hundred members all clad in purple cloth, and acknowledged his vassalage to the French King by taking his seat as Peer of France and Earl of Flanders. This confession of inferiority sorely hurt the pride of the Spaniards, and they dwelt with relief on the refusal of Juana to take part in the ceremony. Philip, however, suffered no doubts or compunctions, and passed gaily on his way.

The princes found Louis XII., gouty but gorgeous, at Blois, with his Queen, Anne of Brittany, and their two-year-old baby, the Princess Claude, who, when her prospective father-in-law sought to salute her, let out so lusty a howl that all ceremonies were instantly at an end. So here they stayed for a week, gambling for thousands of crowns at a game of cards called 'fluere,'¹ and hunting stags in the forest *à force*:² a gayer but

¹ French 'flux': flush. 'Flusse' is first in the list of the games of Gargantua.

² See Illustrative Notes, 42.

more troublesome method, says Hubertus, than the German custom of toils and spears. When the weather was inclement they played at tennis, a diversion 'which both sovereigns well understood,'¹ or practised knightly feats of arms 'all accoutred in cassocks and housings of gold.' And now were sown the seeds of a generous extravagance that was later to empty the coffers of the Palatinate. To crown the festivities there was published, to the great wrath of Ferdinand, the treaty of peace between Maximilian and Louis, and the royal confessor preached an eloquent sermon on the appropriate words, 'Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum est habitare reges et principes in unum.'

At the frontier of Spain the travellers were welcomed by a richly furnished concourse of nobles, who proclaimed by the glory of their trappings that they were the proper ambassadors of the Catholic kings. For not every Castilian, says Hubertus, might be clad at his pleasure in garments of gold or silk: 'seeing that these arrogant lords would ever strive to outdo each other in splendour, and thereby either fall into extremest poverty or neglect the practice of arms.' Queen Isabella, with a better discernment than Henry VIII.,² had remarked with vexation that her nobles and gentlemen were in the habit of attending her upon mules, and of sacrificing not only their estates, but also—what was far more important to the grandeur of Spain—their stables for the better adornment of their persons; and she had therefore issued an edict ordaining that nor man nor woman should wear silk of any description, unless the husband also maintained a charger. The result of this ingenious device was amazing, for every woman instantly strove to the utmost to procure her husband a horse, and

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 43.

² Antoine de Lalaing. This chronicler gives a very full account of the journey, which I have used to supplement that of Hubertus.

³ Compare the story of the English earl in *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598, cited in Prof. W. Raleigh's *Shakesbeare*.

the Queen quickly found forty or fifty thousand fine horses at her disposal.¹

It was with a goodly accompaniment, therefore, that Philip and Frederick progressed through the cities of Northern Spain. The country, indeed, was as sorry and unfruitful as in the days of Rozmital, and provided food for neither horse nor man. 'But how,' exclaims Hubertus, 'doth custom leaven us! We Germans think that all is at an end if we may not overfill ourselves daily four or five times with meat and drink, and cram our horses with oats, hay and chaff till they can scarcely pant.' Yet the Spanish steeds were but the swifter, stouter and more enduring for their life of starvation.² None the less ('and this is a matter worthy of remembrance') a member of the Archduke's retinue, the Sire de Boussut, was the first visitor of sufficient hardihood to cross the mountains in a wheeled vehicle. And the peasants, 'who had never seen a chariot in the country in all their days, were as amazed as never was.'

Once over the Pyrenees, the progress was a triumph. In every town and village, to the princes' great amusement, there came to meet them maidens and young women with shaven heads, 'who cried aloud in their most strange tongue, "We are of even as noble a race as the King himself. As thou art an honourable and noble lord, give us somewhat wherewith we may have a dance and hold a holiday."' Everywhere, too, there was a buffoon, who proclaimed Philip's riches, deeds, possessions and 'whatever else might serve his fame.' And everywhere there were nobles mounted on swift and light horses, who, at his approach, would instantly divide themselves into two bands and hurl reed-spears at one another. 'It is good,' says Hubertus, 'to see how skilfully they school their horses, and how marvellous high they

¹ On this occasion, says Mariana, 'the more to express the publick joy, leave was given that such as might wear silk doublets might also have silk coats, and coloured, which shows the modesty of those times.'

² See Illustrative Notes, 44.

cast these specially prepared spears. Whoso hath touched the most, and the best managed his horse, will be honoured of the ladies and bear off the prize, whereby the Spaniards, who hold much to women, lay great store.'

The great cities vied with one another in their greetings. Burgos, 'golden, gay and garlanded,' rejoiced their hearts with bull-fights, hawking parties, and games of tennis played 'with large balls after the fashion of Spain.' Valladolid informed their minds by a sight of its two newly built and curiously carved colleges, furnished with libraries and scholars, 'well-ordered, abundant and grave.'¹ Medina del Campo, the dismal city of dirt,² enlivened their spirits with the joys of its annual fair, to the especial delight of Philip, who, disguised as a Spaniard in a false wig, 'pervaded the feast.' And Madrid, entertaining them throughout Eastertide in its new and 'very beautiful' castle, appropriately depressed and mortified their souls by the frenzied spectacle of its inhabitants, 'who went about the city all naked, beating themselves with scourges all the day.'³ As for the splendour of the state entry into the capital of Castile, it surpassed the unsurpassable, and the chroniclers are at a loss which most to extol: the magnificence of the procession or the beauty of 'the many lovely ladies who trimmed and burnished (*pollissoient*) the windows.'

The first days of the Archduke's sojourn in Toledo were darkened by the death of Arthur, Prince of Wales, the first husband of Catherine of Aragon. This was a sore blow to the careful schemes of her father, and war immediately broke out again with France. The whole Court was also thrown into mourning, and

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 45.

² 'This towne, to my judgment, hath neither grounde nor heaven; for the heavens are always covered with cloudes, and the grounde with dyrt, in such wise that if the neighbourhood call it Medina of the field, wee courtiers doe terme it Medina of the dyrt. It hath a river that is so deepe and dangerous, that geese in summer go over it dry-footed.' (Guevara's *Letters*.)

³ See Illustrative Notes, 46.

did not stir from the private apartments for the space of nine days. 'For as Solomon saith in the thirteenth of his Proverbs, "the end of mirth is heaviness."'

But this melancholy mood soon passed, and—for Philip and Frederick at least—the tide of merriment flowed again. Reed-tourneys¹ and bull-fights took place incessantly, while three times a week the Archduke and the Palsgrave went a-hawking, rising early and remaining in the saddle all day. King Ferdinand had a passion for this sport, and was in the habit of taking out with him as many as 120 falconers and birds, of which he himself handled always the greater part. Every description of quarry—kites, herons, partridges and what not—was welcomed by him, and the more hawks were flying at a time the better he was pleased; though his Spanish dignity never permitted either himself or his courtiers to go out of a foot's pace, 'how fine soever the game they discern.' The visitors, however, did not adhere rigidly to these royal practices, but galloped after the birds on well-schooled coursers, the while 'cold meats were carried after them on donkeys.' There were always, adds Hubertus, so many falcons in the air and so many swift hounds upon the ground, that it was barely possible for any heron to escape; and they often captured more than a hundred birds.

Many, too, were the royal jousts that were celebrated in the great market-place, where all the nobles of the court and city gathered, each with a train of a dozen lackeys or more, apparelled in their master's colours. At one such tilting the prizes consisted of 'four hundred pairs of the gloves of Ocaña'; but as all the combatants unfortunately lost their lances and fell to the ground, the rewards had to be distributed among

¹ 'It hath at first the appearance of a martial exercise; the horses are very beautiful and well adorned; the men richly clad, and must be good horsemen, otherwise they could not conduct the quick motions and turns of their horses; all the rest is too childish, the darts being nothing else but plain bulrushes of the biggest growth.' (Clarendon.)

the ladies. When the entertainments were at an end the champions perambulated the town, still armed at all points as for the joust, save only for the helmet which their esquires carried before them. The lackeys followed, bearing torches and the broken lances, and proclaiming their master's achievements. And thus, 'having run courses all the day, they roam all the night about the city, and pass before their ladies at the windows. And they do this to the end that these may see them, for it is impossible for them to converse: for mostly they are shut up in their chambers, and go not forth unless the King and Queen are making feast; the which befalls perchance three or four times only in the year.'

Much pity need not, however, be wasted upon these Dulcineas of Toledo, for on the few occasions when they mixed with the world they hastened to make up for lost time, atoning by a concentrated brilliancy for the brief and evanescent character of their public appearances, and condensing the legitimate joys of weeks into the crowded hours of one swift sweet supper. At a feast given in the Castle, the Flemish chronicler observed the female guests with interest. 'And I beheld one of the loveliest of the damosels content three of these gentlemen, who throughout this supper, lasting from two to three hours, remained her servitors. And she spake for full an hour and a half with the one, who was on his knees, with head bare, for the said space of time; to the second, she spake for a quarter of an hour, and to the third for a good hour. She parleyed with one, she gave œillads¹ (*bailloit des œillades*) to another, and she had her hand on the shoulder of the third. And thus she satisfied all three; for, seeing that they do not behold them often, they are as content with looking upon their ladies with love as in other countries with speaking. One of our retinue asked her, after supper, how she could thus treat these gentlemen who wished

¹ 'Gave strange œillads and most speaking looks.' (*King Lear*.)

her so well. And she replied, "We take our pleasure, so long as we are yet to be married, in treating them thus; for when we are married they imprison us in their castles. Thus are they well avenged for the goodly time that we have had before marrying."¹

This life of pleasure was exactly suited to the tastes of Frederick, and the thinness of his purse alone marred his content. His master, indeed, held in no small degree to the lustre of life, and the wardrobe of the impoverished Palatine was in consequence often sorely strained. Thus, at the anniversary of the taking of Granada, celebrated by the Catholic Kings 'with joy and splendour,' he was sorely put to it for the materials of a proper pomp. The noble combatants assembled on the field to the number of three or four thousand, arrayed with marvellous magnificence of golden broderies and blazonings, and wearing on their arms jewelled ribands of great price. Now the Palsgrave had industriously acquired the Spanish method of riding 'a la ginetá,' and in this matter was well able to hold his own. But the acquisition of suitable braveries for the occasion, and, above all, of the requisite gems for the adorning of the arm, proved a far graver care. Yet even in this he showed himself an accomplished craftsman, and by the aid of judicious borrowing shone forth in jewels of such surpassing splendour and worth that none other could attain unto him. Whence 'the Spaniards exalted him to the stars, and extolled him as the richest and most dexterous of all.'

The Archduke Philip, however, by no means shared

¹ According to other authorities even the married ladies of Castile were not without their diversions. Laurent Vital, indeed, maintains that they were so greatly cherished by 'all gentlemen' that they were 'well helped in their businesses.' 'I have fortunately seen many good husbands, marvellous rejoiced to see their wives decked, gilded, tricked out, painted and shining, mounted on their high pantofles, and the husband leading her with one hand and with the other carrying and supporting her arm, for fear lest she should make a false step.' If for any hindrance the husband cannot escort his wife, 'my lord the young chaplain, with his fresh countenance, leads her everywhere, whether about the country or in the town': which venerable custom affords the writer food for many diverting reflections.

his young friend's enthusiasm for things Spanish, and Toledo very literally stank in his nostrils. His sojourn occupied the entire summer and autumn of the year 1502, and his northern constitution seems to have suffered in consequence. Often, therefore, 'feeling feeble and oppressed by the great heats and very stinking vapours of the city,'¹ he would ride out with his attendants to seek the healthier and more pleasant air of the country-sides. Now they would betake them to eat in monasteries situated on the high and lovely hills. Now they would rest in cool and shadowy orchards, bedecked with fountains ('fair and clear, well paved and well accoutred'), odoriferous 'with lemons and with oranges, with pomegranates and with other fruiting trees.' Now they would visit a village garden in the valley, gay with many shrubs and herbs, 'lively with conies and with birds of many divers sorts of colours.' Or, again, they would banquet in the many mansions of the Spanish nobility, feasting on sweetmeats and comfits, amid goodly tapestries and vessels of gold, returning so overloaded with 'wine, flesh, fish and fodder for the horses,' that the most of the spoil must needs be abandoned on their homeward way. Indeed, the Archduke's heart was often comforted with curious gifts: as, for instance, one of a beautifully proportioned ostrich; one of 'a dog all black with never a hair on him, and having a muzzle like unto that of a Moor'; and another of a green parrot, 'no bigger than a sparrow, talking better than it is possible to believe.'

But nothing availed to soothe the restless impatience of Philip. The stately ceremonial of the Spanish Court was wearisome to him, and he longed for the freer fashions of his Flemish lands. So no sooner had Juana's heirship been acknowledged with due splendour, both in Castile and in Aragon, than he deter-

¹ Navagero describes the houses and palaces of Toledo as fine and commodious, but without view or outlook of even the meanest sort; 'the most of their rooms have no other light than that of the door.'

mined, despite the unsatisfactory condition of his wife, to start for home.

In truth, poor Juana la Loca makes but a sorry show in these her years (that should be) of splendour and success. She was to give birth within a few weeks to the future Emperor Ferdinand, and the first signs of her madness were already causing anxiety to those about her, especially to that great mother whose own days on earth were drawing to their close. 'She bore herself,' writes Antoine de Lalaing only a little later, 'as a woman desperate and all filled with jealousy, which could by no means be quenched.' It seemed to her that her husband was so incomparably fair and desirable, that all who beheld must covet him, whilst all whom he beheld he must covet; and so great was her ardour of love and frenzy of hate¹ that she found no joy in the world, and did but long for death. Nor perhaps, adds Antoine diplomatically, was she wholly unreasonable, for Philip was 'comely, young and singularly well-nourished,' consorting greatly with young company and young counsellors, who often regaled him with talk and presents of lovely damsels, and led him into dissolute places, whereof descriptions were given to her, 'often perchance far worse than the facts.'

In any case, when December arrived, the Archduke, pleading urgent affairs, insisted on departing for his northern dominions, and abandoned the reluctant Juana to the care of her equally reluctant parents.²

¹ 'Finally, she took to dismissing the ladies of her household, and so contrived that she remained more alone than any woman in the world, save for one washer-woman only, who now and again, and at the hours that pleased her, washed her linen in her presence. And in this state, alone and without company of women, she bore herself with her husband, attending to her needs and serving herself even like a poor slave, and thus did she go with her husband into the country, one woman alone in the company of ten or even twenty thousand men, the which was a thing very unreasonable, to see a lady and queen of so many fair and fine kingdoms without a retinue of women.' (De Lalaing.)

² 'She does not lift her eyes from the earth. Riches, power, dominion, her parents even, are naught to her. With cloudy brow, she thinks only of her lord. He alone is her passion and her care.' (Peter Martyr, *Epistolæ*.)

Gay and untrammelled, Philip and Frederick started off, and, since they quickly cast decorum to the winds, they soon discovered possibilities of entertainment in even so dismal a venture as a journey through Spain. The dances of the Moors were their greatest delight, 'many fine bodies of each sex gambolling before them'; and, amongst others, 'Monseigneur had special regrets about two or three beautiful maidens, and promised them great advantages if they would but become Christians: to which, however, he could not, whether by money or prayers, incline them.' Sometimes the Spanish ladies themselves unbent so far as to join in the revels, clad so gaily in cloth of gold and snapping their fingers so alluringly, that they 'seemed more like goddesses than mortals and could have moved stones to love.' Many, too, were the 'lovely mysteries' provided for them, and Hubertus dwells with vivid appreciation on a pitched battle which took place, for their edification, between the inhabitants of Heaven and Hell, when the army of Paradise stormed the lower regions with magnificent success. The great cannon with which the angels and devils belaboured one another, though only fashioned of paper (*ex papyro*) gave out such a crashing and crackling, and vomited forth so many tens of thousands of rockets, that the spectators thought no otherwise than that they were real pieces. 'And verily, all things seemed on fire.' To complete the illusion, Judas Iscariot, with a couple of congenial friends, stood at the summit of Hell—'which was as well builded as it is possible to imagine'—and at the crucial moment suddenly exploded, making an uproar as of two or three thousand culverins all loosed at a time. When the cracklings ceased and the smoke passed from the air, the entire scene had vanished away.

But the chief excitement of the journey occurred in the splendid city of Barcelona, where Philip insisted upon perambulating the streets after the fall of night. A day of rejoicing was to be crowned by an evening

of fireworks and illuminations. On the sea that washes the walls of the town the great ships—no less than eighty royal galleys¹—were all lit and adorned, while in the market-place there had been erected an immense star full of shots and rockets. All this the Prince was 'more exceeding anxious to behold than had ever been known of him,' and he determined to sally forth with his attendants, all mounted on mules.

But, at the hour appointed for the start, only Frederick and his mule appeared, and Philip, enraged at the delay, stormed angrily up and down the courtyard. At last the Palsgrave, at his wits' end, suggested that both should bestride this lonely animal. The proposal pleased Philip, so the two princes mounted and rode in this sociable fashion about the streets: 'gazing at all the comely women that were in the windows.' But disaster soon overtook them, for at the very moment that they reached the market-place the galleys loosed off their pieces with such lively energy that it seemed as though the sea were ablaze with sheer flame and would change its very nature, while a rocket suddenly flew on a string up to the great star and set it on fire: 'whereupon there sprang from out of it, to the distance of over one hundred paces, innumerable burning and bursting missiles, even as though it thundered.'

Now close to the star were standing not only the princely mule with its double burden, but also the missing household, who had just succeeded in finding their master. And when the attendants' mules heard this gigantic crackling, they promptly 'ran from thence, against the wills of their masters, caring for neither

¹ Yet it was not till the seventeenth century, after many abortive attempts, that Barcelona succeeded in constructing a port. 'All would be perfect, had they but a harbour,' says De Lalaing. Even so he was amazed at the quantity of tall shipping that met his eyes. Among the great galleys, 'twelve were made exceeding beautiful, each one being estimated at 3,000 ducats before it was finished, and so well equipped that it could by no means be improved.' Navagero, in 1523, describes the Arsenal, 'dove altre volte solevano aver buon numero di galee, ora non ne hanno alcuna.'

stock nor stone.' The Prince's charger waited in immoveable dignity until a rocket came and hit it on the head, and even then, faithful to its distinguished calling, it but 'turned itself about wheeling, and fled round and round in a circle.' This unusual motion, however, was sufficient to dislodge Frederick, who was the hindermost of the two cavaliers, and he fell to the ground, dragging Philip along with him. 'And there for a goodly while they stayed prone, nor were they able, from their much laughing, to stand up.'

At last they gathered themselves together and looked about for the retinue; but as this had already stampered, no help was there. The night was dark, and they had no idea of their way home, so they hesitated in some anxiety till the Palsgrave espied, not far off, a building with gables and a hospitable appearance. Here they knocked and were admitted, to find an assemblage of lovely, if inquisitive, ladies. The Palsgrave gave out that they were both servants of the Archduke, but 'the noble form and majestic countenance' of Philip caused some suspicion of the truth of this statement. The doubt, however, seems in no way to have impeded the cheerfulness of the occasion. When they had been nearly two hours in the house the attendant lords arrived one after the other, thanking God and all the saints for their salvation, and telling that the mules were still running, as though demented, about the town. The princes answered with their own adventure, which caused the most lively amusement, and then, as the mules never reappeared, returned to their lodgings on foot.

At last the French frontier was reached: Philip's desires were realised, and he was quit of Spain. But his position was not devoid of peril, for he was now in a country with which his father-in-law was definitely at war, and even he, feather-headed as he was, thought it expedient to have hostages for his safety dispatched to Flanders. His reception in Lyons, where the French Court was sojourning, was, however, of a most

reassuring character. Archbishops and dukes 'caracolled before him in pomp and triumph'; the streets were filled with an innumerable and shouting people;¹ while at every corner Philip was harangued by men or maidens counterfeiting 'Burning-Desire-for-Peace,' 'Public Weal,' 'Right Counsel,' 'Nobleness,' or 'Good Will.' On the bridge over the Saône was a huge flower-de-luce, from whose petals there sprang forth healing water; 'to the right, on an orange-tree filled with oranges; and to the left, on an apple-tree laden with apples.'

Nor were these greetings wholly fantastical, since concord and harmony were at the moment the desire of all men's hearts. The fitful and futile contest of the Neapolitan succession was still wearily dragging. The Treaty of Granada had failed of its purpose, and the gay little pinnacle of peace that had set sail so buoyantly upon the summer waters of 1500 had now for many months been floundering and foundering in a new-sprung gale of war. The people of France, who took no interest in the dispute, were anxious for a peaceful settlement; and this, as they rightly conjectured, was the aim of the Archduke's visit. Both Louis and Philip, indeed, were still keenly alive to the advantages of the suggested marriage between the infants Charles and Claude, and the consequent reconciliation of the rival claims. And a few days after the entry, peace between the Kings of France and of Spain was proclaimed in all the thoroughfares of Lyons. The glad tidings were at once dispatched to the lieutenants of the two Kings, Gonsalvo da Cordova and the Duc de Nemours. Cordiality and good-fellowship obtained, and 'Burning-Desire-for-Peace' seemed justified of her children.

So Philip and Frederick were the heroes of the hour. All men admired them, and all men praised. Above all—for this in the eyes of both chroniclers was considered of pre-eminent importance—they were

¹ 'The populace were rejoiced at his coming.' (Desrey.)

held as 'marvellous good jennetaries.' 'It was beautiful,' declares Lalaing, 'to see the Archduke, dressed in a satin doublet of rose cramoisy, opening in Moorish fashion, with a hood of grey brocade.' 'It was wonderful,' exults old Thomas, with a yet worthier pride, 'to see the Palsgrave hurling his spear so high that King Louis, amazed, exclaimed to the assembled cardinals, lords and princes: Behold what a German can do!' 'Even,' he concludes vexedly, 'as though a German were less skilful than others at this art.' Philip, however, pursued by ill-fortune, soon sickened of a fever that kept him a prisoner for two months in a monastery on the Saône, lying without the city. The honours of the day fell, therefore, to Frederick alone, and he made the most of them.

'The merry meadows'¹ were the scene of the Palsgrave's finest triumphs, for hither two or three times a week came King Louis and his Anne to see the young courtiers practise their feats and sports. 'Some shot with the bow, others danced or ran in rivalry with one another, some drove or cast great stones; and they neglected nothing that served for the strengthening of the body or the winning of the ladies' favour.' This was Frederick's golden opportunity, and, when not in attendance on his lord, he was ever to the fore. And daily did he advance in the good graces and estimation of the whole French Court.

In fact, to one person only was Frederick's visit a stumbling-block and rock of offence, and this was his own elder brother, the Palsgrave Ludwig, also at this time a visitor in Lyons. This prince had been sent by his father to learn French at the Court of Louis XII., but he had shown little zeal in carrying out the wishes of the Elector Palatine, avoiding all company and living like a hermit among his own Germans. So

¹ Probably the famous 'prairie d'Esney,' where, some twelve years earlier, Charles VIII. and this same Queen Anne had delighted in the exploits of the thirteen-year-old 'Picquet' on his 'bas et bon petit rossin.' (*Chronique de Bayart.*)

when the King and Queen saw how different was Palsgrave Frederick in his manner and habits, 'talkative, ingratiating, companionable, and ever the most dexterous in all knightly sports,' they begged him to induce his brother to be more like himself. Frederick gladly assented, and, as a first step, invited Ludwig to accompany him on a visit to the ladies of the Court, forestalling the customary excuse by promising to act as interpreter. But no sooner had they arrived than the younger prince slipped away, and Ludwig, whether he willed or not, must, to the 'vehement' amusement of the Queen,¹ converse with them alone. On another day he played the same trick with regard to Anne herself. And at last, so pleased was the royal lady with the diverting excursions whereby Frederick wiled away the hours, that she begged Philip to take the elder brother away with him and to leave her the younger in his place. Hubertus is discreet over Ludwig's feelings in the matter.

Meanwhile the Archduke's illness had been sorely aggravated by the disturbing news of the death of the Duc de Nemours, and of the great victory which Gonsalvo da Cordova had achieved at Cerignola. Close upon this arrived an ambassador from Spain repudiating the new-made treaty, and though Louis, recognising the good-will of his guest, declined to treat with the Spanish envoy, the incident caused grave agitation. Philip, indeed, was now given up by nearly all the royal physicians, to the number of thirteen or fourteen. His retinue was in despair, and his hosts also; for they feared an accusation of poison, 'the rumour whereof was already running throughout his own country and the kingdom of France.' Thanks, however, to the kind offices of Queen Anne, who came constantly with her ladies, all mounted upon hackneys, 'for the visitation and recreation of Monseigneur,' and relieved the dismal

¹ 'Reginam vehementer oblectavit.'

hours with games of cherry-pit or spillikins, the crisis was safely surmounted.¹

When the invalid was sufficiently recovered he travelled in a litter across Savoy and Burgundy, to find the Emperor² at Innsbruck, and there now ensued for both Philip and Frederick a period of diversion that delighted their gay and irresponsible souls. For Maximilian, though already leader of German humanism and a grandfather, was still in the prime and pride of his romantic manhood. Brave, fantastic, eager, a lover of beauty and a disciple of learning, he was also the triumphant master of all knightly arts. In this his favourite court of Innsbruck, his leisure hours were passed in such sports and jousts as required an unperturbed dexterity and courage, and he could still outshine the best hunters and tilters of the day. Philip and Frederick, therefore, habited *à la turquoise*, now drank their fill of all manly exercises, being treated, says Hubertus, to every kind of spectacle likely to be comfortable to returned travellers.

When barely rested from the fatigues of their journey, they were taken by the Emperor to hunt the chamois, a sport which, to the minds of the lowland chroniclers, seemed fraught with incredible peril. For these 'little wild goats of the mountains' dwelt so high that to reach them the hunters were forced to have grapples of iron—huge and sharp, fashioned like a St. Andrew's cross—attached to their wrists and feet. In their hands, too, they held pointed pikes, and, in order to avoid falling, they must ever look at the spot where they had securely fixed the pike, and so let themselves slide to the bottom. 'And it is the most

¹ 'Jouant à la lnette.' This, according to M. Gachard, means the 'fossette,' expounded by Cotgrave as 'to play at Cherrie-pit (with nuts).' 'Cherry Pit is a play wherein they pitch cherry-stones into a little hole,' writes Brand. But Cotgrave himself interprets 'lnettes' as 'little bundles of peeces of Ivorie cast loose upon a table; the play is to take up one without shaking the rest, or else the taker looseth.'

² Strictly speaking, Maximilian was King of the Romans only.

dangerous thing in the world. To this hunting goeth the King of the Romans, and he climbeth the rock as well, yea, even better, than any of his hunters.¹ Bianca and her ladies also often took part 'like men,' though they did not climb so rashly. Sometimes the hunters were tempted to such terrible heights that they could by no means come down again. 'And when this is made known a priest is fetched, who showeth them, so near as he may, the Body of Christ, that they may remember their salvation, and die in the true Catholic faith : for there is no other remedy.'

Sometimes the royal party went out after bears, a sport no less artful and perilous.² For the bears loved heights and precipices, and when a brute was at bay and on his hind-legs, the hunter must needs be sure and sudden, and strike with his spear at the very heart. If he missed, the bear would 'push him from the top of the rock to the bottom'; but this seldom happened, for the hunters knew their business.

The visit to Innsbruck was also enlivened by the wedding of a lady, charmingly named Apollonia, of whom the Archduke himself had once been an admirer. The nuptials had been postponed till his arrival, it being naturally considered that 'the presence of her once loving subject, King Philip, would lend a greater consequence thereunto.' And they now took place with infinite states and ceremonies : with high Masses, chanted by the Emperor's choristers to the tones of the

¹ 'We go to hunt chamois to-morrow,' writes Maximilian to the Archduke Sigismund. 'God grant that we may slay one with our own hand. We have for long borne especial rancour against these wild animals.' (*Privatbriefe*.) See also Maximilian's *Jagdbuch* (ed. Mayr, Innsbruck, 1901), and the accounts of his adventures in *Teuerdanck*. His chief exploit was the planting of a crucifix on the Martinswand, and Beatis describes the cave in the face of the precipice, 50 or 60 paces high, 'where the emperor with his own hand placed the cross.' Montaigne also saw the sacred emblem—'en un lieu où il est impossible que nul home soit alé sans artifice de quelques cordes, par où il se soit dévalé d'en haut.'

² 'We are to have a hunt of those savage monsters (*wilden wurmen*) called black bears (*dy schwarzen peeren*); there are many hereabouts,' (Letter of Maximilian, 1490.)

great organ,¹ 'the most beautiful and exquisite that ever I have seen'; with jousts in the manner of Germany, both with blurred spears and with sharp; with torch dances and with brawls;² with banquets of unspeakable length and splendour; and finally with the curious decorums of the bedchamber, wherein Maximilian and the Archduke, together with 'a goodly coverlid of scarlet,' played a leading part. On the morning before the wedding, the bride sent to each of the princes a garland fashioned 'with golden thread, and with threads of silk both white and cramoisy; and from each there hung a hoop of gold, with a stone therein, and in those of the King and of Monseigneur and of the grand masters hung rubies and diamonds.'³ And in this manner do ladies and high-born damsels send garlands when they marry. And the burgher wives do the same, but at their espousals somewhat is given in return, which is not done among the nobles.' Philip, however, defied this ungallant, if aristocratic, custom, and rewarded 'the lady of the nuptials' for her wreath with the bonnet which he had himself been wearing, all of black velvet, diamonds and pearls, worth from two to three thousand crowns. Finally, Philip and Frederick hung their garlands round their necks in the fashion of an emprise for one entire day, vowing to do battle with any who dared to touch them.

The visitors were also much interested in the sights

¹ This organ was the finest that he had ever heard, wrote Beatis: 'its pipes imitate the tones of trumpets, fifes, flutes, horns, bassoons, bagpipes, drums, and the symphonies and singings of various birds with such naturalness that they differ in no way from the originals.'

² 'Branle': 'a brawle or dance, wherein many (men and women) holding by the hands sometimes in a ring, and totherwhiles at length, move all together.' (Cotgrave.)

³ 'Cransselin': *kranzlein*. When Bertrandon de la Brocquière passed through Austria on his way home from the Holy Land he was given by the Duchess of Austria a bonnet or garland 'of gold thread and silk, a ring, and a diamond to wear on my head, according to the fashion of the country'; and by the Lady of Valse 'a diamond to put in my hair, after the Austrian fashion, and a bonnet (wreath) of pearls ornamented with a ring and a ruby.' Compare also Illustrative Notes, 71.

and curiosities of Innsbruck, which had greatly thriven under the affectionate patronage of Maximilian. 'Now this town of Yzebrouch,' writes Lalaing, 'is a very small one but very beautiful, seated on the river between mountains and high rocks, very gay, very well-walled; and there are high and comely houses, all of free stone, painted and gilded. The house of the King is exceeding beautiful and sumptuous, from the which you shall see at one glance an income of three hundred thousand florins of gold, by reason of the mines of salt and silver that lie round about.' These were the famous mines that made the fortune of the Fuggers—the gold kings of Europe—fed the leaking coffers of Maximilian the Penniless, and even helped to supply the brimming mints of England. The whole district was humming with life: packed with miners and overrun by innumerable wealthy merchants, who lived on the spot and trafficked with Venice the produce of other men's toil. In the village of Schwaz especially—where were beds of silver and copper, of tin and of lead, worked by over 2,000 labourers¹—there were many fat traders: 'on a feast-day you shall see seven or eight hundred sturdy men well accoutred and all covered with chains and other objects of silver.' The number and temper of these magnates were, indeed, a source of considerable anxiety to the Emperor, for they were always seeking to close the village against outsiders and so 'make of it a good town'; a course of action that by no means commended itself to Maximilian, who feared, not without reason, that in time the new-made burghers would look upon the mines as their own and resort to mutiny. He had, therefore, prudently ordained that no man should be allowed to carry a stick of more than one foot in length.

¹ At one time there were as many as 30,000 miners. 'Insspruck stuff is much sett by in all places as well for armor as for all other things of metall.' (Hoby). Montaigne and Vettori describe the boiling of the mountain stream at 'Hala,' by which means the salt was obtained 'more beautiful than can be imagined, whence the emperor draws great profit.'

Yet even the silver mines were not Maximilian's dearest pride, and he was soon displaying the unnumbered wonders of his war-stores, which included every variety of arm, armour and artillery, with many strange and ingenious engines for their fashioning. And though the visitors thought it the most magnificent collection in the world, the Emperor told them that he wished to have as much in four places: at Vienna for the Turks; at Breisach for the Swiss; at Mechlin for the French; and at Innsbruck for the Italians. Nor did he forget to exhibit that famous genealogy, that traced his descent from Hector of Troy and showed 'whence were procreated all the Dukes of Austria even to Monseigneur, with the wives whom they have espoused, and to what families they have allied themselves, and what children they have had': hardly, one would imagine, a satisfactory literature for the husband and step-son of a mere Bianca Sforza.

But duty and the Netherlands were beckoning to Philip, and, 'not without great regrets,' he had soon to set his steps to the north. One pleasure, however, still remained to the Prince: a visit to the old Elector Palatine of the Rhine, for the purpose of exhibiting to this affectionate father (who 'loved his son dearly and resembled him in his gentle manners') his own effectiveness as instructor, and Frederick's proficiency as pupil, in all the arts and graces of life.

Soon, therefore, the pair were climbing the steepes of the Jettenbühel, that high and famous hill of Heidelberg, whereon, says Hubertus, had dwelt in ancient days the sorceress Jetta, prophesying from her mountain eyrie, and telling strange tales of the palaces and prides that should one day crown its heath-grown solitudes. In the famous Castle that had fulfilled her prediction—'a place very beautiful and solid, containing four great buildings of freestone and slate, each of which would suffice to lodge a very great king'¹—they stayed for three days, to the gratification

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 47.

of the old gentleman, who showed off with pride the really remarkable splendours of his gold plate, and the largest stags' heads that the Archduke had ever seen in his life. Before leaving, Philip ordered Frederick to mount his own specially caparisoned charger, and astonish the company with some of his new-learned cunning. So a fine display of horsemanship took place. Putting spurs to his steed, the young man dashed at full pace round the courtyard, then, reining the charger to a sudden stop, hurled a spear so high into the air that it fell into the windows of the great tower over the Castle entrance. 'And all, especially the women, marvelled greatly that the horse had not fallen, but been able to hold his ground on the smooth stone pavement of the courtyard.' The Elector laughed, and when Philip asked whether Frederick had been instructed according to his desires, thanked the Prince and promised that, should he not be able to do it in person, his son should repay his generous patron with faithful service.

On their arrival in the Netherlands Prince and Palsgrave were received with great zeal and acclamation, and, though it might have been supposed that, after so lengthy an absence, there would have been no lack of honourable work to his hand, the single and simple aim of Philip's mind seems still to have been the entertainment of women. Many distinguished ladies had gathered to receive him, and 'were so well treated that better were not possible.' For 'Monseigneur knew not how to think enough for their diversion: now with dancing, now with arranging combats in the chambers, now with taking them a-hunting; and verily they were treated so well, and in so goodly a fashion, that they said that they had never in all their lives seen so gallant and gorgeous a feasting.' Finally, 'to make them yet better pastime,' Philip commanded that the four 'emprises' of the nuptial garlands, which had remained unaccomplished at Innsbruck, should be fulfilled; and the last appearance

—so far as we are concerned—of this tragical comedian, father to the greatest Empire of the world, is upon the lists at Brussels: embraved in apparel of gold and silver with housings of the red colour of the rose, on his head 'a white plumage adorned with goldsmithries,' and beside him the Palsgrave and many grand masters clad in the garish hues of Castile. 'And in all the windows in all the market-place were only ladies to be seen.'

'And yet,' declares Lalaing with a dramatically simple piety, 'when God wisheth for people, they cannot be disputed or denied to Him.' And but three years were to pass before Philip the Fair lay stark and dead in a Spanish mortuary, insensible even to the presence of the one faithful woman whose pathetic madness was ever to 'kiss the feet of her husband as though he had been alive.'

II

THE next ten years of Frederick's career were more strenuous than successful. 'Till now he had led a pleasurable life, but he fell from henceforward upon cares and troubles.' Wars and rumours of wars became his portion, and he appears, first, in the famous Bavarian struggle for succession, fighting loyally for his family against his Emperor and his convictions, and furthering by his tactful treatment of Maximilian the cause of peace;¹ next, hurrying to Guelderland to assist his friend Archduke Philip against the perennially active Charles of Egmond, and returning for want of time and transport, on foot 'like a landsknecht, carrying his long spear on his shoulder';² and, last, accompanying the Emperor through his

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 48.

² Maximilian, who chanced to meet Frederick and his little band of friends marching in this practical manner, was so delighted at the spectacle that, a few days later, he himself entered Cologne in a like fashion, at the head of 900 nobles of Germany.

inglorious Italian campaign, and himself threatening Venice so nearly that even that 'intemerat Virgin' trembled in her lagoons. To be short, he 'learned the art of war in such a fashion that he was thenceforward reckoned as a most excellent hero and soldier,' besides gaining in no dubious manner the friendship of the warm-hearted Maximilian.¹ It was not till the year 1513 that his wandering star led him to the Netherlands to face the chief romance of his life.

The little drama opens with an act which, though in itself neither romantic nor remunerative, is interesting to Englishmen as being the only occasion on which Frederick appeared under the English flag. Louis XII. of France, who had succeeded by the multiplicity of his claims in becoming the common foe of England, Germany and Spain, was the antagonist of the piece. And the leading figure was the English Henry VIII., who, in the finest flush of his youth and gaiety, sailed over the sea to Calais with intent to compel the French King to a more modest and suitable frame of mind. Henry was reputed to possess a great treasure of ready money, so there flocked to his standard not only the whole nobility of Brabant, Flanders and Hainault, but also many Germans, including Maximilian himself, 'which was an unheard-of thing.'² The young King had, in fact, applied to the Emperor for a trained soldier to assist him in the command of his troops, and Maximilian, ever solicitous both for farthings and for fame, had promptly presented himself in person at Guinegate, and been enrolled in the English army for the noble sum of a hundred crowns a day.

In this moment of prosperity the Imperial pauper did not forget his equally debt-driven friend. Sum-

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 49.

² 'Unto which place the Emperor repaired . . . like a mighty and friendly prince, taking of the king his Grace's wages, as well for his own person as for his retinue, the which is a rare thing seldom seen, heard, or read, that an emperor should take wages, and fight under a king's banner.' (Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*.)

moning Frederick with affectionate brutality from the bed of sickness on which the Prince had for some time been prostrate, he urgently advised him to offer his service and a squadron of horse to the King of England, 'who has not his like in the world for riches and liberality.' Disease, he added characteristically, came ever from inaction, which was as harmful to the bodies of valiant men as rust to iron;¹ and the sooner Frederick returned to work the better he would be. The Palsgrave agreed gladly to the suggestion, but with admirable caution asked for an Imperial guarantee for the payment of his troops, and when this was declined sent a messenger to England to seek certainty from Henry himself.² The English King replied evasively that for the moment he had warriors enough and to spare, so the project fell through. Frederick, however, joined the Emperor in Picardy about a month later with a small but 'most select body of men.'³ He unfortunately arrived too late to take part in that famous Battle of Spurs, whereat the Frenchmen ran away 'so incredible fast and far'; or to be present at the splendid entry into Terouenne, when Henry—then a comely boy of but three-and-twenty years, brave in running work of finest gold—took possession of the town. He was in time, however, to assist at the bombardment of Tournai, and to behold his liege-lord, grey-headed and the master-monarch of Europe, wearing as a soldier of England the Cross of St. George with a rose, and serving under the command

¹ This recalls the anecdote of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the Marquis Spinola: 'He demanded of me, . . . "Of what died Sir Francis Vere?" I told him, "Because he had nothing to do." Spinola replied, "And it is enough to kill a general."' (*Autobiography*.)

² The Spaniard, Don Pedro Astasio (called in the annals *Petrus Tassius*, and in the English dispatch *Pedrasthe*), was the messenger. The letters were addressed to Sir Robert Wingfield, and reached him at Nieuport, in Flanders. The ambassador's caustic answer is given in *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. i., where it is incorrectly calendared as being from, instead of to, the Count Palatine. 'The King,' writes Wingfield, 'does not wish to have, either through the emperor or otherwise, horsemen after the manner of Germany.'

³ *Hall's Chronicle*.

of a foreign prince young enough to be his grandson.

After the fall of the cities, Henry, 'being tired of the war and its cost, which reached daily to more than 70,000 crowns a day,' sent Wolsey—'his almoner, who was thereafter cardinal and kept all affairs in his hands'—to treat of peace with King Louis. And hereupon, says Hubertus, Maximilian departed in secrecy and dudgeon and betook him back to Germany. The relative positions of the young King and the elderly Emperor had, in fact, proved one of almost impossible delicacy, and three days after the formal capitulation of Tournai, with no braver requiem than a meagre stirrup cup, the inglorious service came to an inglorious end.¹

The German princes, following the example of their suzerain, now also went their ways, many receiving stately rewards, but Palsgrave Frederick, grieves the annalist, 'remained, probably through forgetfulness, unrewarded, although shortly before the King had graciously accepted a fine suit of armour from him, and, being so liberal a lord, could assuredly only have been kept from making this good to him by his innumerable businesses. Indeed, the King gave me to understand this long years after, when he handed over to me, for the Palsgrave, a goblet of pure Hungarian gold, above eight hundred ducats in value, whose curious craftsmanship was worth even more.' As a fact, apart from this single gift, it does not appear that Frederick had any strong claim on Henry's gratitude. Hubertus at least records little of this English incident save long and intimate conversations between Maximilian and the Palsgrave on the important subject of the succession to the Empire, for the which purpose Frederick 'ever industriously suggested the name of the Archduke Charles.'

It was probably in consequence of this fine diplomacy

¹ Cf. Maquériau's *Chronicle* for an account of the parting between Henry and Maximilian.

—though Maximilian seems to have displayed the most violent indignation at the idea—that Frederick was now advanced to a post of great honour and dignity. For when the future Charles V. arrived in Tournai to greet and congratulate his ally the King of England, Frederick was immediately attached to his person, and commanded to accompany him home as the Imperial member¹ of the triad of tutors, that was now appointed for 'the care, conduct and culture' of the Archduke, and to counteract French influence at the Court of Burgundy. The office was one of the highest importance, bearing as it did the weighty and fragile burden of the equilibrium of Europe. It was also, as will appear, a task that demanded no usual degree of delicacy and tact. Frederick entered upon it, however, with every token of good fortune and under the mellowest auspices of Imperial favour. Finally, to complete his achievement, when Charles's Governor, the Seigneur de Chièvres, who had hitherto been all-powerful in the education and management of the young prince, complained to Maximilian of the change, the Emperor not only ratified the appointment, but in addition allotted to the Palsgrave a place in the Councils second to the Regent Margaret alone; and Frederick thus became first prince of the blood at the Archducal Court, taking precedence over many who were senior to him in age. Charles himself was at this time a sickly boy of fourteen years, and had his home in the Netherlands; and thither accordingly, to Mechlin and finally to Brussels, the Palsgrave repaired.

In the first days of his new office Frederick bore himself with such reticence and circumspection that he was loved and honoured of all. 'Every man rejoiced from his heart that the care of this young monarch, who was one day to be lord of well-nigh

¹ The other two were the Spanish ambassador, Don Juan de Lanuza, representing Ferdinand of Aragon, and Floris, Count de Buren and Seigneur d'Ysselsteen, representing Henry VIII.

the whole of Christendom, should be given over to such a prince, himself the descendant of emperors and kings. Whithersoever rode the Palsgrave thither ran the people to see him, no otherwise than had a god been passing by. Nor is it to be believed how highly he was extolled by the noble maids and matrons whose every favour he possessed.' Master of all knightly arts, his gay dexterity gave birth to a proverb, and 'to ride like the Palatine' became the common aspiration of the Court. It is true that an excessive devotion to pleasure caused his Imperial patron to complain of a certain ineffectiveness in the realm of high politics, while the English monarch openly declared that the new tutors, including the Palsgrave, were of no more use than had they been at Rome.¹ Yet Frederick's influence over his pupil was in the main a good one, and it was while under his governance that Charles made his most striking advances in manliness both of body and of mind.

But these days of grace and dignity lasted not long, and with their ending begins the comedy of his courtships, or (as it appeared to the faithful annalist) the tragedy of his rejections.

The Court of Brussels was at this moment a very hotbed of marriages, or at least of betrothals. Charles himself had already been affianced both to Claude of France and to Mary Tudor,² the earliest of some ten engagements in which he became involved before his final alliance with Isabella of Portugal. Of his sisters, Mary, though but nine years old, was already linked to the ill-starred destinies of Louis of Hungary, and Isabella, aged thirteen, to the more despicable fortunes of Christian of Denmark. Catherine was as yet a child in Spain. So Eleonore, the eldest and the best-beloved, alone remained to gladden the eyes and spur

¹ Cf. *Lettres de Louis XII.*

² In a letter of Lewis Maroton (January 9, 1513) he informs Spinelli that the Count Palatine Frederick is to be sent to England to arrange this alliance. *L. and P. Henry VIII.*, i. 3648. See also *Ibid.*, ii. 2891.

the hopes of princely Europe. This task, however, she was amply fitted to fulfil. For, if no transcendent beauty, she yet, at her present charming age of sixteen, possessed, says Hubertus, attractions of no mean order: 'A forehead lofty and smooth, whereon neither time nor cares had traced a line; eyebrows black and arching, and ever-smiling eyes; cheeks of rose; a little, gracious mouth: vermilion lips; teeth small and white; a countenance both lively and modest; an enchanting speech.' When she appeared at a tournament in a straight robe of silver cloth, her white breast powdered with jewels, and on her head 'a black *cornette* which mighty well became her, and gave her a lovely grace,' she was the darling of all eyes. Moreover, she was a glad and mirthful lady. 'La plus joyeuse dame qu'oncques on vit,' wrote Marot later of her, and 'in truth a masterpiece, so wise and gay, so comely, so delicious,' was the verdict of Laurent Vital;¹ while the affection, 'more than brotherly,' that the unemotional Charles displayed, even after years of separation, for 'Madame, ma meilleure sœur,' is well known to all readers of his letters. If, therefore, Eleonore remained unmarried long after the espousals of two of her younger sisters, it was but because no alliance of suitable dignity had so far offered itself.

Now, as Tutor and First Prince of the Blood, the Count Palatine was constantly in attendance upon the Archduke, and therefore constantly in the presence of this princess. And, of all the infatuated ladies of the Court, she quickly became not only the most infatuated but also the least behindhand in exhibiting her infatuation. Indeed she was as little sated with beholding 'his blooming manhood, his goodly form, his crisped and yellow hair,' his stately breast and his valiant countenance,' as in listening to the ceaseless hymn of praise

¹ 'Utraque formosa est, sed re tamen altera major
Illa serit lites; Helionora fugat.' (Theodore Beza.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 50.

wherewith he was magnified by the courtiers. Daily she grew more and more entranced, nor sought to hide it from the eyes of any. At every moment she would say: 'Look! Prince Frederick is taking his spear. Look! he is laying it down. Look! some news is being announced to him.' Or again, 'See! there is something broken on his helmet. See! they are reaching to him a stronger lance. O how doughtily he bears himself! how well he hits his opponents! how the splinters of his spear fly abroad!'

This state of affairs could not long remain hidden from the Palsgrave himself and he rose gallantly to the occasion. 'Being likewise stricken by the beam of love, he did what he knew and could to be comfortable to the Lady Eleonore, and told her how that he stood and lived on naught but her contentment.' And now, though hedged and herded by the utmost rigours of Burgundian etiquette, nothing availed to stay the course of their passion. For wheresoever they met, whether dancing¹ or walking or following the hunt,² they showered forth their love by signs if not by words; and when they were apart messengers were kept ever on the run, 'bearing greetings and good-morrows, and fetching to and fro roses, violets and the like.' 'And albeit this was done with the utmost secrecy, yet here, as ever, the more the love was hidden the greater it waxed.'

Nor, in truth, was the concealment very effectual, and soon nothing was spoken of at Court save the loves of the Count Palatine and the Princess. In the minds of all Frederick was already regarded as Eleonore's husband, and even allotted, together with her hand, the regency of the Netherlands. Indeed,

¹ There is a small manuscript book, bound with the arms of Margaret of Austria, and preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels, which gives the ceremonies and etiquettes of fifty-nine dances, mentioned by name. Many of these titles, such as the 'Joyeux de Bruxelles,' 'Je languis,' 'Une fois avant que de mourir,' and especially 'Va-t'en, mon amoureux désir,' seem especially well suited to the Palsgrave's plight.

² See Illustrative Notes, 51.

when about this time he visited, as Charles's proxy, the neighbouring principality of Luxemburg, every one looked upon him as their future governor, and received him as a reigning monarch. As for Eleonore she was congratulated for remaining 'a proper princess' in her native land, instead of being wedded into unfriendly far-off climes. Her sister, Isabella of Denmark—the sad little consort of 'the Nero of the North'—wrote a pathetic letter wishing all happiness to her love, and praying her, whatever happened, to remain faithful to her prince. To be allied to kings or mighty potentates was no great happiness, said this Queen of disillusions. 'It is already a grievous thing to embark upon marriage with one whom you do not love, whose character you do not know. But, furthermore, you are required to follow this stranger to the ends of the earth, and never to see again your home and your family. Vain is this name of queen, for if you come to know it well you shall flee from it, abominate it and grow pale over it, no less than should you tread with naked feet upon a snake.' It may chance that neither spouse can understand the other's smallest word; and what manner of love may arise when a married pair speak only through interpreters? Moreover, queens are kept in a kind of prison, that the majesty of their rank may not be staled by custom or withered by the frequent glances of men. Otherwise shall be the fate of Eleonore; let her love Frederick, since she knows himself, his family, his country and his tongue. Nor shall it trouble her that her lover is only a Palsgrave, for, even so, he ranks next after a king, and, as the son of an elector of emperors, is entitled to the name of duke.

'Such and the like exhortations lit the love-flame of Eleonore even more furiously,' and induced her to encourage her suitor's hopes so well that at last he thought no less than that the Princess was actually his. He no longer deemed it necessary to hide his feelings, but accepted with fervour the congratulations

of all the Court, adding ever, indeed, that he was unworthy of so high a destiny. In brief, scarce any doubted of the approaching marriage.

Yet, as the poet warns all would-be courtiers, the more one thinks to be fortunate and happy, so much more shall one be in peril to fall;¹ and 'the grete wyndes that blowe in hye courtes' were already sweeping round the lifted head of this presumptuous darling of fortune. For, like all proper heroes, Frederick was possessed of secret enemies, and these were two personages of no lesser importance than Chièvres, the Lord High Chamberlain, and Lannoy, the Chief Equerry.

Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chièvres (commonly known to his English contemporaries as 'the Lorde Shivers' or 'Schewers'²) was, as has been said, one of the earliest governors of the youthful Charles V., and had strongly resented the appointment of Frederick. The two presently, however, became good friends enough. Indeed, the former Governor, who had been raised to the yet more intimate office of Chamberlain, often consulted the Prince on questions of health and nourishment, and even at times condescended to take his advice in these matters. Thus, on one occasion he complained to the Palsgrave that the boy ate little and remained small and weak. 'It is no wonder,' replied Frederick, 'since he stays ever at home, and is permitted nothing that might give him desire to eat. Were he but allowed to go out now and again, and to eat with others, the food would taste the better to him for the company.' 'But who could entertain so great a personage?' asked Chièvres, aghast at the novelty of the idea. Yet soon after both he and the Prince de

¹ 'Of somoche as thou wenest to be most ewrous and happy so moche more shalt thou be in grete perill to falle, lyke to hym that is mounted in to the most hye place. For to them whom fortune the variable hath most hyely lyfte up and enhaunsed resteth nomore but for to falle fro so hye down.' (*The Curial of Alain Chartier*, tr. by William Caxton, 1484.)

² See many letters of the day.

Chimay not only visited the Palsgrave's table 'to try the German cookery,' but also praised the foreign fare so zealously to the delicate boy that at last he too was taken with a longing for it. And now, though etiquette still forbade the Archduke's dining otherwise than in lonely state, there scarce passed a week in which he did not have brought to him four or five dishes from the Count Palatine's kitchen. 'And since it went thenceforward better with him and he grew a little, they named the Palsgrave, not unreasonably, the Archduke's foster-father (*nutritor*).' But of late years the intercourse between the two had changed its colour. The Chamberlain had grown to resent the influence and popularity of the Tutor, and jealousy had taken the place of friendship. Chièvres was now, in the expressive German phrase, the *Spinnenfeind*, or spider-enemy, of Frederick.

Charles de Lannoy, Seigneur de Maingoval,¹ who later won laurels at Pavia and was made Viceroy of Naples, had also suffered in his pride through the Count Palatine. *Escuier d'escuerie*, and director of all the courtly exercises of horsemanship and chivalry, it behoved him to maintain in the lists an untarnished dignity; but this was just what the Palsgrave had not permitted him to do. Music, it appears, was the cause of the quarrel. Frederick, who had tastes above the common, was a great lover of this art, declaring it to be a pursuit 'that delighted the spirit and became as well the man of war as the man of peace.' And in this he was very sensibly supported by many of his friends. But there were some at the Court who thought differently, maintaining that the art rendered men weak and womanly, and that it was not easy for one to be inclined to it and at the same time to retain a bold and virile mind. The Palsgrave regarded this in the light of a personal insult, and the matter was held to be of so great importance, that

¹ Hubertus calls him Munckenvall, which Von Bülow wrongly interprets as standing for Ugo de Moncada. Cf. Moeller.

Charles himself was approached on the subject by Frederick and his music-loving friends, who included the Margrave John of Brandenburg and many gentlemen of note. These besought the boy-prince to allow them to vindicate their honour with their daggers. 'And verily they would have done it,' boasts Hubertus, 'had not the Archduke held it more reasonable to settle the business by an open joust.'

A tourney accordingly took place with three champions on either side, the mightiest of Frederick's antagonists being the said Charles de Lannoy. Their bodies were protected with harness to the knees only, and for weapons they were given spears with 'blurs,'¹ and swords 'which were in truth not sharp and cutting, but of a goodly weight.' The music-haters were soon overthrown, not one of them being able to withstand the thrusts of the Palsgrave. To Lannoy, in especial, was allotted a terrific stroke upon his left arm : whereupon he loudly complained that this was against the rules of tourney, since combatants should only strike at the head. The Palsgrave 'eyed him askance.' 'Why, then,' he said, 'do you not keep your head still, where I can hit it, instead of bobbing it backwards at every stroke?' For this also was against the rules. And hereupon he loosed at him such a blow on the temple that the world darkened to the Chief Equerry, and 'he tumbled backwards a goodly way.' Moreover, Frederick would have leapt the barrier and continued his forcible tuition, had not Charles himself interfered. 'And it was comical to see how sour a mien made Lannoy and his comrades when the armour was laid aside; and how that their lips and cheeks were so swollen with rage that they seemed more like unto monsters than men, and how that every one laughed at them.' And from that day forward none had railed at music or her lovers, while the Princess, who herself

¹ 'Hasta coronata': *Kronlein*; Fr. '*rochets*': 'the blurre, button, or blunt iron of a tilting-staff' (Cotgrave.)

played melodiously on many instruments,¹ such as the lute and the clavichord (*manicordion*), and could take a part with others in singing, sank deeper than ever before in the enchanted waters of passion.

Now, however, the day of reckoning was drawing near. For the injured and indignant Lannoy was bound to the great Chièvres faction, and this was becoming hourly more powerful in its influence over the mind of Charles.² The two lords, it is true, 'let it not be noticed that they envied the Palsgrave's happiness, and bore them even as though they saw it as gladly as others.'³ But the spiders' webs were spinning, and the beginning of the end had come.

No sooner had the Palsgrave returned to Brussels from the Luxemburg expedition than his enemies began secretly to cast about for means to compass his downfall. Their first endeavours had no marked result of the desired kind, but they produced a dramatic scene and went near to costing two brave men their lives. One of the Court Chamberlains, the Seigneur de Glayon, was as famous for his strength as for his proficiency in arms, and it seemed to the conspirators a plan full of promise to procure a meeting of the most dangerous description possible between this Titan and the hitherto invincible Palsgrave. So they incited the Prince to challenge the Chamberlain to a course to the utterance, or with sharp spears, a pastime so deadly that it was but rarely practised. The plot was successful. Frederick, never backward in such matters, leaped to the suggestion; Glayon gladly

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 52.

² 'De Chièvres,' declares Sandoval, 'bought the place of Chamberlain of Prince Chimay, and, being once about the young prince's person, omitted nothing that might gain his favour.'

³ Lannoy himself was later the object of bitter envy. 'Comme il estoit plus honoré que les autres de grandes richesses et honneurs,' writes Brantôme, 'aussi estoit il nécessaire qu'il endurast plusieurs tempestes d'envie et de hayne, et se deffendit avec de tres-exquis artifices de Cour de ceux qu'il avoit offencés. Bon avis pour les favoris de Cour, comme certes il fit, et s'en despestra bravement.'

accepted his challenge; and Charles, who had never yet beheld the sport, willingly appointed a day.

Now this, according to Hubertus, was the method of the perilous play: 'You shall choose out the best and strongest horses, whereon you shall lay high and deep saddles; and in these you shall sit up to the girdle clad in the heaviest arms and armour, so that it shall not be possible to be dislodged from the horse. The lance or pole therefor, which is called a *planson*,¹ is of thick wood, and heavier than any could believe who had not seen; therewith the one runs at the other, and they strike one another as they can. If neither of them miss or swerve or loose the bridle—which is the most important matter of all—or fall backwards, then must the horse, of necessity and not without sore peril to the rider, tumble right back.' Many of Frederick's friends warned him of the folly of the enterprise. Indeed, an ancient nobleman, who had been steward of the household to his father before him, forbade him the diversion on the score of justice to his heirs, and in consideration alike of the imminent peril of death and the monstrous expenses of equipment. But it was all in vain. 'No arguments availed with the Palsgrave, and he was wroth with the old man, and equipped himself with so splendid an accoutrement that all things glistened with the gold and the silver. And he rode in a stately company on horseback and afoot with gladness into the yard,² governing his courser in so fine sort, even as though he danced or flew, that even to this day it is commonly said of a goodly rider: He sits his horse like a Palsgrave.'

The combatants fixed their lances or plansons under their arms, and 'amid the loud music of trumpets, ran like the wind on one another.' The Palsgrave directed

¹ 'Hasta quam *plansonem* vocant.'

² 'In the palace . . . is a spacious and very airy hall, where they joust *ad selle rase*, when by reason of bad weather they cannot joust in the great piazza before the palace.' (Beatis.)

his spear full on Glayon, who, to avoid it, leaned a little to one side, though he afterwards declared that it was his horse that was to blame. The blow, however, did not fail of its purpose, for it caught him sideways on the shield 'so mightily' that horse and rider fell together to the ground. The spectators raised a great shout over this victory of the Palsgrave, but ('vide quid infortunium possit!') in the very moment of his triumph the hero's horse—whether terrified by the shock that he had suffered, or feeling freed from the burden of the spear which the Palsgrave had at once cast from him—came down upon its knees and fell right over, squeezing the rider so sorely in his high saddle, that a portion of his spine was damaged. 'And the Lady Eleonore, who was standing with her brother Charles in the window, grew so greatly pale thereover that, had she not been afraid in his presence, she would assuredly have fallen into a swoon. Yet was her courage once more refreshed, for that the Palsgrave Frederick, so soon as he came again upon his horse, swung his arm aloft and gave her thereby to understand that naught was amiss with him. Though verily he did but counterfeit this, and must needs hide the pain in his back as best he might.'

In truth, the results of this sharp-tilting were little short of disastrous. The two combatants were taken from the field and their armour stripped from off them: 'and, when the fury of eagerness had cooled, they realised the strength of the planson.' The Seigneur de Glayon complained that all his body was as though beaten, and not only did these sufferings remain with him throughout his life, but when he came to die the physicians attributed his death to this tilt alone. Even the Palsgrave was forced to lie in bed for a goodly while with pains, 'which to this day he cannot shake off, and which add a great burden to his age.'¹ Moreover—and here was both the gist and the worst of the matter—the emotion of

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 53.

Eleonore had become more than ever apparent to all the Court.

Not that the Princess's brother had as yet, it would seem, any inkling of the intrigue. The idea of such a courtship would probably never enter his head, filled as this had been from earliest youth with the knowledge that his eldest and dearest sister was destined to share whichever of the three great thrones of Europe most important to the welfare of the Hapsburgs—Poland, Portugal and France—should first happen to be available. There had already, in fact, been one lively negotiation conducted on her behalf with the newly widowed King of Poland, and the letters that passed between her grandfather and her aunt on the subject show plainly the absence of all suspicion in her guardians' minds. What would 'Madame Leonore' think of King Sigismund as a husband? writes Maximilian; he is a lovely plump personage, white all over, with a fine red mouth and hair a little grizzled. 'I have spoken to her,' replies Margaret, 'telling her the virtues and beauties of the said King's person, with the greatness of his kingdom, and all else that can be said: to the which, Monseigneur, she listened discreetly and very gently, with a little timidity, and with all my endeavours I could not draw from her other words than. . . .' Here the letter unluckily breaks off, but the writer does not seem to have dreamed of any obstacles save a maidenly shyness.¹

Then, the Archduke would expect admiration for his heroic friend. For Charles seems to have had a peculiar affection for Frederick, dating perhaps from an early and treasured gift of a rocking-horse;² and he displayed his love in every possible way. Thus, after his emancipation from the authority of the Regent Margaret, he had continued to pay the full salary to his erstwhile tutor, though Chièvres was pensioned

¹ Cf. Hare's *Marguerite of Austria*.

² In the Comptes de Lille for 1505 there is an entry for 'the refurbishing of the horse which the Count Palatine gave to the prince.'

off at a far lower sum, and it was the Palsgrave whom he chose to be his representative at the important ceremony of his inauguration as Duke of Luxemburg. When he succeeded to the throne of Castile many plans were again debated for the Prince's advancement, including the vice-royalty of Naples, the charge of the Archduke Ferdinand, and a brilliant marriage with Elvira of Cordova, the daughter of the great Gonsalvo;¹ though all, for one reason or another, fell through. Furthermore, so soon as it lay in his power, Charles bestowed upon Frederick the highest honour at his command, the Order of the Golden Fleece, whereby he was privileged to be present at the great festival that took place at Brussels in the November of the year 1516.

This was the first chapter of the Order under the sovereignty of Charles, and it proceeded with unusual splendour, there being no less than fifteen vacant 'collars' to distribute.² 'It was a triumphant and exquisite thing,' writes Laurent Vital with rapture. The banquet was in the great hall, 'all hung with the goodliest tapestries, historied with the mystery of the Fleece.' And 'it was a dream to see the diversity of the courses': peacocks in their pride; swans and pheasants 'all decked in their plumages as though in life'; high castles and wild men; monsters and chymæras; knights and syrens of the sea, 'with all other things which at that season it was possible to obtain.' Nor, amid all the dignity and splendour of the pageant, was the Count Palatine himself an unimportant figure. For Charles had decreed that

¹ 'The Count Palatine . . . is to marry the daughter of the great Captain Gonsalvo Ferrandes. It is said, however, that the Cardinal of Toledo has made the same match for Count Porsayn, Chièvres' nephew.' Letter of Spinelli to Brian Tuke, *L. and P. Henry VIII.*, vol. ii. pt. ii. This is later alluded to by Tunstal as the cause of Chièvres' jealousy and Frederick's downfall.

² Sandoval says that Chièvres persuaded Charles 'to hold a chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, where many undeserving persons were admitted to that honour, which brought much odium and disgrace upon William de Croy.'

he should rank next after Francis of France and Ferdinand of Austria, and in their absence he took the precedence of all the newly created knights.

Finally, the boy had chosen above all others the company of his much-loved friend on his approaching expedition to Spain.

For the time had come when Charles must leave the Netherlands for the south. It was the year 1517. Ferdinand the Catholic had been dead for some eighteen months, and Spain was clamouring for the presence of her King. Flanders, though still the milch-cow of his finances,¹ was henceforward to play but a secondary part in the troubled life of Charles of Austria and Castile.

So the youthful sovereign betook him with all his court, including Eleonore and Frederick, to the seaport of Middelburg in Zeeland. There had been, indeed, some idea of leaving the Princess behind as Regent of the Netherlands. Though her powers of governing might not, at the immature age of eighteen, be great, her presence would, it was thought, promote and maintain the necessary affection between the Flemish people and their absent ruler. Moreover, her selection would prevent the possibility of the reinstatement in the regency of the Duchess Margaret, and this to the Croy party, who were the instigators of the alternative plan, was a matter of considerable moment. Eleonore, however, was decidedly averse from the idea, having no mind to be left in the dreary Low Countries while her brother, and still more her lover, were disporting themselves in Spain. She had therefore conceived the ingenious notion of softening Charles's heart through the medium of a Spanish serenade,²

¹ In 1543, the captains of Charles's army decided in a council of war 'qu'il valait mieux pour l'Empereur garder le certain, qui était sa vache de Flandre, que de se mettre au hasard de conquérir l'incertain, qui était la ville d'Alger.' (*Voy. des Souv. des Pays-Bas*, vol. iii. p. 441.)

² The Spanish archives contain a poem written by Sancho Cota, the secretary of Eléonore, for his mistress to use on this important occasion. Cf. Moeller.

by which means—singing beneath his window on a clear May night—she delicately conveyed to the tyrant a portion at least of her griefs and desires. The young King, who loved both music and his sister, was melted at once, and the project of the regency was abandoned. Possibly, even, his clemency may have required no great amount of persuasion, since important news had recently arrived of the death of Queen Mary of Portugal, and more weighty plans for the future of Eleonore were already afoot.

Charles reached Middelburg, by way of Bruges and Sluys, on July 4, and took up his abode in its massive and ancient Abbey. The ladies did not arrive till two days later. Having to pass over the Scheldt from Bouchaute to Flushing—‘and since women are commonly fearful,’—they had waited for a better wind : ‘in the which, verily, they were not disappointed, for, half an hour after they had started, there sprang up a very rude wind, by means whereof the waves and billows rose so exceedingly that they were right well washed. Yet, thanks be to God, they were in no other danger, save that the more tender and timorous felt a little sea-sick, whereby they were constrained to nourish the codfish. Let this not displease my hearers,’ adds the historian¹ apologetically, ‘for it is spoken without ill intent and in all reverence ; but it chanced just so ; and moreover, it is a mishap which often befalls many. God knows in how short a time these dames and damsels became devout, invoking God to their assistance and His very worthy Mother, with ample store of saints : each one given up to her devotions, protesting and promising that, if they might but escape without hurt from this perilous passage, they would thenceforward fast on each Friday in honour of the Passion, or on Saturday for love of the Virgin Mary.’ The great wind, however, ‘pushed the ladies along,’ and, thus navigated, they came to the

¹ Laurent Vital.

desired land, where they mounted into chariots and fared joyfully to Middelburg.

Here a noble armada was in readiness for the voyagers, the Palatine, especially, having furnished his ship with high heart and hope, and little thought for webs or spiders. But the winds were unpropitious, and three months were to pass before the royal galleys hoisted sail, while the vessel of Frederick was destined never to confront the rocky coasts of Spain.

For the moment, however, the Palsgrave's skies appeared still clear and shining. Charles's ministers were engaged in unavailing regrets over the bad impression which this delay would doubtless cause among his new subjects, and Charles himself was occupied with the important problem of how best to pass the idle weeks, without quitting this dreary shore and thereby awakening the jealousy and suspicion of the Spaniards. Indeed, few of the company supposed that the expedition would ever really start, seeing that it was nearly two years since the King of Aragon had deceased, and that for sixteen months 'they had ever talked of departing, but done nothing.' Charles seems to have shared the impression. Yet, 'despite the evil and infected marine air,' he decided to stay till the winds should amend, or till it should be so late in the season that it could truly be said that he had done his utmost to set out.¹

So in this Island of Walcheren the Court remained, taking their pastime within such a limit as would permit them, should the wind change, to return in one day to Middelburg. The farthest expedition seems to have been to 'the pleasant place of Westhoven,' a country residence near the outer coast of the island, where Charles lodged for many nights together with his sister Eleonore, the Count Palatine, the Seigneur de

¹ 'The King asserts he will go, even if it be in winter,' writes Tunstal to Wolsey. (*L. and P. Henry VIII.*, vol. ii, pt. ii.)

Chièvres and many others of the Court. 'It was a very lovely station,' says Laurent, 'all close to the dunes, lying in a fair and strong country. On the one side are warrens full of wild coneys, and on the other are girths and thick hedges, furnished with ditches to make the country so much the stronger; on the third side are part gardens and part goodly meadows; and on the fourth are the lands for labour, which bring in every year (if not lying fallow) more produce to one acre of land than to an acre and a half of the best soil anywhere else.' Beyond the warrens and against the dunes were the sands of the sea, 'firm, fair and level for to walk upon when the tide was out; and it was a pleasure, in the evening as in the morning, to find oneself far from the roads, and to hear the little birds sing which lurked in these girdles and hedge-rows. Wherefore the lordships remained there willingly.'

At other times Charles and his company would go to inspect the waiting fleet at Arnemuyden,¹ and row in 'botequins' to visit the artillery—'marvellous beautiful and abundant'—and the sumptuous lodgings which had been prepared for the Court. In the vessels they were feasted with sweetmeats of fruit or 'almonds with biscuit very exquisite,' and then they fared about in their boats, 'with great store of oars, navigating with flags unfurled,' each boat having its banner blazoned with the arms of the captain of the great ship to which it belonged. 'Thus they went playing about upon the water before Arnemuyden, performing the *limichon*,² as the soldiers are wont to do; and the King, who led the business, went in front,

¹ The Cardinal Louis of Aragon visited Charles at Middelburg during these three months, and his secretary, Beatis, saw 'about three hundred barques, Biscayan, English, Portuguese, Flemish, and Breton, besides a few great ships, and certain covered barques which they call *carruche* (*chaloupes*), which were innumerable.'

² A wheeling movement used by cavalry to harass the enemy. Artus d'Embry describes how the attendants at a feast, '*faisoient passer tous les plats devant les convives comme une compagnie de gens de guerre qui voudroit faire le limaçon.*' (*Desc. de l'isle des hermaprodites.*)

and the other boats followed. And to have the honour of navigating the best and the most cunningly, it is not to be told how each strove to row the hardest, to each boat being twenty-six or thirty rowers, and great store of trumpets, tabourines, pipes and horns of Germany.' As each great ship was passed the artillery went off, 'so that God could not have been heard thundering': and they smacked right well of war, adds Vital, who was in the forefront of the business, being privileged to carry the King's cloak against the rain. To witness this sport the folk flocked to the sea-shore by thousands, following along the dykes to see the struggles of the sailors: 'and when they passed their neighbours it cannot be told what shouting there was, or how the trumpets sounded to the annoyed ones. For they made great effort and diligence to pass one another, even as though their lives depended on it, or as if there had been a great prize to be won by the best navigator.'

Thus Charles and his Court found for themselves no inconsiderable degree of pleasure and diversion during the long delay, while to Frederick the presence of his beloved doubtless touched the barren sands to gold. But the Palsgrave's evil hour was upon him. And this was how it came.

While the company, brilliant as a night of stars, were still waiting for the north wind 'to lighten their sails and push them from the shore,' the thoughts of Frederick had fallen anxiously on the dangers of so long and perilous a voyage, and on the grievous fact that he must needs journey on a different vessel from his beloved, whence he could afford her neither comfort nor support. He was also greatly disturbed by the rumour that was now spreading round the Court that the Princess was shortly to be affianced to the King of Portugal. So, with more passion than prudence, he urged Eleonore to seek a private interview with her brother in his oratory during the Feast of the Assumption, and to reveal the whole

matter, by imploring him to give his consent to their marriage. Then, to stiffen the courage of his lady, which he probably knew to be weak, he set himself—in his own words—to ‘break her head’ by the multitude of his worrying letters. The most of these seem to have been received in safety, but one was fated to wreck the fortunes of its writer. ‘*Ma mie*,’ it ran, ‘I think that when the uncle [of Portugal] knows what your will is in this business, he will have you spoken to, to make you change your mind. Wherefore be on your guard. Whatever may be the answer that you wish to give, give it without further difficulties, and without asking for fresh delays to ponder the matter. It seems to me that it would be well for you to declare to those who approach you on the subject that your will is no otherwise than you have already made known to the uncle. *Ma mignonne*, my good and my ill lie in your hands. I do not say that things have gone so far as many people dare to declare. But so far have they gone, that if you do not keep faith, even should I wish to remain in the service, I should yet, from no fault of my own, be dismissed. For this cause I beg you to have courage for yourself and for me. It can be done if your wish is to it. For I am ready, and I ask no other thing than that I should be yours and that you should be mine. The which I pray God and the Blessed Virgin to bring about by the help of their grace and blessing. *Ma mie*, be not displeased if I break your head with so many tiresome letters.’¹

This manly letter—the last sentences of which atone for the slight and perhaps salutary sternness of the remainder—was duly conveyed by a page to Eleonore. ‘Hiding it in her bosom behind gold and precious jewels, she pressed it,’ writes Hubertus with romantic sympathy, ‘in the stead of the Palsgrave to

¹ This is taken from the original letter preserved in the *fonds de Simancas*, and given by Prof. Moeller in his life of Eleonore. Hubertus’ version is a little different. See Illustrative Notes, 54.

her heart (*inter illa duo rotunda poma*)' until such time as she could read it in some secret spot. But the propitious moment never arrived. The Princess had unfortunately entrusted one of her ladies-in-waiting with the secret, and this woman now treacherously revealed to the Chamberlain the existence of the paper. Chièvres instantly opened the whole matter to his master, placing the worst interpretation upon the tale of love and enlarging upon the immense political advantages of an alliance with the King of Portugal.

Charles went at once to his sister, who had as yet found no moment wherein to read the letter. To the customary inquiry after her health she replied that she was well. 'Yet meseems,' retorted the King, 'that your bosom is more round than usual.' Saying this, and placing his arm with brotherly solicitude about her person, he plunged his hand into her dress and seized the letter which lay there. Eleonore, blushing to scarlet, sought to recover it. But Charles retained possession of the unlucky document, and, despite her indignant struggles, bore it away, declaring, 'I shall see what these things mean.' He read it in the company of Chièvres and other ill-wishers of Frederick, growing each moment more embittered by their misleading interpretations.¹ Pale with anger, he concealed his feelings until alone in an inner chamber with the two chief conspirators; but then, seizing his dagger, which by reason of his youth he could not yet rightly wield, he swore to run the Palsgrave through.

Frederick was told of the terrible occurrence, yet, driven by his love, went instantly to the Princess's lodgings in the Abbey. Everything seemed to be quiet, but he was treated as a suspect by the guards and with difficulty admitted. When he came to the

¹ 'Which letter the king found in my Lady Eleanor's bosom himself, saying that the said Count had shrewdly recompensed him for the good choice that he hath had, to demand of his sister marriage, not making him privy.' (Letter of Tunstall to Wolsey, August 27.)

window where the lovers were accustomed to bid one another good-night, Eleonore looked out and invited him to enter, assuring him that there was no danger. The Palsgrave, however, who knew better than she the incriminating contents of the letter, replied that the peril was great, and, wishing her a last good-night, departed, sword in hand, to his dwelling, 'deeming each one whom he met to be an assassin sent by Charles.'

Meanwhile the rumour had rushed round the Court, and this was soon divided into two fiercely contending parties. But the most of Frederick's former flatterers now 'reviled, abused, hated and despised him who but a moment before they had so highly loved, honoured, and esteemed.' His lodgings, which formerly had swarmed at meal-times like a bee-hive, appeared now dead and desolate. His servants were shunned of all men, and he himself sat with nor counsel nor courage, unknowing whether to fly or stay. His page, the confidant of his love, was at his wits' end, thinking only of the present and pressing danger, but the worthy old steward, who had dealt with him so faithfully in the time of his prosperity, now exhorted him to patience and a manly bearing. Nor was this unnecessary, since it was even rumoured that his master intended to punish him with imprisonment. The Lady Eleonore also sat in her room weeping tears of bitterness, and closing her ears to the consolations of her women. She appears, however, to have made up her mind, with a reasonable if unromantic swiftness, that entire submission to her brother's will was now the only possible course.

Chièvres visited both the delinquents. To the Princess, who roundly denied all the accusations that were brought against her, he was exceedingly gentle, giving her the comfortable assurance that her brother was inclined, on account of her so great youth, to excuse her fault. But on the Palatine he poured the full measure of his revengeful scorn. He was amazed, he declared, that a noble of such inferior rank should

have dared to raise his eyes to one of the greatest princesses of the earth, and no chastisement could be too great for so gross a presumption. He brought with him, moreover, Frederick's condign dismissal from the royal service, together with a prohibition from entering Spain; and so 'he left him with a sneering smile.'

Frederick was possessed, however, of one faithful friend. This was his cousin, the Dowager Princess of Orange, a woman of excellent sense and universal respect. Hearing of the crisis, she went hot-foot to Charles, only to find him in the company of Chièvres and Lannoy, 'who wore indeed a mourning countenance, but in their innermost hearts were leaping for joy at the fine outcome of their plan.'

The Princess reproached the King—who was after all but a beardless boy¹—with intrepidity and vigour. 'I hear with astonishment,' she remarked, 'that your Majesty proposes to bring the Palsgrave to shame because of his love to your sister, although he has deserved from you and your family so different a fate.' Had not all in the Court known of this love for the space of two years? Had not the very children in the streets sung of it? Why then had the King not shown opposition from the beginning? And was it, after all, so great a crime for a young prince of noble race to woo Eleonore in honourable love?² Charles would indeed be caught in a snare if he dared to put Frederick in prison, for assuredly the power of the Palsgraves of the Rhine was not yet so exhausted that they could not revenge themselves. How could the German princes ever again trust one who, though not

¹ Beatis describes Charles as 'very young.' 'Although he has a long and haggard face, and a hanging mouth which, when he is not thinking of it, he is wont to keep open, and though the underlip is always underhung, yet his countenance gives the impression of dignity, charm, and the utmost majesty. He is very well grown, with long straight legs, not to be bettered in a man of his rank, and he has a good seat on a horse.'

² 'The said letter was but honest, concerning matters of love and her marriage,' writes Spinelli to Henry VIII. (*L. and P.*, vol. ii. pt. ii.)

yet out of his fifteenth year, had ordained so cruel a punishment for so light an offence? By such a deed he would bring to nothing all the plans of Maximilian, who had so long wrought in secret to ensure the succession of his grandson. 'See to it,' she concluded, 'that you do not hereby open all too widely the door of the Empire to the King of France, who yearns ever thereafter.'

Charles at these words whispered in the ear of Chièvres, who took the angry lady by the hand, and, leading her on one side, spoke long and confidentially 'with bended head.' It was absolutely necessary, he told her, that the affection between the Prince and his sister should be severed without delay. First, because of the extreme importance, at this juncture, of the alliance with Portugal. King Emmanuel, being an old man, 'humpbacked and crook-legged, very like a monster,' the Lady Eleonore would certainly never marry him while so comely and upright a bridegroom as the Palsgrave was to be had. Nor would the king care to ally himself with a lady who bore love to so goodly a young prince. The second reason was concerned with the vexed question of the succession to the Empire. The Palatinate was certain to demand a very large sum in return for its influence; but if Frederick were disgraced, all claims would be abandoned for the sake of regaining the Imperial favour.

The Princess of Orange answered nothing to these chilly and calculating arguments, but sighed heavily and withdrew. And a few days later, despairing of success, she sent for the Palsgrave, and, with bitter irony, counselled him to find in France a rich bride of royal blood. Charles declined (or was not permitted) to see his former friend,¹ but before his departure

¹ According to Spinelli the severity lay wholly with Charles, who refused to listen to the representations of the Archduchess Margaret, of the Prince of Orange, and even of Chièvres himself. Tunstal is less positive. The King would listen to no intercession in the Count Palatine's favour, but whether this was of his own mind or not, he (Tunstal) cannot say. (*L. and P. Henry VIII.*, vol. ii. pt. ii.)

bound him over not to take service under any other master for the space of one year, to which, in the hope of a speedy reconciliation and reunion with his beloved, Frederick readily assented.

And now at length, in the second week of September, the north wind blew, and the pilots, 'seeing that the air was clear and the night filled with stars that glistered,' advised immediate departure. The whole country-side was forthwith in a ferment. 'Each one sought to convey his baggages on to the sea with as much effort and as great diligence as when in a burning house one runneth to water.' All the provisions of the fleet had already been devoured, whence every vessel had to be completely re-victualled. But in a few hours this was so abundantly accomplished that long after the company arrived in Castile they were still eating their fat Flemish stores in preference to the meagre fare of Spain. The Princess Eleonore was well guarded, with Madame de Chièvres for her lady of honour, on the King's own ship, whose every mast was topped with armings and slung with great square banners, while all the sails, even to the smallest, were painted on both sides with 'many goodly paintings and pious images' of such saints as 'are often invoked against the perils and dangers of the sea.'

Thus protected the fleet set forth, and 'I dare to say,' boasts Vital, 'that for the twelve days that the King held the sea, he was, after God and the saints, its lord and master, reducing all that he met and found to his obedience.' The ships followed him 'gaily and bravely' in two long wings, 'even as one may often have seen storks flying.' Nor was it a light matter to behold this armament—'some forty great and mighty vessels, the best that could be found whether in Castile, France, England or elsewhere, seeming at a distance no other than castles on the water'—thus striding the sea to Spain. 'Verily, it was a triumphant thing to see these ships clearing and mastering the

water, and passing more swiftly onward than a horse at full pace.' Yet Laurent himself was forced later to acknowledge that there was a world of mystery beyond the jurisdiction of even this 'gentle and mighty sovereign,' and when the royal huntsman caught two dolphins, fashioned in all ways like unto humans, 'I truly believe,' he says humbly, 'that in the sea there is abundance of infinitely admirable things, whereof God alone hath knowledge.'

Thus, therefore, was Frederick left desolate. 'The lovely young Princess, with her goodly grace—so affable that all which she did became her, and she was a pleasure to hear and behold'—was swept off to Spain, and from thence to the crooked arms of the aged Emmanuel, already twice her uncle.¹ 'And in this powerful kingdom she utterly forgot the Palsgrave. So grievous an ending had the love of these two.'

Frederick himself turned his face sadly towards prosaic Germany, while Charles, the youthful tyrant, obtained his first recognition as a ruler of men in the high Court of European diplomacy. 'Upon this his constancy into a like affair,' wrote Spinelli to Henry VIII., 'many do conject in him good stomak and couraggy, and how that he shall not lightly forget the offences, and how he will be fast in his determynacions, and much extime the honnor of the worlde.'²

Yet the romance, though in abeyance, was by no means at an end.

III

For a time, then, Frederick's wanderings ceased, and he spent a disconsolate year in the seclusion of the Palatinate, administering the inheritance that had

¹ Emmanuel 'the Fortunate' had married two aunts of Charles V. : Isabella and Maria, daughters of Ferdinand and Isabella. 'A strange medley of relations,' as Peter Heylyn would say.

² *L. and P. Henry VIII.*, vol. ii. pt. ii.

fallen to him at his father's death and attending to the education of three young and fatherless nephews.¹ But fate had not destined him to a resting life, and he soon reappears at the Court of Maximilian, basking once more in the full sunshine of Imperial favour. The Emperor, chivalrous and romantic to the last, wholly dissociated himself from his grandson's cold-blooded act. 'We are brothers of one Order, the Golden Fleece,' he declared, 'and it is my will that we should draw yet nearer to one another in friendship, yea, that we should establish between us an indissoluble bond of love.'

It must be admitted that this gracious geniality did not spring solely from the swift impulse of a generous heart, and that Maximilian, the penniless 'king of kings,'² whose position of impotent and penurious glory is one of the greater ironies of history, thoroughly realised the importance to the house of Hapsburg of the powerful house of Wittelsbach. It was not long, indeed, before the Emperor's 'most secret secretary' was judiciously probing the views of his guest, and Thomas's account of the interview gives an interesting glimpse of the internal diplomacies necessary to the overlord of this strange congeries of forces so curiously termed an Empire.

Having begun by assuring Frederick that Maximilian had had no part nor lot in the recent unfriendly behaviour of Charles, the secretary went on to remind him of a conversation that had taken place shortly after the death of Philip, in which the Emperor had spoken pathetically of his age, his poverty, and his

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 55.

² The King of France, he was wont himself to declare, was a king of asses, because his subjects would bear any burden he imposed upon them; the King of Spain a king of men, since they only obeyed him in what was reasonable; the King of England a king of angels, for he commanded them but what was just and fair, whereas they, on their side, obeyed him willingly and rightly. But the Emperor he called a king of kings, 'because they obey us when they please.' (Vehse.) Peter Heylyn, in telling the anecdote, calls the King of England *rex diabolorum*, 'because of his subjects' often insurrections.'

desire to lay down the intolerable burden of the State, and had begged the Palsgrave to suggest a suitable successor. 'Speak, my dear friend,' he had concluded, 'as if my life were already at an end: what German prince would you choose, who could, from his own resources, defray the expenses of the Empire? I myself know of no one suitable, save the Elector Frederick of Saxony or Duke William of Bavaria.'

The Palsgrave, who quickly realised the point of the conversation, had hastened to reply that, for his part, he knew of one strong enough and worthy enough to take upon him the heaviest of burdens. "'Who is that? who is that?'" asked Maximilian, 'repeating his words, as he was wont to do when he particularly wanted to know something'; and hereupon Frederick, with courtly zeal, had suggested the name of the Imperial grandson, Charles of Austria, 'who deserves the lordship not only of this German Empire, but of the whole world.' 'He would have added a good deal more,' continues Hubertus, had not the Emperor 'regarded him so sternly and angrily that the veins stood out in his neck, and exclaimed: "If you are in earnest in what you say, I can only suppose that you care neither for me, nor for my house, nor for my grandson, and particularly wish us all to go to the bottom together."¹ How can you desire that my grandson should take upon him a burden under which I have been almost crushed, and for whose sake my forefathers have thrust their princely house into such debts that we can scarce win free? The Imperial dignity is regarded as a mighty glory; yet it is but the shadow of an empire, whence cometh neither profit nor honour, and nothing save the mockery of the people."²

As the Emperor seemed so gravely displeased, Frederick had abstained from replying, though he saw well enough, adds the annalist humorously, that his

¹ 'Funditus perditos percipere.'

² See Illustrative Notes, 56.

suzerain's anger arose not from any objection to seeing the Archduke Charles raised to the throne, but from annoyance at having his private thoughts thus dragged to the light. 'For the Emperor Maximilian ever imagined that his plans would be frustrated if any one else were of the same opinion with him.' As a matter of fact several gentlemen of the Court had come later to the offender, explaining this characteristic of their master, and counselling him to be in no way disturbed.

All this the secretary now recalled to Frederick's mind, rehearsing even the anger of Maximilian at the Palsgrave's unexpected and unwelcome suggestion. 'Yet,' he continued blandly, 'so soon as the Emperor had returned to Austria, and thought over your words, he said to himself: Palsgrave Frederick is certainly young, but he is also very sensible and cannot wish evil to me and mine; and since he is not accustomed to speak words of flattery, he cannot assuredly have said this without special cause. Now I the Emperor am undoubtedly old, and should have become wise by experience; but how if it were with me as the common proverb hath it: that in his own affairs no man is clever, but rather exceedingly blind?' So the arguments in favour of Charles were brought forward in overwhelming abundance, and the certain disaster of any alternative election painted in the most lurid colours. 'And on whom,' was the moving conclusion, 'if not on me, Maximilian, would the blame be laid, that I for my own selfish profit had neglected what might serve the common good? No longer should I be regarded as a pious Emperor.'

The Palsgrave, in short, was undoubtedly the man who could most clearly foresee and provide for the best interests of the Empire, he alone and unassisted—inspired without doubt from heaven—having discovered the means of salvation for Germany. And on this dreamlike foundation was builded an airy castle, that would have taken a harder heart than Frederick's

to destroy. 'So the good Prince gave assurance that he was still of the same way of thinking, and ready to do all for the honour and elevation of the House of Austria, and especially in the matter of procuring the Imperial honour for King Charles; and that no one was to dream for a moment that because of the events of Middelburg he was not well disposed to him. He knew himself that the guilt lay not with King Charles, but with the enviers and ill-wishers of the Court.' Frederick was hereupon summoned to the presence of his suzerain, who came the whole length of the room to meet him, took him by the right hand, and led him along, thanking him for his good-will, and declaring that he would ever regard him as the first and most distinguished of his friends.

Here, then, was Frederick once more on the top of the wave. Yet, as before, his exaltation was as brief as it was brilliant; for, only a few months after these genial assurances had been given, Maximilian was lying in the coffin which had been for so long the companion of his travels, and Germany was the poorer, if not of a consummate ruler, at least of a pilot and a friend.¹ 'And I need not say,' comments Hubertus, 'how sorely Palsgrave Frederick grieved thereat; for fate had again broken his loveliest hopes in their flowering.'

The prospect certainly seemed gloomy enough, for now again the vindictive Charles was master of Frederick's fate. But the position of affairs was wholly altered since the days of Middelburg, and the good-will of the Palatinate was even more necessary to Charles than to Maximilian. The Holy Roman Crown was, so to speak, at auction, and the bidding was as lively as it was various. The Kings of both France and England were competing; not a few of

¹ 'He was a good prince,' declared the famous French captain, Fleurange, 'and he wakened Christianity. If he could not perform a thing himself, at least he showed the way to others.' 'He possesses the confidence of the nation more than any of his predecessors for a hundred years,' wrote Francesco Vettori, the Florentine ambassador.

the German princes had personal hopes and ambitions; while many, even of Charles's own household and family, were inclined to support the candidature of his brother Ferdinand. Soon, therefore, the hand of friendship and honour was held out to Frederick, and in an autograph letter¹ he was promised a warmer favour than in even the happiest moments of the past. So the Palsgrave, who was a guileless soul, and really loved both his Charles and the House of Austria, forgave the harsh arrogance of his dismissal, and strove loyally and to the utmost in their behalf, even stealing into Frankfort in disguise—an unprecedented act of hardihood—for the purpose of keeping the princes, and especially his brother, to their pledges. It was, in fact, owing in no small degree to his exertions that the election of Charles V. was at last successfully accomplished, and he it was who was sent by the Electors, with all the glorious circumstance that a travelling allowance of 24,000 gold florins could procure, to bear the news to Spain.

Frederick found Charles at Molin del Rey, where the new Emperor had taken refuge from the plague that had broken out in Barcelona; and so perfect was now the reconciliation between the two princes that for the next many months they were inseparable companions. Together they journeyed about Castile and Aragon, attended the Cortes at Compostella, and paid their devotions to the shrine of St. James. Together they took ship at Corunna, landed at Dover, rode to Canterbury, and (on Whit Monday, May 20, 1520) participated in the great banquet prepared in the Archbishop's Palace by King Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine of Aragon.² And together they

¹ In a letter to the Regent Margaret, dated Barcelona, February 22, 1519, Charles expresses the hope that the two good letters, which he has written with his own hand to the Count Palatine Frederick, will incline him and his brother to persevere in the promise which they have made.

² Frederick is reported by a Venetian eye-witness of this banquet to have been privileged to present the towel, when the three Majesties washed their hands in the same gold basin; and to have been paired

crossed from Sandwich to Flushing, foregathered once more with the English sovereigns at Calais, and passed summer days in perhaps not unhumorous reminiscence amid the once familiar haunts of the Netherlands. With Charles, finally, Frederick went to Aix-la-Chapelle to play his lesser part in the great ceremony of coronation, that formed the splendid outcome of his own not insignificant labours on his friend's behalf. This entire journey was, however, one of state and diplomacy, pertaining more to the history of the Emperor and of Europe than to that of the Palsgrave, and Hubertus accordingly hurries on to a more congenial theme.

The most important result of Frederick's renewed favour was his appointment as Imperial Statthalter, or President of the Council of Regency, in conjunction with the Archduke Ferdinand, who, it was said, was still too young and too ignorant of German to fill the post alone. For the better furtherance of his new duties, Frederick took up his residence in Nüremberg, where the Council had for the time being its abode. Now this city—the Nüremberg of Albrecht Dürer¹ and Hans Sachs—was famous, even in that pleasure-loving age, for its pleasures, and, to the genial and gregarious prince, it soon became a very Circean Island of joy. Affable to all the world, to the ladies he was flame-warm. 'Not once did he resist the blandishments of any female.' Daily he was invited

at table with a daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. The feast itself was cheerful. Behind all the ladies' chairs stood enamoured youths (*giovani innamorati*), who 'played the lovers' part so bravely, that nothing could have been better (*nihil supra*), one of them making love with such lively zeal that he was finally carried out in a swoon. The eating lasted for four hours, after which the company danced The Gloves of Spain, 'with a very gay finale to the sound of the fife,' till daylight dawned. (*State Papers, Venetian*, vol. iii., and cf. Baumgarten.)

¹ It was now that Albrecht Dürer drew the portrait of the Palsgrave that faces page 372. For a description of the city and its 'unzalbar heuser,' see Hans Sachs's delightful *Loßspruch der Stadt Nürnberg*:

'. . . . Ein blüender rosegart,
Den Got ihm selber hat bewart.'

to splendid festivities, which the burgher beauties, living in idleness and superfluity, knew well how to make attractive. And daily there came many lovely damsels to his mansion. 'But truly,' adds Hubertus in extenuation, 'the ladies of Nüremberg were so well practised and exercised in such matters that [like the ladies of Spain] they could have moved the very rocks.'¹ In any case Frederick soon became so exceedingly popular that there was no one—the citizens themselves declared—'no man, no woman, no child, who did not esteem and love him even to the point of worship; while to hear the common folk speak of him was verily an amazement. And they thanked God aloud that He permitted such a sovereign to hold court in their city, which had hitherto lain as though in sleep, and been concerned with naught save commerce and usury; whereas now, through his presence, they were awakened and ready to be joyful.' At Christmastide he took part in their maskeries, and, thrusting aside all serious thought, 'gave himself over, as Hannibal in Capua, to delights.' Finally his brother, the Elector, came to visit him, and the city went mad with joy. The streets swarmed with the populace, which was allowed, for the diversion of the Palsgraves, to take its pleasure where it would. Butchers, tanners, spicers, cooks—all went hither and thither, in silken dresses and golden chains, dancing, singing and leaping. The most marvellous banquets were arranged.² And the Princes never noticed that, by these artifices, the Nürembergers were drawing all their money to themselves. Moreover, this further and greater misfortune befell Frederick, 'that in the midst of his joy (as he fancied it) at being so loved of all men, unwittingly he was himself also wounded by

¹ When Heinz von Rambach writes to Friedrich of Brandenburg to complain that the Elector has given a bad character of him to his wife: 'Now had I behaved,' he adds, 'as did your Grace at Nuremberg with the apothicaress, the lace-makeress, and many other ladies . . . you might well have called me names.' (*Privatbriefe*.)

² Cf. Überhorst, *Nürnberg's Volksbelustigungen*. Leipzig, 1876.

the dart of love for a certain lovely lady, and it becomes me not to say how much she cost him, and how many banquets by day and night he was fain to give her, before she yielded.'

The Palsgrave's exchequer grew, in consequence, exceedingly empty, and to replenish it the most of his lands and properties soon passed into the clutches of the said merry wives' usurious husbands. Added to this, difficulties both of dignity and of responsibility were constantly arising between himself and his coadjutor the Archduke Ferdinand.¹ So, all things considered, he shortly deemed it wise to relinquish his uneasy honours, and to retire to such of his lands as remained to him.

Frederick now entered upon a somewhat gloomy period of his career, for the next two or three years were mainly passed in praiseworthy but not very successful endeavours to check the devastations and remedy the disasters of those two scourges of Southern Germany, the War of the Knights and the War of the Peasants. Even his lighter moments, moreover, were occupied by the unhilarious task of improving his fellow-men, since this was the moment when the less riotous princes of the Empire were awaking to the drawbacks of what Coryat calls the 'noble carousing' of their nation.

Germany, in fact, had become the helpless and sodden prey of the habit of 'equal-drinking.' Men, women and children, none were exempt from the melancholy duties of the circling bumper. Parents, it was declared, shook wine over their babies in the

¹ Sandoval gives a curious account of Ferdinand in his youth: 'He would bear Hardship, could dissemble, lov'd Hunting, was a strict Observer of Justice and Truth, but no way generous; affected some Arts, as painting, graving, and above all casting, particularly of great Guns, and trying of them. He delighted to hear History read, especially Feats of Arms; was so bold that he fear'd nothing; would eat too much; delighted in mad People and strange Birds; was rather weak than strong, and had such witty expressions when a Child that all persons admir'd him, yet when grown up a Man he had nothing of it.'

cradle, lest these should be backward in learning their liquid lesson; and the smallest schoolboy was expected to be a 'strong and invincible professor' in the art. 'Every country has its own devil,' said Luther: 'our German devil is a good bottle of wine, and is called Swill.'

So certain princes, including the Palsgraves of the Rhine, set out gallantly on the road to reform. If no man was to be forbidden the privilege of drink, at least no man should be forced to share that privilege against his will. A splendid entertainment in the form of a crossbow contest, such as the souls of Germans loved,¹ was arranged at Heidelberg, and there—in the 'lovely great meadow behind the city wall, looking to the mountains'—twenty princes and innumerable nobles and burghers were put to contend for prizes. And it was under these amiable and invigorating conditions that the regulations were drawn up. 'It was ordained,' says Hubertus, 'that from thenceforward equal full-drinking should no longer be esteemed, and that no man should exact it from another whether by challenging with a whole or half bumper, by words or by nods, or by any other sign soever; that contrariwise every one should be free to take to himself so much as his nature demanded.'

The regulations were exceedingly strict, and for a time there was a certain improvement in the districts governed by the princes who were present.² But it was a forlorn and fleeting hope. 'It was verily a holy ordinance,' concludes old Thomas, 'and it is a disgrace that a man should have to write for how short a time

¹ 'The Germans have a commendable exercise of shooting at a butt with crosbowes and harquebuzes. For which sport the better sorte and their very princes with them . . . meete upon sett dayes . . . The place where they shoote is an open terras covered over the head, the butt lying open uncovered. . . . And howsoever the butt at which they shoote be large, with much earth cast up behynde it, yet my selfe at Heydelberg (saw) divers wounded with shaftes and bulletts sometymes missing the butt, and then by casualty hitting them.' (*Shakespeare's Europe.*)

² Cf. Voigt.

it was maintained. But this evil vice of drinking is so deeply implanted in the Germans, that naught can remedy it. Yea, it has come to this, that to drink well and strongly is looked upon no more as a vice but as an honour, and whoso does not join will at feasts be well mocked and laughed at, even as, in days of yore with the Milesians, he was of no account who acted with uprightness.' It must be added, indeed, that, according to the worthy annalist's own account, the princes themselves were but half-hearted in the matter, for with admirable candour he adduces another and most cogent reason for their sudden zeal for reform: 'that it should not be said that so much was expended for play alone, and to prevent the folk from saying (as they already did) that it was incredible that so many princes should come together for no other purpose than diversion.'¹

IV

MEANWHILE the Palsgrave had a dearer preoccupation. For his thoughts were again intent on the Lady Eleonore. During all these years he had kept an alert eye on the failing health of 'the monster of Portugal': and now at length Emmanuel had suitably deceased. It was suggested, too, that not only might his far Princess be still inclined towards him, and her brother find a more lenient mood, but also that, where once she had been poor, now she was rich.

All this relit in Frederick's breast 'the glimmering flame' of his youthful passion, and, hastily casting to the winds all thought of the lovely lady of Nuremberg, he wrote the famous letter of appeal that gained for him the services of the clerkly Hubertus. He had first, indeed, sought the aid of 'that excellent man Tetanius Frisius, who was doctor in both faculties, and assessor of the Imperial Chamber of Justice'; but this dignitary had proved but a broken reed, and Thomas had been

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 57.

summoned in his stead. 'So I hastened *propere* to Nüremberg,' declares the annalist, filled with a pleasant sense of his own importance, 'and so soon as the Prince was aware of me he gave me his hand and bade me welcome.' Frederick postponed the important task for a few days, bidding Hubertus meanwhile to 'make good cheer.' At length, however, the matter was expounded, and the document composed.

But in vain was the net spread for that dainty bird: 'in vain was the letter sent to Spain and to Eleonore.' For although one royal impediment had been removed, another had appeared to take his place. Francis I. had been made prisoner at Pavia; and on this reluctant monarch Charles had determined to bestow his widowed sister's hand.¹ 'She, for her part,' writes Hubertus, not without bitterness, 'was anxious only to be once more called a queen.' It had been an excellent plan, 'only that nothing came of it.'

The Palsgrave, unaware of the new complication, decided to set out in person for Spain, to renew and press his suit with the Emperor, and with this intent he started from Heidelberg at Eastertide of the year 1526. But in France Frederick heard rumours of the projected marriage, and soon the distressing intelligence was confirmed by the newly released prisoner and bridegroom-elect in person. For at Amboise the Palsgrave learned that Francis, having 'runne without stay'² from the hated Spanish frontier, was staying with his mother, Louise of Savoy, at Cognac;³ and he

¹ Eleonore had already been promised by Charles to the Constable of Bourbon, as the price of his treachery. That a match between her and Frederick had been regarded as possible and even advisable is shown by a letter from Gasparo Contarini to the Council of Ten. The Archbishop of Capua, he writes on December 4, 1524, 'suggested another marriage to the emperor, for the adjustment of affairs in Germany, and said it would be well to marry Eleanor, Queen Dowager of Portugal, the promised wife of Bourbon, to the Count Palatine Frederick, who was in Spain of yore.' (*State Papers, Venetian*, vol. iii.)

² Guicciardini's *Historie*, tr. by Sir Geoffrey Fenton, 1579.

³ The legend runs that Francis was unexpectedly born under an elm-tree at Cognac.

at once determined to procure an audience from his royal rival. Owing to the immense throng assembled to welcome the prodigal his reception had to be postponed for a week, but Francis sent him greetings of the most friendly character, and placed at his disposal a neighbouring castle.

In point of fact, the King was busily occupied in concocting a new alliance against the Emperor, in direct contravention of the Treaty of Madrid. But of this the travellers knew nothing, and Francis is described as wholly engaged in the pious duty of healing the scrofulous by the application of the royal finger. Now this faculty was the special prerogative of the sovereigns of France, bestowed, as Hubertus tells, on an early wearer of the dignity by a grateful saint; and, at the time of the year when the illness was most common, the French King was bound to fast for four days, cleanse himself so far as might be from sinful stains, partake each morning of the Holy Sacrament, and then heal such sick as kneeled before him. The cure was accomplished by the simple act of touching the diseased necks in the form of a cross: 'the which, for good or evil, I hold for incontrovertible,' interjects Hubertus, who, as usual, regards the matter from a practical point of view, 'since Royal Majesty would not undertake the thing, if it did not duly come about.'¹ 'And this reminds me,' he presently adds with genial sarcasm, 'of how the kings of England always wish to imitate those of France.' Despite an enmity so bitter and so constant between the two nations that the English were wont to set up instead of the target a counterfeit Frenchman, teaching the boys to shoot off their arrows with the words, 'Ye must learn well how to hit the French,'² yet was England always striving to resemble and

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 58.

² Les gens de ceste nation hayent à mort les François, comme leurs vielz ennemis et du tout nous appellent *France chenesue France dogue*, qui est à dire maraultz François, chiens François, et autrement nous appellent *or son*, vilains filz de putains . . . Il me desplaît que

outdo her rival. The English kings, therefore, feeling that it was incumbent upon them to cure something, professed to have received from God the peculiar power of healing cramp in the sinews, merely by the blessing and bestowing of rings of gold and silver. 'And I only wonder why, since they give themselves out to be kings of France as well, they do not set about healing the scrofulous also, and thus verily establish their claim to the French throne.'

Disappointment does not seem to have hindered the affectionate intercourse of the two princes, and, when the healing was at an end, an amiable interview took place. The King declared himself to be immeasurably glad at his release from Spain. 'I do not believe,' he complained, 'that there is a more unfriendly people under the sun.' Not for one moment had they left him free or unwatched, spying night and day 'through peep-holes, to see that he had neither too little nor too much.' Verily, death would be preferable to a return thither. He trusted that his sons would soon be sent after him, together with his bride, who, he added sardonically, had far better have been married to the Palsgrave. And he begged 'his cousin,' so soon as he should have reached the Emperor, to do his utmost to further this matter. Francis, in fact, regarded Eleonore with extreme disfavour, though, to recover his sons, he was ready, as his own ministers declared, to marry the Emperor's mule. Frederick stayed in the castle for some days, and was then escorted out of France 'no otherwise than were he the King himself.'

The first stage of their journey took the travellers to Blaye, where rested the bones of the great Roland,

ces vilains estans en leur pays nous crachent à la face, et eulx estans à la France, on les honnore et revère comme petis dieux: en ce les François se monstrent francs de cœur et nobles d'esperit.' (Perlin.) 'Towards the French they entertain not one kindly sentiment of good will; but from some natural disposition, being very hostilely disposed, they are animated towards them with private and public feelings of enmity.' (Nicander Nucius.)

first Palsgrave of the Rhine. 'Now King Francis,' says the annalist, 'is a friend of antiquities, and on his recent return from imprisonment, he descended into the vaults, where Roland and Oliver,¹ and between them the holy Romanus, rest in a not very large grave, in order to discover whether Roland was really of such great length of body as the legend declares. He commanded that a piece should be cut out of the tomb-stone, gazed within, and had it at once closed up again with chalk. Nor did he vouchsafe one word, that it might not appear that he had undertaken this thing in vain.' Frederick, hearing of the exploit, was also seized with a desire to learn whether the bones of the hero really fitted their tomb. So the party went secretly by night and, re-opening the soft chalk hole in the side of the sarcophagus, looked in. But the giant limbs of rumour—shinbones three feet long at the least—had dwindled to a tiny heap of dust scarce two fists high, no single bone whereof loomed larger than a finger.² 'And we laid them all together again, as they had been before, and laughed at the ignorance or shameless mendacity of the monks.'

To avoid a heart-rending encounter with Eleonore, who was about to enter France, the Palsgrave determined to penetrate Spain by way of 'the Gascony deserts'; and in Bayonne he made preparations as for a journey into the wilderness, purchasing, says Hubertus complacently, 'all manner of cooking apparatus, tables and benches, pots and pans, spits and saucepans, and all things soever that pertain to cooking.' The annalist also prudently provided himself, for a small sum, with a carp weighing six-and-thirty pounds, which he fastened on to the back of a mule, 'and in all my life I have never eaten a better

¹ Cf. *supra*, page 61.

² Don Quixote would seem therefore to have been in the right, when describing Roland (seen 'with these very eyes') as 'of a meane stature, broad-shouldred, somewhat bow-legged, Abourne-bearded, his body hayrie, and his lookes threatening.'

tasting fish.' Thus furnished, they struck out boldly for 'the unfriendly land' of Spain, and fared forward through a hot and barren country, suffering by the way many grim and uncomfortable adventures, upon which the chronicler dwells with complacent and self-pitying emphasis.

In fact, the Palsgrave and his party were now to discover the difference between travelling on royal businesses and travelling on the resources of a private gentleman.¹ If Hubertus had complained before of a certain scarcity of luxuries, he now bewails the absence of every most ordinary need. Vinegar and olive-oil were, he declares, the only condiments obtainable at the inns, while the horses were starved on barley alone. All the cooking and service had, moreover, to be done by themselves, since no Spaniard would lift a finger to assist them. For bedding they thankfully snatched at straw, and for baths they surreptitiously—and seven at a time—splashed within the narrow precincts of a wine-jar. The mountains, too, were so steep that all had to climb on foot, lest worse befall them: 'and we wondered greatly how, two years ago, the French soldiers had been able to come through and bring with them great pieces of artillery, and we saw upon the heights many pieces broken and burst.' The district of Pampeluna yielded them nothing but the unburied bones of Frenchmen who had been killed in the recent war.

In the towns they seem to have fared slightly better, though even here their hours were often

¹ 'It is astonishing how dear travelling is in this country. As much is asked for giving you house-room and for the *ruydo de la casa* or the noise you make as would purchase a good supper and lodgings in the best inns, in most other parts of Europe.' (Swinburne's *Travels*.) 'These inns are sad spectacles, and the sight of them gives one a belly full. The fire is made on a hearth in the middle of the Kitchen, choked with so thick a smoke, that you would think your self in the Kennel of a Fox that the Hunters would drive out: a man or woman all in rags like a beggar, and no less lowsie, measures the wine to you.' (Van Aarssens.)

hazardous. At Cervera the authorities requested them to make no long stay, lest the bread and wine of the community should run short, and 'I verily believe,' adds Hubertus, 'they feared that so soon as food failed us we should devour themselves, for when they saw how many and various meats were prepared for so few people, they ran together from all sides, and thronged almost by force into the house to see us eat.' At Matalabres they found all the inhabitants, men, women, maidens and children, stark naked, scourging and lashing at one another's shoulders to appease a wrathful Providence and attract the tardy rain. And, since together with the Prince's arrival there came the first drops of blessed moisture that had fallen for seven months, the party was regarded as the gift of God, and nourished with cherries and partridges. In a town called Gomorra (Gomara?), to help their appetites, which were fainting from the heat, they sought to buy a mule-load of butter; but were told that so much existed not in all Castile. 'What could you use it for?' asked the spicer (*aromatarius*) wondering; and when he presently produced his entire stock—a goat's-bladder filled with repulsive grease—he explained that in that country butter was regarded merely as an excellent remedy for dressing sores.¹ In another little townlet there was such a lack of wood for firing that Hubertus and the cook, to make a blaze, tried to extract a beam from the woodwork of the ancient church. The roof, aghast at such sacrilege, at once fell in, and the adventurous couple barely escaped with their lives. Once the party invited their landlord to dinner, and fed him so generously that the indignant wife haled

¹ 'Thanks to Heaven, Lent is over, and though I only observed the Passion-week, yet that was more tedious to me than a whole Lent kept at Paris, for there is no butter here; that little which you meet with is brought about thirty leagues off, wrapped up like sausages in hogs' bladders. It is full of worms, and very dear.' (D'Aulnoy.) Even in the eighteenth century, when King Charles III. wished to enjoy the pleasures of a dairy, the cows had to be fetched in carts from Holland. (Swinburne.)

them before the authorities on a charge of poisoning. And another host, with Biblical predilections, stuffed his silver goblet into a chest and thereafter accused them of theft.¹ On one occasion they had an excellent repast of venison smoked and salted, and a 'very pale wine as cold as ice.' Making the most of so rare and glorious an occasion, they were thirstily crying for more when a servant informed them that it came from 'a little pond hard by full of serpents, by whose natural coldness it was that the wine was thus refreshed.' And hereupon, although it was already past midnight, the Palsgrave stood up and departed from that *venta*. Nor was this their most grievous disillusionment, for when Hubertus, who had stayed behind, read through the bill, he discovered the disturbing item: so much for the donkey. "'Donkey," I asked, "what donkey?" "Why, the donkey that your excellencies had for supper," he replied. "What," I cried, "that was donkey?" "Why, yes," he said, "how else should we get venison in these desolate parts?"' And hereupon he opened the door of a cupboard and displayed with pride the fine haunch of a new-killed ass. "'This is our sport," he explained; "we chase them with dogs, and think them excellent."' When Frederick, who had not only eaten freely of the curious food but also carried off a large supply, learned the bitter news, his stomach turned within him. The remains were cast into the ditch, and no more did the party touch venison: a precaution that was probably wise on other grounds, since Hubertus adds that it was the custom in this region to hunt game with poisoned arrows.

¹ This seems to have been a favourite practice in Southern Europe. Compare the beautiful story in the *Golden Legend* of the two pilgrims to Compostella, whose host put a cup of silver in their malle, then dragged them to judgment. The son was hanged, and the father went weeping on his pilgrimage. But when he returned a month later he found the boy still alive and well, 'fedde wyth sweteness of Heven,' and the people of the city, wondering, hung the innkeeper. (*Life of St. James the More.*)

When they reached the valley of the Guadiana the heat became so great¹ that the Palsgrave lay down in the first venta that he could find, and sent forward his secretary and his butler to spy out the land. The way was long, the sun was blazing, the flask was empty, and there was no leaf or blade of grass to be seen. The butler was falling from his horse with exhaustion. 'Lay me by the side of the road,' he said, 'that the Prince, when he rides by, may see and beautifully bury me.' Hubertus, gazing anxiously around, discovered an ancient wall with one mulberry-tree growing out of it, and painfully dragged himself and his comrade thither. They ate greedily of the berries, 'and so were we again strong and cheerful, and thanked God and the mulberry-tree. And I have ever since held this fruit in great esteem, and acknowledge that I owe my life to it.' With commendable thoughtfulness he wrote a little note for the Palsgrave, and placed it between two stones in the road, that he also might find this tree of life and be refreshed: the which duly occurred.

To increase their comfort, the two explorers now gathered handfuls of wayside blossoms, and placed them 'in German fashion'—for might they not be luck-flowers?—in their hats. But by so doing they ran a graver danger than they realised till later, for, symbolically enough, many of these flowers of Spain were of the most deadly poison: as the 'lovely scarlet blossoms' of the wolfsbane, sprung from the bloody foam of 'the hell-hound Cerberus, when pursued of old by Hercules through this neighbourhood'; or that

¹ This was the famous year of heat in Spain, of which Navagero complained: 'At the end of March and during April I have found it hotter here than in Italy during July and August.' 'It had not rained for ten months,' adds Hubertus. When a traveller, writes Howell, 'sees the same Sun which only cherisheth and gently warmes his Countrey men, halfe parboyle and tanne other people, and those rays which scorch the adusted soyles of Calabria and Spaine, only varnish and guild the green honey-suckled plaines and hillocks of England: at his returne home, hee will blesse God, and love England better ever after.'

strange and suggestive herb called *delfa*,¹ 'whose flower has the colour of the flower of the peach and its leaves are like unto the iris, and within the flower is a small black grain like to a false grain of wheat: the which herb is the most beautiful in the world, but it is mortal.' When the peasants saw the travellers wearing these trophies, 'they ran from afar,' pulled them from their horses, and rubbed their hats with earth.

At length the weary company arrived in the pleasant landscape of Granada, where, in perfect contrast to their recent wanderings, they found water in abundance, and such a paradise of fruit-trees that 'scarce might the sky be seen through the foliage.' As for the city itself, its very name was a mystery, for 'some call it Garnath, which in Moorish betokens the cave of the water goddess Nata, who is said to have lived in this place; others maintain that it hath the name of those scarlet fruits which abound in this province and are called granates by the Spaniards; but I myself believe rather that it is so called by reason that the situation thereof resembles a pomegranate, and that the one is as full of houses as the other of seeds.'² It was surrounded by high mountains, ever topped with snow, 'and the very sight of them shall in the dog-days give life to the city-folk in their windows.' The houses were so many and built so thick together, that the streets were exceedingly narrow, yet each house had a fountain of hill-water and at least one lemon-tree. Above them sprang the thirty towers of the Alhambra, resembling rather a town than a mere dwelling.

A few days after the arrival of the German company

¹ *Adelfa*: oleander? 'Its sweetness is the cause of death,' writes Thomasin von Zerkläre.

² 'Many affirm it to be called so from the resemblance its position bears to that fruit when ripe; the two hills to represent the bursting skin, and the houses, crowded into the intermediate valley, the pips.' (Swinburne.) 'I will pick out the seeds one by one of this pomegranate,' said Ferdinand. (Washington Irving, *Conquest of Granada*).

there took place the Feast of John the Baptist, the anniversary of the capitulation of the city. The event was to be celebrated with peculiar splendour, in honour of Isabella of Portugal, who had been married to the Emperor but a few weeks earlier; and it was decreed that the Palsgrave should receive his first audience in the midst of this pageant. The celebrations opened with a bull-feast, in which several persons were killed, and ended, after the usual Spanish fashion, with a cane-tourney. In this Charles himself took part, while the Empress and her Portuguese ladies looked on from the windows. But the nerves of the little bride, who had come like sunshine into the harsh life of the Hapsburger, were not yet inured to the reckless Spanish manners, and the sport was interrupted by her fears. For Isabella, says Hubertus, loved her lord the Emperor greatly, not having long been married to him, and when one of the combatants was killed by a spear-thrust under her window she was so sorely alarmed that she sent to the Emperor and besought him, for this once, to end the sport. '*Quod ille lubens annuit*': the which Charles did, not ungladly.

Meanwhile, at the appointed moment, the Palsgrave appeared upon the arena. Diplomatically suppressing his own matrimonial disappointments, he gave as reason of his journey his great desire of beholding his master, whom he had not seen for so long, in the character of a young husband. An affable conversation then ensued, Frederick, with ready tact, confining his remarks to the fruitful subject of tilts and tournaments, and the respective German and Spanish methods of conducting them.

Charles, indeed, seems to have found pleasure in the company of his early friend, and to have put himself to some personal pains in the matter of his entertainment, for on the following day he took him to see a garden not far from the Alhambra, where were Moorish women, dressed 'like acolytes at the Holy Mass.'

Some of these females danced to the sound of lutes, lyres and kettle-drums, beaten by three aged beggars, singing the while 'not melodiously, but in a rustical and unrhymed fashion,' while others hung on to ropes, swinging to and fro, and crying in Moorish: 'Whoso liveth well in this world, cometh to heaven.' At the end of the dance they were all given water to drink, which they held to be a great honour.

For a brief while, therefore, the Palatine party rested content, filling stray hours with visits to 'the seven wonders of Granada.' Of these the first was the 'beautiful kingly house of Alhambra,' an immeasurable palace of courts and galleries, abundantly carved and gilded, adorned with lions, fountains, orange-trees and the painted semblances of Moorish kings, paved with the fair marbles of Africa, which 'for the fashioning of these exquisite works had been brought from far beyond the sea.' The second wonder was the garden of the Generalife: 'the fairest of the fair, and of all labours the most excellent, full of all manner of strange fruits, whereof are made many arbours with springing fountains.' The third marvel was the palace of Los Alixares, 'justly called a royal delight'; and the fourth that 'very great street which the Moors call "Biuarandblam" (*Plaza de Vibarambla*) where standeth a lovely high fountain.' The fifth surprise was the great house, Alcaiceria, containing over two hundred merchants' shops where were daily sold many silks and stuffs, lovely for the multitude of their colours and the diversity of the workmanship: 'it may well be called a little town,' adds the chronicler, 'seeing that it hath many little streets and ten chain-bound doors,' whose captain guarded it by the aid of many dogs. The sixth wonder was 'the brook Darro,' said to give health to the city by its cooling streams;¹

¹ 'The little river Darro, that floweth between lovely hills in a valley filled thick as a wood with the most delicate fruits. Through this passeth the Darro, murmuring ever between the great and infinite stones which it hath in its bed; and never is it silent. Its shores are shadowy and high.' (Navagero.)

but the Germans found it otherwise, for no sooner had the learned Dr. Ulrich, who habitually ate nothing but fruits and the produce of trees, drunk of this water than he instantly conceived a stomach-ache, from the which he died. Finally, the seventh miracle was the Vega, or great meadow encircling the city, 'where all fruits grow in such overflowing abundance, that from the leaves of the trees alone, wherefrom the silk-worms are made, the king gains yearly thirty thousand golden florins, apart from the silk that falls to him.'¹

Meanwhile the Palsgrave's private affairs were not prospering. The secondary, yet very important, object of his journey had been the recovery from the Emperor of large sums of money still owing to him for his services. But when this subject was mooted Charles merely referred him to his private secretary, who, in his turn, declined to take any steps till all the documents relating to the matter had been orderly produced. Frederick, seeing that his word was not believed, 'tired of the Court,' and on July 7 the little company started once more for home.

Hubertus, indeed, was not at first of the party, for he had unfortunately shared the disease of the lamented doctor, and was now too weak to move. Forgotten apparently by his master, he lay groaning on the floor, gloomily expecting death. And, as the landlord was on the point of turning him out into the street, it would certainly have gone ill with him had not the Prince's barber unexpectedly returned to recover a forgotten chattel. This worthy, if unlicensed, practitioner was seized with sympathy, drew instantly from his pocket 'I know not what of *catapotis*,' topped up the medicine by a generous meal of kid roasted, in the Spanish manner, with pomegranates and vinegar, and washed down by a good strong wine, and finally had him on his legs, and, better still, on his horse, before the Palsgrave found time to miss his customary attentions.

¹ Antoine de Lalaing.

The homeward journey was accomplished with greater comfort and less excitement than the outward one. The Palsgrave was anxious to reach home, and soon, taking with him four companions only and 'travelling so fast that he lay still neither night nor day,' he was over the frontier and in France. At Amboise he lingered for a few days and was once more royally entertained by Francis, who presented him with gilded cups and goblets, enough for a king's table. The friendship of the two princes, however, suffered a slight strain, for on a day when Frederick came home wet from the chase the generous monarch warmed him with his own sable-lined garment, worth 2,000 crowns, and was afterwards not pleased—as Hubertus discovered when he passed through with the tail of the party—at finding the said cloak offered for sale in the open market by the Abbot of Knöringer, to whom the Palsgrave had given it.

Frederick himself reached Spires on the twelfth day after his departure from Granada, riding, from lack of horses—a new Chevalier du Chariot—upon a common cart. Indeed, he arrived in so incredibly short a time and so miserably dirty a condition, that the report went forth that he had been seized and imprisoned by Francis, barely escaping with his life.

V

ON his return from Spain Frederick found the German estates in a condition of more than usual uproar and anxiety. The Archduke Ferdinand, already King of Bohemia, had been newly elected King of Hungary, in succession to Louis II., his brother-in-law, so miserably dead in the bogs of Mohacz. And this election was not only passively resented by many of the German princes, who themselves aspired to the honour, but also actively disputed by John Zapolya, Voivode of Transylvania, who, under promise of a

yearly tribute, had succeeded in summoning the great might of Turkey to his assistance, and was now, with their co-operation, devastating the Hungarian dominions. In addition to this external danger, the battle of beliefs was raging more fiercely than ever at the Imperial Diet.

For Germany was in the throes of her great struggle. The famous Diet of Worms had taken place some five years earlier, and its hero was under the ban of both the Church and the Empire. Franz von Sickingen,¹ backed by his turbulent Ritterschaft and concealing his private ambitions under the convenient panoply of a proper and disinterested zeal for the tenets of Luther, had masqueraded and crusaded as knight of the gospel and champion of the poor. Following his lead, the peasants, in their bloody and devastating revolt,² had adopted a like device, and the agrarian and social grievances which had prompted the outbreak had huddled indiscriminately under the hospitable banner of religious reform. And now the turn of the princes had come.

Indeed, to vary the metaphor, the Reformation was a hardy and persistent plant. No sooner had it been deprived of the powerful support of Sickingen and his knights than it hastened to wreath itself about the unsteady prop of the German populace. And, again, no sooner had the peasants—under the guidance of such curious and various ‘New Gospellers’ as Ulrich von Würtemberg and Götz von Berlichingen, Florian Geyer and Jäcklein Rohrbach—revealed their feeble-

¹ ‘De bien petite race, mais bien gentil compaignon,’ writes Le Jeune *Advantureux*.

² ‘The peasants,’ says Hubertus, who views the matter wholly from the aristocratic standpoint, ‘conspired together to bind their lords and those set over them, as they termed it, to unjust agreements; drove them, if not satisfied, out of their estates, threatened them with death, slew many, robbed castles, cloisters, churches, burst them up and burnt them down, and did no otherwise than the most cruel enemy in the most horrible war. So far did they go in their rage and madness, that all, even stout-hearted princes, counts, nobles, and especially the clergy, thought that the end of all things had come.’

ness than Luther at once transferred the climbing and now blossoming plant to the care of the triumphant princes. Encouraged by the example and independent attitude of the towns, several of these had openly declared their adherence to the new gospel, and were losing no opportunity of brandishing their changed opinions in the faces of their colleagues. A few days before Frederick's arrival at Spires, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse had caused an ox to be publicly slaughtered in front of his hostel, and had then, as publicly, partaken of it on a Friday. And both he and the Elector of Saxony had brought with them their private preachers, who held forth in the inns to large assemblies of people. 'It is said,' wrote Spalatin, 'that at no former Diet has there ever been such free, fearless, insolent talk against the Pope, the Bishops, and other ecclesiastics, as at this one.' Nor was this the worst of the matter. For when the Emperor called for 'eilende Hülfe' to arrest the devastating progress of the Turks, the Protestant delegates refused to consent to any proposal 'until the towns had been reassured with regard to the holy faith, and the oppression of the clergy removed from them.'

The need of speedy succour was, however, so urgent that a compromise was inevitable, and the Archduke Ferdinand, as Imperial Statthalter, reluctantly assented to the insertion of that ambiguous clause which was later to prove so fruitful a source of argument and misinterpretation. This being duly accomplished, the Archduke offered to the Count Palatine the command of the Imperial forces against the invading Turk.

In view of the straitened circumstances of his exchequer, Frederick was by no means anxious to accept the honour, and for a considerable time the matter hung in the balance. But at length Roggendorf, Steward of the Household, overcame his reluctance by opening out to him a new matrimonial vista of alluring brilliancy. This was no less than an alliance with Queen Mary of Hungary, widow of Louis, and sister

not only of the Imperial brothers, but also of that far removed star, the lovely Eleonore. The war, declared Roggendorf, should lead Frederick straight to the arms of the young and bereaved Queen, who ever had him before her eyes, and would gladly bestow herself and her possessions, upon him. 'To tell you my most secret thoughts,' he ended, 'to whom rather than to yourself and his sister would King Ferdinand more gladly confide the government of the kingdom of Hungary? And this so much the gladlier if she were your consort, bringing to you with her person the favour of the people.' The Palsgrave hesitated for a long time, remembering not only the tragedy of Eleonore, but also an earlier disappointment, when a promised Princess of Julich had been snatched from him at the eleventh hour owing to a change of Imperial purpose. The project tempted him, however, and he yielded.

The matter once decided, he devoted himself to its performance with unflagging zest but only middling success. Before accepting, he had made a condition that began by astonishing his friends, and ended by embarrassing himself; for he had insisted that, in view of the very serious business with which they were confronted, a Council of War should be appointed to aid him. Without delay he summoned this council—chosen in haste by himself—confidently expecting to receive from them at least a moderate degree of illumination and guidance. But no sooner had they assembled at Regensburg than they began to wrangle. On no one point could they agree, says Hubertus, and their deliberations and disputations bid fair to last until the fatal Paynim arrived in person to settle them. Finally, it was decided by Frederick that two of their number, who chanced to be acquainted with the Hungarian language, should be sent forth to reconnoitre the enemy and the position generally. And when these doves returned with the disturbing intelligence that—'the spring now come and all things

fresh and green '¹—the Turks had quitted Adrianople and were advancing, innumerable as a swarm of locusts, upon Hungary, his hesitations ceased and he determined to act upon his own initiative. Sending forward instantly his nephew, the Palsgrave Philip, with such few men as he could muster, he only himself delayed to collect further reinforcements and to consult with the Archduke-King.

Ferdinand was at Linz, and Frederick therefore shipped with all speed down the Danube to find him. He was received in the most friendly manner. 'At table they talked much of how to conduct the war, and also, for mirth's sake, of many merry things; and when the Palsgrave asked leave to withdraw, seeing that with the earliest dawn he must speed onward, the King would not allow it.' On his departure Frederick was accompanied to the ship with marked attention by Ferdinand and the two Queens, Anna and Mary, and presented with two fine chargers, magnificent in trappings of scarlet and gold.² So his hopes of an Imperial bride rose high.

At Gran the Palsgrave was met by agitated couriers, who brought the alarming news that the Emperor Suleiman,³ 'with fire and sword and a world of people,' had already entered the heart of Austria and girdled her capital with his colossal camp. The famous and terrible Turkish horsemen were devastating and destroying the entire district, and the miserable inhabitants were running hither and thither, dragging about their children and their chattels, mad with fear and knowing not how they should be saved. The kind-hearted Prince was greatly disturbed at this intelligence, and pressed forward with all haste. But

¹ Knolles' *Historie of the Turkes*, vol. i. A considerable part of Knolles' account of the siege of Vienna seems to have been taken from Hubertus Thomas.

² The portrait of Frederick that appears as frontispiece to this book represents him in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Forces; and it is pleasant to imagine that the great horse which he bestrides is one of the two here mentioned.

³ 'Das blutdurstig hund,' Hans Sachs calls him.

there was little that he could do. His nephew Philip was shut up with the meagre advance-guard within the beleaguered city, while he himself, though Commander-in-Chief of a nation that numbered thirty millions of people, had been able to collect six hundred soldiers only with which to face the hereditary enemy of Christendom.

Nor were the forces of Germany, even had they been stronger by a hundred-fold, confronting a smooth or simple task. The magnificent Suleiman, fourth Emperor of the Turks, was no despicable foe, and his hand had already pressed heavily upon Europe. His father Selim had on his death-bed charged him to turn his vast forces and resources wholly against the Christians, and had left him, as a perpetual reminder, a 'lively and bloody counterfeit' of himself to hang ever at his bedside. Warmed by this inspiring presence, he had already, in a reign of nine busy years, made himself the terror of his Christian neighbours. He had subjugated Bosnia and besieged Belgrade; Rhodes, Naxos, Paros, and 'the sweet shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea' had felt his cruelty; and at the woeful battle of Mohacz his mighty host had engulfed and obliterated no less than one king, seven bishops, twenty-eight magnates, and five hundred of the nobility of Hungary and Bohemia. He was now, moreover, assisted by the Voivode John, whose rebellious banner had rallied a motley host of Hungarians, Transylvanians, Slavonians and Poles.

The Count Palatine, despite his confident device 'De Caelo Victoria,'¹ was accordingly in a position of no small difficulty. He advanced as far as Crems, but here, though anxious to force his way at all hazards into Vienna, he was compelled by the dictates of both his council and his common sense, to remain. All that he could do to assist the beleaguered city was to

¹ This motto was emblazoned on all his banners, and, later, inscribed on all his medals and carved on the walls of the Castle of Heidelberg.

harass the enemy with continual skirmishes, and to write urgently for reinforcements to Ferdinand and the princes of the Empire. The final safety of the city was to be won, indeed, by the gallantry and skill of the garrison, who defended their dilapidated towers¹ with unchanging hearts, standing, writes Knolles, 'like resolute men in the face of the breach, with more assurance than the wall itself.' During thirty days Suleiman delivered assaults so numerous and so terrible that 'it was thought a more fierce and deadly fight was never seen from the beginning of the world.' But at the end of that time, in despair of winning an entrance before the possible arrival of Ferdinand with a powerful army, or the certain coming of the winter snows, he determined to raise the siege; and, having butchered all his prisoners, men, women and children, with impartial brutality, he vanished with his army in the direction of Buda.

The Palsgrave was instantly on the move, intending to collect together all the forces available and compel the retreating foe to battle. The landsknechts, however, chose this moment to mutiny for arrears of pay, and no eloquence of appeal or bounty of promise could induce in them the faintest shadow of obedience to his commands. 'This notwithstanding, they increased in their violence, and when he sent captains to propitiate them they lowered their pikes and made a circle round the captains, behaving as madmen, and threatening them with death.' Soon, too, they settled down to plunder the city, and the Palsgrave, with infinite grief, was forced to relinquish his project of pursuit and devote himself to the recovery of the most elementary discipline. To attain even this end he was obliged to promise the insurgents three months' full pay, nor was he able to comfort his soul by the administration of the proper penalties of their crime.

¹ 'The city of Vienna is most beautiful and great, walled with most beautiful walls of ancient masonry, surrounded by moats': so had written the Venetian envoy Contarini but three years before,

And all this while, concludes old Thomas with awe-struck piety, God was showing His anger. For it was a season of raging winds and evil weather, of countless diseases till then unknown in Germany, of scarcity, and of pestilent death. The air was terrible with portents; three suns appeared in the firmament; the moon had a bloody face, visibly marked with a cross; and in the Church of St. Stephen there was seen by many a fiery beam three hundred paces long.¹ 'And thus the people were driven through fear to turn somewhat more devoutly to God, and to arrange many pilgrimages and processions; and it contributed perhaps thereby to save them from damnation.'

Yet Germany was divided to the core, even in this simple matter of thanksgiving for salvation from a common and deadly foe. The news of the relief of Vienna was received with mingled feelings in the very heart of the Empire. Luther, indeed, had been induced to withdraw his early declaration that to fight the infidel was to resist the ordinance of God. But many enemies of the Hapsburgs, both secular and religious, had offered their assistance to Zapolya; while Philip of Hesse, with the single eye of the reformer, openly lamented the Turkish failure and prayed for another attack.

Hubertus himself witnessed neither the military efforts of his master nor the miraculous manifestations of Providence, for the Palsgrave, considering how indispensable to his new projects of matrimony was the Imperial sanction, had despatched him to intercept the Emperor on his way to coronation at Bologna. The annalist now therefore turns with a far more lively pen to his own adventures in Italy.

Indeed, to reach and traverse the north of Italy was at this moment a process of both difficulty and danger. It was but two years since the whole peninsula—and

¹ All contemporaries agree in their accounts of this extraordinary year, in which earthquakes, meteors, floods, swarms of locusts, and 'blood-rain' were daily events, and even the birds and fishes suffered from strange diseases. It culminated in the epidemic of the Sweating Sickness.

indeed all Europe—had shuddered at the incredible horror of the sack of Rome. The Swiss and Venetians were still at war with the Empire. The roads were infested with every species of vagabond, rogue and thief. Robbery and murder flourished, and law and lawlessness alike were the constant curse of the peaceable wayfarer. In vain was Hubertus sent by the Palsgrave to Augsburg to request the assistance of Anton Fugger. Even this powerful personage had nothing to suggest, save that the envoy should journey in the apparel of a merchant. So in this disguise he set forth, and safely arrived in Venice, where he lay in comparative security with the agent of the Fuggers at the 'Inn of the German House.'¹

Charles was reported to be at Piacenza, and, after a rest of two or three days, Hubertus started thither in the company of a merchant of Ulm. They set out in a 'navicula' towards Mantua, but had sailed no further than the Brenta Canal when they were seized by the servants and beadles of the Signory and haled back to the Piazza of St. Mark. Here Hubertus remained for many hours in the charge of sixteen gaolers. And when at length he was removed it was but to the galleys, where 'the miserable prisoners were being terribly tormented, and I was given almost certainly to expect that I should be treated in a like manner. To cheer him further they showed him the gibbets, of which there were many, and experimented upon him with the Strape di Corda.'² And thus the day

¹ Not the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, but the humbler Deutsches Haus, also known as the Inn of St. George or of The Flute. (Cf. Röhricht.) The entire household was German, even the house-dog being patriotic to the core, and raging impartially against all who came not from the Fatherland. 'I have often rescued poor men from this dog's teeth. The Germans say that he is a proof that, as he is the implacable foe of Italians, so German men can never agree with Italians from the bottom of their hearts, nor Italians with us, because each nation has hatred of the other rooted in its very nature.' (Felix Fabri)

² 'For all they putt him to the torment of the cord,' writes Hoby of Francesca della Torre, 'they coulede never make him confesse. . . . And the lawe is, except a man confesse his tresspace when he is putt to this torment, he shall never suffre deathe for yt.'

wore away from seven in the morning until four of the afternoon.

Finally, he was taken to the council-chamber in the Doge's Palace, where all his baggage was opened, and himself 'stripped as naked as when I came into the world.' This did not, however, deter the excellent secretary from holding improving converse with the chancellor, who told him, amongst other things, that they were sorely in want of a Luther at Venice, to cleanse the city and rid it of the importunate priesthood.

No incriminating papers being found, both Hubertus and Semmler, the merchant, were released with apologies, and forwarded on their way with zeal. The kindness which they now suddenly received was, indeed, so marked that they wondered much over its cause. Certainly, said Semmler, they had discovered the identity of Hubertus, and wished secretly to stand well with the Count Palatine. But the annalist himself maintained that it arose from commercial prudence, since they would not wish it to be said that German merchants could not visit Venice in safety, even in times of war. With regard to the Palsgrave, his name would surely only have increased their animosity, since the Venetians had but recently despatched four thousand men to the assistance of the Turks before Vienna.

So once again they set out, taking the precaution of sending their letters of commendation by another hand to Mantua. In Padua they were welcomed by the captain of the city, who congratulated them on having fallen into the hands of the Signory of Venice, since he himself had received orders to treat them with far less gentleness. Now, however, he was permitted to entertain them hospitably, and provide all necessaries for their journey. A potion of Malmsey wine was especially relished by Hubertus, to the great alarm of Semmler, who constantly and dolorously warned him of his rashness with the grim quotation : *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

At Legnago they were also taken before the captain of the town, and found him very busy with the torture of a poor butcher of Trident, whom he caused to be hung on high by his middle, in order to learn 'I know not what' from him. 'At length, since the poor man had nothing to say, and the captain bethought him that we might have had enough of this spectacle, he turned round and behaved as though he had just discovered us.'

They arrived in Mantua on hired post-horses, 'which they call martyrs,'¹ full of relief and hope. But the messenger with the precious documents was not forthcoming, having apparently appropriated the money and decamped. So that it was a humbled and apologetic Hubertus who pursued his way to Piacenza. A Jew who spoke German conducted him as far as Parma. There he happened upon Kaspar von Frundsberg, who was on his way to join the Emperor, and begged for the protection of his escort. The captain graciously assenting, they set out, accompanied by twenty other traffickers of merchandise; but they were not more than two miles from Parma when they were assailed with shots out of a reed-bed, and, without a moment's hesitation, Frundsberg and his men ran away. Owing to the feebleness of their horses, the travellers could with difficulty extract themselves from the deep mud and slime of the road, and one of the merchants was left for dead by the wayside.

Hubertus went on alone to Piacenza, comforted by the intelligence that the Emperor was there in person, engaged in hanging all the murderers and road-robbers that he could catch. He arrived late at night in the town, and found every lodging crammed and no bed to be obtained on any pretext. Standing in the streets, therefore, he railed upon the city and its inhabitants in good set German terms, until the host of an adjacent

¹ 'Martyres': 'We hired some of the horses which they call "martyrs."' (Felix Fabri.) See also Sir John Skippon's *Diary*.

inn precipitated himself upon him, declaring that for love of the fatherland he should be given beds 'were there even ten of him.' For it was but of the Spanish and Flemish soldiery that all men stood in dread.¹ To bed accordingly he got. But it was a precarious couch, for he was compelled to share it with another lodger who, a few nights later, with thoughts intent on gold, fell upon his chamber-fellow and murdered him. Fortunately Hubertus happened that very night to have exchanged his accommodation with another traveller, and so escaped once more the embrace of death. The culprit was condemned to be tortured and hanged, and, even as Hubertus came back at midday from an Imperial audience, he beheld the poor wretch, or what remained of him, being carried on a donkey to have the second and more merciful portion of his sentence fulfilled.

The arrival of the Palsgrave's ambassador was instantly announced to Charles, who had been impatiently expecting news from Germany; and at nine on the following morning he was taken to the presence-chamber. The Emperor laughed heartily at the tale of his misadventures, and Count Henry of Nassau congratulated him on his escape from Venice, since only the week before another Imperial messenger had been boiled in oil by the Signory.

Warned 'to make no long German business' of his speech, Hubertus now quickly expounded his mission, telling how his master, anxious for a consort, had fixed his thoughts and hopes on the Imperial Majesty's sister, should he but be thought worthy of the same. Charles answered in a favourable spirit. The Prince was wise to marry, he observed, since, if he wished to behold his children's children, he could certainly not afford to wait much longer. As for himself, he was flattered by the Palsgrave's choice of his sister, and an

¹ 'If you are meanly arrayed, with dirty shirt, or dressed like a Spanish soldier, you will find it difficult to obtain anything.' (Grataroli, *De Regimine iter agentium*. Cf. Bonnaffé.)

answer should be forthwith given by his minister, Granvelle.¹ This distinguished personage was also exceedingly amiable, but postponed his decision for a few days.

These days were spent by Hubertus wholly within the walls of his inn, for men were dying plentifully in Piacenza of hunger and the plague. 'Not a day passed,' he writes, without ten, twenty or more of the Imperial Court dying, mostly young people; and this albeit the Emperor had made all possible provision.' So it was after a gloomy interval that the envoy applied once more to Granvelle for his answer. But in the meantime Charles had been irritated by an unforeseen event. For not only had the deputation from the Lutheran states—'which men call the Protestants'—arrived with the famous Protest that gave them their name, but also one of their number, Michael von Kaden, had in the name of the Landgrave of Hesse indiscreetly presented His Majesty with a booklet in the French tongue, containing instruction in the tenets of Luther. The Spaniards on learning of this were so enraged with the envoys for 'seeking by treacherous means to bend the young Emperor from the right Christian belief,' that it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be hindered from hanging the entire deputation to the nearest bough.

The matrimonial affairs of the Palsgrave were therefore thrust into the background, and Hubertus himself was put to use as interpreter between the Court and the culprits. Owing to his intercession the less guilty members were eventually permitted to set forth for home, which they did with anxious speed that self-same night. The chief offender was commanded to follow the Emperor to Bologna to receive the judgement of the Pope, and, with the generosity of despair, presented his useless safe-conduct to the interpreter. His fortune, however, was to be an

¹ Nicolas Perrenot de Granvelle, Imperial Councillor and father of the great cardinal.

easier one than he anticipated, for when Hubertus arrived in Venice he found Kaden already waiting to receive him. Owing, probably, to the fact that Charles had been advised to show clemency in the matter, he had found no one at Bologna to guard him, and, wisely deciding to remove without further delay from so dangerous a neighbourhood, had departed unopposed from the Court.

Meantime the annalist had followed Charles to Parma in the hope that the Imperial mood might have calmed itself. But there he received only a friendly dismissal, with letters for the Palsgrave and the Duke of Mantua. 'I will prophesy to you about these Lutherans, Hubertus,' said Granvelle, still overflowing with irritation: 'defiers now of the whole world with their union of faith, so soon as a tempest breaks upon them, unmindful of this faith, they will let themselves be scared away as doves by an eagle.' 'Of the which prediction,' adds the chronicler, 'I bethought myself, when the Emperor lately assailed them with war.'

Hubertus' return journey was of a less adventurous complexion than his former one, since Venice and the Empire were now at peace. The Palsgrave, whom he met unexpectedly at Scherdingen, was moreover greatly pleased with the encouraging tone of the Imperial letters, 'never suspecting that the Emperor sought only to keep him dangling, and to use him for his own purposes at the Diet of Augsburg.' The only drawback to the annalist's contentment was, therefore, the terrible epidemic of 'the evil illness which men call the English sweat, since it came from England.'

For no sooner had Hubertus crossed the mountains, congratulating himself on having escaped from this pestilence in Italy, than he learned, to his horror, that it was devastating Heidelberg, and that his own wife was stricken down. He was about to fly to her succour when he himself was seized by the disease, falling suddenly 'into an above measure strong sweat.' Now everybody, he tells, was at this time under the

thumb of 'an ignorant knavish doctor,' and, in accordance with the precepts of this worthy, he was stewed in bed for four-and-twenty hours, with never a drop to drink. His anguish was becoming insupportable when a kindly Samaritan in the shape of an aged woman, having seen that no one was by, offered him a can of beer, with the acceptable advice that he should take a good long draught. Whereupon, being near to death and reckless, he laid firm hands on the vessel, emptied it to the very dregs, and became instantly so strong that he 'sprang out of bed as though there was nothing the matter.'

It must be added, in the doctor's defence, that this treatment was in accordance with the prescriptions of the most distinguished physicians in Germany. So great was the despair of Europe when the dreaded disease was found to be leaving its island home that thousands died of sheer fright, and the terror-stricken doctors had recourse to the most violent methods they could invent. Their first anxiety being to make the patient perspire for twenty-four hours without intermission, they would keep the stove at furnace heat, close every possible aperture for air, cram feather-beds and furs on to the sufferer's body, and finally, to prevent his moving hand or foot, pile several healthy and heavy relations on to the top of the already enormous mound.¹ Moreover, for fear lest the victim should find solace in sleep, he not improbably had his hair torn out, his limbs tied together, and vinegar dropped into his eyes; while, as Hubertus records, no drink of any kind was permitted him. And in this rehearsal of hell the patient almost certainly expired. The annalist, therefore, may well have congratulated himself upon his escape.²

VI

IN the March of the following year, 1530, the Palsgrave

¹ Cf. Hecker, *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*. Tr. by Babington.

² See Illustrative Notes, 59.

was himself once more upon the road, bearing to the Emperor the congratulations of the Estates on his coronation, and trusting, with his usual optimism, to receive in return the confirmation of his new hopes. Halting at Villafranca, a few miles from Mantua, Frederick sent forward the faithful secretary to herald his approach.

Hubertus found Charles about to make his state entry into Mantua, in a 'village not far from the Gonzaga Palace,' and at once delivered himself of his business. Receiving a gracious message in response, he was about to return, when the Emperor, being at the moment engaged with his midday meal, asked if he had eaten. Too faint for speech, since he had tasted no food for four-and-twenty hours, he shook his head, and was then given roast loin of veal upon a footstool close to the Imperial table itself: the which 'I began not to eat, but rather like a ravening wolf to devour.' At this the Emperor whispered something to the Count of Nassau, who came to Hubertus and said: 'The Emperor wishes that he had as good a stomach as thou hast';¹ but asked further whether it was his custom to eat meat at fast times. The unlucky herald was so horrified at his own forgetfulness that he could scarce swallow any more, but Charles only laughed and nodded to him to complete his meal, sending him, as a crowning favour, a huge goblet of Malvoisie, which he took off at a draught.

On March 25, being the Feast of the Annunciation, the Emperor entered Mantua in state, splendidly adorned in brocades of gold and silver, and wearing the sword and cap of Empire with which he had just been invested at Bologna. The Palsgrave, who had found quarters at an inn, watched the procession from a window, being so surrounded by people that he could barely be seen. 'Yet could he not remain

¹ 'Optat, inquit, Imperator talem sibi qualem tu habes stomachum.' 'Sacred Heaven! What masticators! What bread!' (*Yorick's Travels.*)

hidden from the sharp-sighted Emperor, who laughed up at him, and greeted him more than once with nodding head. And not a few wondered at whom he was so friendly smiling.' Next day, too, at the formal audience, Charles took Frederick by the cloak, and, drawing him into the nearest window, talked with him privately for a long time on the businesses of Italy and the Empire. Had the Palsgrave not come south, he added, he was about to bid him to a meeting at Innsbruck, which his brother Ferdinand and his sister, the royal widow of Hungary, were also to attend. 'And when he had said this, and seen how the Prince blushed, he set to laughing, and added: So soon as we have arrived there, we will speak of this matter again, and you shall find in me not only a gracious Emperor, but also a dear and close friend.' And in this gentle fashion was the wooing of Frederick once more postponed.

Despite the charms of the Marchesa Isabella, who was the magnificent hostess of this magnificent occasion (but whom Hubertus ungallantly omits to mention),¹ the Palsgrave soon wearied of Mantua. There were, in fact, no amusements of any kind to be had except sport, and though the hunting-parties were ordered in the most sumptuous and prodigal manner—5,000 riders frequently appearing in the field—they proved only the more tedious to so genuine a sportsman as the Palatine Prince. Moreover, Federigo II. of Mantua, son of Isabella and newly created Duke, was by no means amiably inclined towards his namesake of the Rhine, and their relations were more than a little strained. So before long Frederick determined to take a short holiday, and shipped down the Po to Ferrara, visiting on the way, with particular pleasure, Pietello, 'the father-city of Virgil.'²

¹ Perhaps, like Antonio de Beatis, he 'passed her in silence, because to speak of her is a thing more than human.'

² 'Within ij or iij miles of Mantua there is a village called Pietola, where Virgile was born; and upon the hill there, there is a little brick house which th' inhabitants of the countrey call casetta de Vergilio, holding opinion that was his house, and that there he kept his beastes as a shepherd.' (Thomas Hoby.)

In Ferrara the Palsgrave enjoyed the company of the Duke Alfonso I., widower of Lucrezia Borgia and patron of poets. The princes did not eat together, for it was the season of Lent, and the German, more scrupulous than his host, would partake of no meat. Nor were any gold or silver vessels brought to table, everything being served in earthen dishes: possibly, ponders Hubertus, because of some custom of the country, or possibly in accordance with the proverb, that a man should not outstrip his fortune, when unexpectedly raised from an inferior rank of life—an observation somewhat offensive to the pride of the noble family of Este. But in all other matters the visitors were treated with great honour, and they were shown 'all the marvels of the city,' including the beautiful pleasure garden on an island in the Po.¹

Returning to Mantua, the Palsgrave obtained permission from Charles to precede him on the homeward journey, and was soon in Venice. Anxious to pass unnoticed, he alighted, with few retainers, in a mean and common lodging. But his 'valiant port and comely countenance' having speedily betrayed him, he was waited upon by the Signory. Despite his protests, he was allotted a magnificent dwelling, hard by the Palace of the Doge,² and presented with wine, candles, confectionery and fish, while three grave and reverend seigniors were appointed to show him the city and to attend to his every want. 'He is a most beautiful German,' says Marino Sanuto, who records the movements of this visitor with unusual interest, 'and he goes about seeing the land.' On Easter Day the Doge, in golden magnificence, led him by the hand

¹ 'On the other side of the Po that cummeth under the walls of the towne is the yland of Belvedere, where the Duk's house of pleaser is, with sundrie devises for water.' (Thomas Hoby.)

² 'He sought to dismount at San Bartolomeo by Piero Pender, that is the hostelry, who wished to lodge him in the convent of the Frari Minori, but there was sent to him on this evening Zuan Batista de Ludovici, the secretary, to see to his lodging . . . and he was put to lodge in the Calle de la Rasse in the Casa Dandolo, below the Ambassador of the Emperor.' (Marino Sanuto.)

into San Marco to hear the High Mass, and into San Zaccaria to receive the plenary pardon. And here the Venetians would seem to have greatly outshone the Palatines, since the Palsgrave is described as being clad in a sober velvet suit of black, while another German gentleman, perhaps Hubertus, was remarkable for nothing save 'a great large hat.' The Doge and his nobles, on the other hand, were splendid in cloths of gold, with damasks and velvets of every hue, one even being adorned 'for beauty and triumph's sake in cloth of a peacock purple.' Finally, at the Great Council that took place on Easter Monday, Frederick was given a seat next to the Doge, and allowed the unusual privilege of wearing his weapons.

To be short, 'they did all things imaginable that might honour and rejoice the Prince.' One thing only had the visitors to complain of: that they could get only malmsey to drink. This, indeed, was given of the richest, with the injunction to consume it—which Frederick had forbidden—in good German fashion; but nothing could compensate them for the loss of their national beverages. Even the presentation of a live sturgeon was of no avail, although this 'gave great pleasure.'

On the way to Trent the Palsgrave discussed his private affairs with his secretary, confiding to him how high the Count of Nassau had raised his matrimonial hopes. Not only had this good friend informed him that both the Emperor and Granvelle were strongly in favour of the marriage with the Queen of Hungary, but he had also reported a conversation between them to the effect that, when once Frederick was Charles's brother-in-law, there could be no better plan than to make him King of the Romans. The Emperor had too many businesses in far-off lands to wish to undertake a further one, and Ferdinand, who already had two crowns, had his hands full with the Turkish invasions; while neither brother had sufficient knowledge of German affairs to occupy the post adequately.

In fact, the Emperor could rule far better through Frederick than in person. 'And all this seemed to the good Prince as both credible and comfortable, as was ever the case, and it turned to his great disadvantage that he so easily placed his hopes on all things. The Court people knew this right well, and when they wished to deceive him, came ever prepared with matters high to reach.'

Frederick waited in Trent for the Emperor to arrive from Mantua, and, after a further delay of four days in order to hunt bears,¹ travelled through the Tyrol in his train. At Innsbruck the Imperial party was greeted by King Ferdinand, and by 'about fifty ladies of the first of the land, old and young, beautiful and ugly'; the old being all clad 'as are the Hebrews,' while the young were arrayed *à la tedesca* in caps of black velvet and crimson. Nor is it improbable that Frederick here envied his master the exercise of his Imperial prerogative, for Charles, writes a Venetian envoy not without humour, 'made as though he would kiss the young ones, but disengaged himself as soon as might be from those of riper years.'²

A few days after this gallant entry, the two Queens of Hungary also arrived in Innsbruck, and the Count Palatine was privileged to behold his promised bride. Charles, who was exceedingly fond of his sister, also rode out to meet them, mounted on a gold-bedecked, grey-dappled horse, and surrounded by a brilliant company, 'and first he kissed his sister, then went to kiss his sister-in-law; and then he returned to kiss his sister, and so went again to kiss the sister-in-law; and yet another time he went back to kiss the sister and to

¹ 'The Princes and their Courtyers, mounted upon good horses, and armed with a shorte sworde and a sharpe forked speare, doe many tymes hunt Beares, wounding them often and lightly with their speares, and then flying, while others persue till at last they falle downe wounded and weayed, and then the Courtyers keeping them downe with their speares, the Prince hath the honour to pull out the Beare's hart with his speare.' (*Shakespeare's Europe*.)

² Letter from Zuan Francesco Mazardo, in Marino Sanuto's *Diarii*.

talk with her.¹ The widowed lady was dressed, as be seemed her forlorn condition, all in black, with neither jewels nor pomp, and is described as young and thin,² and resembling the Emperor. She seems, however, despite her sorrows, to have preserved a cheerful spirit and a taste for horsemanship. For when, on the homeward way, they came to a little meadow, she tried to make her horse 'execute sundry gambols,' and only stopped because the Emperor and the King began to laugh. Near the town, too, the procession met a lady leading a large tame stag with splendid horns, and, although the Queen's horse shied violently, she spurred him and made him curvet round the animal with great dexterity: 'for in managing a horse she is most skilful and full of vigour.'³

Frederick remained for some weeks at Innsbruck. But the fears of Hubertus were proved just, for very soon the Palsgrave was being solicited for his influence in favour of the election of Ferdinand as King of the Romans. As to his matrimonial hopes, he was informed by Granvelle that both Charles and Ferdinand had spoken earnestly with their sister on the subject. The Queen of Hungary had at first declined to entertain the idea of a new marriage, but she had finally admitted that, should she ever bring her mind to it, there was none she would sooner choose than the Palsgrave, whose gentleness, probity, and piety had long roused her admiration. Only she made one stipulation: once

¹ Letter of Paxin Bertecio in Marino Sanuto's *Diarii*.

² Contarini describes her as: 'Magra, acuta, ha fama d'avere grande ingegno, e valere assai.' But he also decries her sister Eleonore as 'non brutta ne bella . . . e vera fiamminga.' (Alberi. Ser. I. t. ii.) Brantôme is more complimentary: 'Cette reine de Hongrie estait tres belle et agréable, et fort aimable, encores qu'elle se monstret un peu hommasse.' Beatis speaks of Anna of Hungary as 'very comely and gay, with lively eyes, and a complexion of blood and milk.' Mary he considers 'negligia' and lacking in grace.

³ 'She is a Virago,' wrote Roger Ascham many years later in his diary, having met her after a journey that should properly have taken seventeen days, but had been accomplished by the queen in thirteen: 'she is never so well as when she is flinging on horseback, and hunting all the night long.'

a queen, she would sink to no lesser sphere, and it must therefore be arranged that the Elector Palatine Ludwig should resign his electoral dignity to his brother. But even the simple-hearted Palsgrave could now perceive the designs of Imperial policy against the independence of the Palatinate, and he replied so fiercely to this final proposal that the Chancellor was much alarmed. 'Though my brother himself should assent to it,' he concluded, 'rather would I fly to all the ends of the earth than allow myself to be thus employed.' Granvelle attempted to soothe him, saying that the whole idea was no more than a feminine whim; but the Palsgrave recognised that 'a large portion of his hope had been cut off.'

And in fact this his second royal romance was at an end. The death of Margaret of Savoy, Regent of the Netherlands, renewed indeed for a brief hour his dreams of a vice-royalty shared with the Hungarian Queen. But the widow of Louis, being again approached on the matter, declared her decision to be unalterable, and Charles himself advised Frederick to turn his thoughts elsewhere.

Out of love with matrimony, the Palsgrave sought to console himself with politics and sport. Commanded by the Emperor to attend him to the Diet at Augsburg, he went northwards in the Imperial company, witnessing by the way the many parades and pageants that welcomed Charles, after his nine long years of absence, back to the land of his ancestors, and taking part in one of those famous Bavarian hunting-parties which the papal legate Campeggio¹ described to his master as 'the most beautiful chases in the world.' On one day alone five hundred stags were driven from the massive woods of pine and beech that surrounded the famous hunting-grounds, hunted industriously by the hounds, and at last demolished by the *granettoni* and other hand-weapons of the riders. 'And they could have

¹ *Monumenta Vaticana*, xxxii. (Lammer.)

slaughtered as many again as they did slay,' comments a Venetian envoy.¹

Frederick took a prominent part in the magnificent entry into Augsburg, being deputed by the Emperor to make 'a gallant and courteous reply' to the welcoming speech of the Electors. He was also compelled, against his will, to accept the presidency of the Diet, and since this was the important assembly at which the Protestant princes, declining 'to bow down to idols,' delivered their famous Confession, while the Catholics, reluctantly supported by Charles, grew ever more violent in reaction, his exalted bed was by no means one of rose-leaves. Even at this world-famed Diet, indeed, politics and theology were not the sole care of the Palsgrave and his master, and amusement played its part.² Nor was their anxiety as to the religious opinions of host or guest overwhelming, for, at a banquet given to the Emperor by a notable Lutheran, there were suffered to hang above the visitors' heads the portraits of Luther and Melanchthon, and even of that 'horrid stone of stumbling,' Luther's 'monkish' wife. 'And they give themselves a good time,' says one scribe, 'and do very well; and it does not seem that they greatly care who is Lutheran and who is not.'³

Frederick appears, however, to have accomplished his difficult duties with justice and tact, watching especially, writes Hubertus, that Imperial Majesty should not be defrauded by hypocrisies or bribes, and reminding the members constantly of their obligations. With great generosity, he took an active part in securing the election of Ferdinand as King of the Romans, and on

¹ Letter of Gasparo Spinelli in Marino Sanuto's *Diarii*.

² See the reports of the Venetian agents, and cf. Armstrong

³ Letter to Marco Antonio Magno, in Marino Sanuto. Sandoval, on the other hand, rejects with indignation the charge of lukewarmness on the part of Charles. 'To give one instance of his zeal for Religion: one of the Protestant Princes in the Diet of Augsburg railing unmannerly against the Catholick Church, His Imperial Majesty was so provok'd that, forgetting his Dignity, he started up, clapt his hand to his sword, and had made an example of that hot German, had not his brother, King Ferdinand, withheld him.'

more than one occasion he showed admirable zeal in the cause of religious peace and reform. Before long, indeed, he performed a service of infinite value to his country, for, owing to his intercession and influence with Charles, the sovereign consented to meet the Elector Palatine and the Cardinal of Mainz at Nüremberg,¹ and arranged for a truce, whereby the adherents of the old, as of the new, faith undertook to embark upon no hostile course of action until matters should be definitely settled by a General Council. In return for this concession the Protestants gave their help against the common foe of Christendom, the Emperor of the Turks.

For the Turkish terror was again hammering at the gates of Austria, and all the strength of the Empire was needed to repulse it. Cason, one of Suleiman's chief commanders, was ravaging the country. Thousands of men and women, tied together by chains and ropes, were carried away by his troops, 'enforced to run as fast as their horses'; while the villages were so freely burned to the ground 'that all the country every way almost for the space of a hundred and fifty miles was covered with smoke and fire.' Palsgrave Frederick was again appointed General of the German forces, and Charles and Ferdinand also themselves took the field. 'The river of Danubius,' writes Knolles, 'never carried so many vessels and soldiers since the time of the great Roman emperors as it did at that present; and yet, besides them which went down the river by shipping, the pleasant banks on both sides were filled with great companies of horsemen and footmen passing all alongst the river under their colours, with their drums and trumpets sounding, which altogether made the most glorious show that a man could well behold upon earth.' The campaign was momentarily successful. Cason was defeated and slain by the Palatine, and Suleiman was once more forced to retire, leaving the hot remembrance of his cruelty, 'and still looking behind him if the Emperor were not at his heels.'

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 60.

VII

MEANWHILE the Palsgrave had again become involved in the intricate toils of diplomatic courtship.

His earliest venture, after the ill-fated Hungarian episode, was connected with the Marquisate of Montferrat. The young Marchese Bonifazio—the last representative of the illustrious stem of the Paleologhi—had lately died, leaving his sisters as sole heiresses;¹ and Charles had decided that the Palsgrave should marry Maria, the elder of the two princesses, who was possessed of several thousand ducats of yearly income. Frederick's state of mind at this proposal was unimaginable, writes Hubertus. On the one hand was his keen and growing desire for matrimony at any cost, and on the other his 'manly love' for Mary of Hungary, 'which could not so speedily be torn from his heart.' Granvelle, however, visited him so constantly with reports of the beauty, grace and intelligence of the lady of Montferrat, and urged him so warmly to lose no time in securing the incomparable treasure, that at length he gave his assent.

But ill-fortune again intervened. Before the needful formalities were concluded, the unhappy princess was stricken down, 'whether by poison or accident, who can say,' and by her untimely death the Palsgrave was once more robbed of his hopes.

None the less, negotiations were quickly opened for the substitution of Margherita, the younger of the two sisters, now possessed of a double dowry; and all might yet have been well, had not another suitor suddenly stepped in and carried off the prize. This was Federigo, Duke of Mantua, who had long been hostile to the Palsgrave, and now, with much discretion, bribed the powerful Chancellor to his side. 'And thus it was said that Granvelle earned twenty thousand ducats, and helped the Duke of Mantua to marriage and the Marquisate.'

¹ His immediate successor was his uncle, Giovanni Giorgio, but this prince was already a dying man.

This excursion having also come to nothing, and soft words being still his only guerdon, the Palsgrave began seriously to con the princesses of Europe, with a view to matrimony. And now duchesses and the daughters of kings dropped like peach-blossoms about his head. First came a princess of Poland, elegant and eligible, and amiably inclined towards a German suitor. But Frederick was cautious even in his love-affairs, and knew the parsimony of Poland. Had not Duke George of Bavaria waited a whole lifetime for the portion of his Polish bride? On learning therefore that, according to the custom of the Polish kings, the alliance must be sought and settled before any word was spoken of the dowry, he discreetly withdrew from the contest, and left the lady to Joachim of Brandenburg. Soon after he was urgently approached by the envoy of the Duke of Milan, who offered him the hand of the Duke of Calabria's sister, with her portion of sixty thousand ducats. While he was debating this proposal, the King of France, who had constant designs upon the Palatinate, made known to him, through his ambassador, that should he be moved to ally himself with a French princess, not only might he take his choice from all the kingdom, but also the lady of his election should be dowered by Francis as were she his own royal daughter. Three damsels were suggested as specially suitable: the sister of the King of Navarre, the daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, and the daughter of the Duc de Guise.

Frederick, though not unsuspicious of these royal suggestions, was a little tempted by them, and finally decided to send Hubertus and his chancellor, Hartmannus, to France to apply for the hand of the last-named lady. After a considerable delay, owing to the difficulty of discovering the whereabouts of Francis,¹ the two ambassadors found the King

¹ 'Never in all the time of my embassy was the Court in one place for fifteen days at a time.' (Giustiniani, *Ambassadeurs Vénitiens*, Tommaseo, t. i.)

at Chantilly.¹ But their reception was unsatisfactory, for Francis, though lavish of venison pasties and such-like delicacies, 'to keep us in good repair,' postponed the audience for seven days. And even then, no sooner had the important matter been broached than, with ready diplomacy, he deferred the whole question till some future season when, more at leisure, he might meet them at Paris. 'And it shall from henceforth be my care,' he genially said, 'that venison shall never be lacking to you, although we have no such rich hunting grounds as yours of Heidelberg, which I yearn to see.'

So the envoys retreated to Paris, and impatiently awaited the pleasure of the King. But they had finally to be contented with an interview accorded to them by the Constable of Bourbon, in which it was diplomatically revealed that—owing, it was averred, to the tardiness of their arrival—the daughter of the Duc de Guise, for whose hand they had made formal application, had already been affianced to the young and wealthy Duc de Longueville.

To console them for this new misfortune, the sister of the King of Navarre, with her portion of sixty thousand crowns and the possible succession to the kingdom, was now pressed upon their notice. 'And verily,' said the Constable, 'the wife of the Duke of Ferrara, the sister of the late Queen, did not take so much money as dowry to her husband.' The envoys expressed their guarded gratification, seeing that their instructions had reference to the Guise Princess alone. But in reality they were well pleased. For 'Ysabeau' was one of the fairest ladies of France, with the throat of alabaster, the gentle speech, the queenly gait, the clear carnation and the lovely eyes—with, above all, the 'petit ris follastre'—that still shine out

¹ 'That incomparable place,' writes Lord Herbert of Cherbury: 'Charles V., the great Emperor, passing in the time of François I. . . . after he had taken this palace into his consideration with the forests adjoining, said he would willingly give one of his provinces for such a place.' (*Autobiography*.)

from the verse of Marot; and, together with her regal dowry, should assuredly make a suitable bride even for their paragon of a Palsgrave. To make sure that rumour had not lied in its account of the lady's charms, the envoys permitted themselves to be sumptuously entertained by the Bishop of Paris, and taken by him to a dance, where was present 'the Lady Isabeau of Navarre, all costily adorned. And to the end that we should in no way doubt of her beauty, it was commanded that one of the nobility should take away her neck ornaments, and we saw her most white bosom, her rounded breasts, and her milky throat.' It was 'with a good courage' therefore that they prepared for their return journey, the King presenting them with a costly golden chain apiece, and promising to send a special ambassador to the Palsgrave, to settle the matter.

Now 'the Prince was a gentleman who was always content with everything, if but one hope remained to him, whereon he might fix his thoughts.' So he took the news not unkindly. The envoys, indeed, reminded him of the habits of the French: of how they were given to much deception, to luxury and to lightness; and of how evil a reputation had even their most eminent women.¹ But Frederick would not allow his spirits to be damped, and made chivalrous excuses for the ladies, maintaining that this was only said by such as did not pass their lives among men and were not used to foreign peoples. Germans, especially, would never try anything to which they were not accustomed. Indeed, 'as the proverb saith,

¹ 'Vidisse se mulieres palam non veritas admittere deosculationes virorum et manuum in sinum injectiones et ad talia faciles fuisse quas postmodum in servanda pudicia constantissimas deprehendisset.' (*Annalium*, p. 179.) Nor is Brantôme less explicit. The manners of the French Court had certainly declined since the sober days of Anne of Brittany, a fact which Henry Estienne attributes to Italian influence: 'On n'oyoit point parler de ces vilénies,' writes the old Huguenot, 'auparavant qu'on sceust si bien parler italien en France.' To judge, however, from such testimony as the *Zimmerische Chronik* or Wedel's *Hausbuch*, the German ladies were not much better.

Germans are as favourable to Frenchmen as dog to wolf,' and he had himself seen how that those French women who showed themselves most frivolous towards men knew well how steadfastly to defend their honour and chastity. Nor would he think evil of the Lady Isabeau, since she had a King for her brother whose wife was the God-fearing ornament of all womanhood, and without doubt watched over her, 'permitting nothing of that whereof the common folk murmured.'

So Hubertus went to meet the French ambassador at Spires, and—since the Electoral Council, filled with distrust, declined to allow his reception at Heidelberg—brought him by devious ways and unused paths to the Palsgrave. D'Isernay, the envoy, was overflowing with zeal and amiability, but when the questions of dowry and succession arose he, as usual, blandly prevaricated, saying that this had not been thought out by the King, who had not known whether or no the Palsgrave agreed to the marriage. Back, therefore, he was sent post-haste, the richer for a goodly sword whose hilt was of pure gold and worth two hundred ducats. And the Palsgrave waited.

And the waiting was long. For Francis had in the meanwhile departed to Marseilles, and was occupied with arranging a marriage between his son, the Duke of Orléans, and Catherine de' Medici. Moreover, Henry VIII. of England, 'having pushed the Emperor's aunt from his bed,' had entered—so they were told—into an alliance with the French King whereby neither was to undertake anything without the other's consent. And consent to the Palsgrave's marriage Henry now withheld. The envoy, therefore, though he continued to write consoling letters, and to hold out the most rare and radiant hopes, did not return.

Guessing something of the truth, and having preserved, it would appear, an encouraging recollection of the amiability of the English monarch, Frederick

at length resolved to send an embassy to England¹ to soften the heart of Henry. So on October 26, in the year 1533, the worthy Hubertus, primed with instructions, arrived in Calais.²

Here he was kept for a week, since so great a storm was raging that 'none could be found to dare the water, the more that it was the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude.' Eight ships, indeed, went to the bottom, and with his own eyes he saw the wrecks of three. None the less, he continues, not without a certain pride in his own recklessness, 'tired of lying still, I hired a ship and some strong young sea-folk, who were ready to dare the danger.' An Englishman, who was also hastening to King Henry, besought him in fluent French to be of good courage, since at the full of the moon all would go well; so at the tenth hour of the night, the weather being calm, they left the harbour. Scarcely had they gone a league from the shore, 'when the sea arose, and drove us so high aloft that at the sight of the swelling billows, I thought verily to be between mountains. The ship's folk did what they could, but when a great wave broke into the hinder part of the vessel and well-nigh covered us, they began with loud voice to call for the mercy of God and the help of St. James, to tear forth their hair, and to cry that all of us were lost. And so verily would we have been, had not the young Englishman taken a piece of rope in his hand and beaten them therewith, and called them knaves and fools, and threatened to kill them did they not fulfil their appointed tasks. To me, who was middling sea-sick,

¹ A letter has been preserved from Frederick to Henry VIII. saying that the Palsgrave was greatly delighted by the king's letter, brought to him by some noble youths from England. As the king desires him to send some one to him well informed of his mind, he sends his secretary, Hubert Thomas. Amberg, Sept. 7, 1533. (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. vi.)

² Among the papers drawn up with a view to a meeting of the English Parliament in this autumn of 1533, is a notice 'to relate to the King of a certain gentleman being at Calais, come from the Countye Palentyne.'

he taught how to pump out the water, and this I performed diligently—although I was not rightly myself—the whole night through, even till at the break of morning the winds fell, and we saw the mountains of England spread out before us.' They rested till it was fully light, when they perceived that they were lying off Sandwich, and near to an island called Fever. Whereafter they were taken off the ship in small boats, and carried 'on neck or back' to land.

On learning of Hubertus' arrival in London, King Henry commanded 'the knight Thomas Cromwell, his Keeper of the Privy Seal, and foremost Councillor and governor in the supreme administration of the English Church,' to lodge him comfortably and to provide him with all necessaries. 'Who did this as well as had I been verily a great lord; and sometimes all the lords of the Court invited me to the noonday and the evening meal, when all was ordered in the stateliest fashion; sometimes the ladies bade me to dinner or supper (*jentacula vel merendas*),¹ whereat nothing that might be agreeable to me was lacking. Did I excuse myself for being too small for such honours, they replied: he who had sent me was worthy of yet greater distinctions, and the King willed it so.'

This year of 1533 was, indeed, a strange, but not inauspicious, moment for a German to visit England. In May the marriage of Catherine of Aragon, the 'Aunt of Germany,' had been pronounced by Cranmer to be null and void, and a shining, shouting pageant had gone its way through the streets of London to crown the subtle head of Anne Boleyn. In September Elizabeth was born, and Mary, Princess Royal and close cousin to the Emperor, was abased from her high estate, and sent to reside, as a mere lady of the Court, in the household of her supplanter. And in November, at the very time of the visit of Hubertus, a commission, composed of Cromwell, Cranmer and Latimer, was

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 61.

sitting at Lambeth engaged in unravelling the threads of a formidable conspiracy against the life of the King, in which Catherine and the Catholic party in the country were said to be deeply implicated. It was natural, therefore, that Henry should welcome an envoy from Germany with the most anxious cordiality, and the fact that the Palsgrave was a friend and loyal supporter of Charles doubtless but added to his zeal.

Hubertus fully realised this condition of affairs. 'I heard from the merchants that the King was afraid of the Emperor, for that he had put away his aunt; that he was distrustful of the King of France because of his alliance with the Pope, of whom again he was in awe for the same reasons and for others of religion; and that in consequence he sought friendship in Germany.' The politic Netherlander played his part, therefore, like a man. 'I was so consoled by this confidence,' he declares, 'that I spoke without reserve to the King.'¹

Now the Palsgrave had instructed his ambassador—or, rather, his ambassador had instructed the Palsgrave—that the method of attack should be this: first, to remind Henry how, in the war with France, Frederick had served England without wage, and how, while other princes had been rewarded, he alone had been allowed to depart with scarce a word of thanks; next, to point out that Frederick had since served many other potentates, who had all recompensed him for the expense of his equipment with a guerdon 'that he could show to strangers'; and finally, to beg some small gift from the monarch as a sign that the Palatine's services had not been disagreeable to English Majesty. On the top of this were to be thrown in a few statements regarding Frederick's matrimonial affairs, and some discreet hints concerning the present condition of the negotiations with France.

¹ 'The Secretary of the Duke of Bavaria, Mr. Hubertus Thomas, has shown much of his master's mind to the King,' writes Cromwell to Christopher Mont. (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. vi.)

All this duly took place, and so brilliant was the diplomacy of Hubertus that Henry, far from being offended, evinced a lively pleasure in the envoy's company. 'The King,' he says, 'often summoned me to him and conversed with me, sometimes sitting, sometimes walking up and down.' He knew how matters had been going in France, and described the French sovereign as very vacillating, while of the Emperor he declared that the Palsgrave should have no confidence in him, since Charles was not accustomed to do good to his friends, and thought only of how to stuff his own sack. He also recommended the annalist to return through France to discover the cause of the silence of D'Isernay, promising to order his own ambassador to make every inquiry into the matter. In brief, 'he gossipped of many high things.'

Nor were politics their only play, and on one occasion this curiously assorted couple engaged in a contest from which they emerged—Henry with triumph, and Hubertus with perhaps something less than his customary dignity. For one day, when the two had strolled up and down conversing for some time, Henry felt thirsty; so he sent for two great goblets, filled, the one with wine, the other with beer. The envoy should choose and empty one of these, he declared, and himself should 'drink out' the other, 'that I might learn that Englishmen, yea, even the King himself, could drink in right German fashion, and assure my Prince that in England, where he much wished to see him, there were folks who could keep him company in drink.' Hubertus, with a praiseworthy primness, replied that this was as little his custom as his master's, explaining that the Palsgrave had actually instituted an Order and distributed rings—'whereof I showed him one'—as a pledge against this 'draining at a draught,' and that all the members of the Company of the Golden Ring were forbidden to 'drink out.' The King answered rather angrily that Palsgrave Frederick had no authority in England,

where himself alone was lord and emperor; but Hubertus still hesitated, not only, he candidly admits, because of his scruples, but also because the great goblet was repugnant to him. At last Henry burst out with an inquiry as to the manner of punishment that might be allotted to the crime. And when the envoy replied that the ring must be given back, and a dollar presented to the poor: "I give both for thee, ring and dollar," he exclaimed, and, taking the beaker of beer, emptied it at a draught, the while I could scarce accomplish my task with the wine in four gulplings.'¹

To complete the anecdote at once, the matter weighed sorely on Hubertus' conscience; so the very night that he arrived in Neumarkt, he unburdened himself to his master, and, assembling the whole of the dreaded Order, confessed what had occurred under the seductive auspices of the English King. The Companions, we read with relief, not only exonerated their erring comrade from blame, but insisted to a man on showing their sympathy by emptying a huge goblet of pure gold, Henry's offering to the Palsgrave, in the forbidden fashion. So touched was Hubertus by this act of self-sacrifice, that, bethinking him of the genial tempter's parting gift to himself—sixty specially blessed and golden rings against the cramp²—he distributed these among the now rejoicing company.

Meanwhile the envoy had achieved his purpose and bidden farewell to his host, leaving behind him an astonished and rather indignant circle of diplomatists, whom he had omitted to take into his confidence. The whole episode had, indeed, excited much curiosity, and not a little alarm both in French and in

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 62.

² 'The Kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere Crampe rynges, the whyche rynges, worne on ones fynger, dothe helpe them the whyche hath the Crampe.' (Andrew Boorde.) The rings were much sought after in Germany: 'I beg you earnestly,' writes Katharina von Schwartzburg to the Duke of Brandenburg, 'to help me if you can to an English ring, which serves for the falling sickness. I have had one that belonged to my dear mother, but I have worn it quite in two.'

Imperial breasts, and Chapuys wrote more than once to Charles V. on the subject. The accepted explanation seems to have been that the Palsgrave's secretary came to England merely to procure dogs and horses for his master, who esteemed such things 'more than precious jewels.'¹ And Henry did, in fact, add to his gifts two hackneys and half-a-dozen hounds. But the ambassador evidently had a suspicion that there were graver matters under discussion, and would gladly have made use of the opportunity afforded by a banquet to search out the secrets of his humbler colleague's heart. Not for nothing, however, had Hubertus studied the art of diplomacy, and Chapuys' efforts were in vain.²

The party set out from Dover³ in the company of a young Polish 'pan,' who desired the protection of the Palatine Secretary. Hubertus sought to avoid him, knowing 'that this people, like the Bohemians, are very thievish'; but the King commanded his acquiescence with the comforting remark that if any of the valuable gifts went astray, he had plenty of others to take their place. Passing quickly through Calais, for here also were 'boorish sea-folk and cheating innkeepers to be dreaded,' they arrived in Paris. But all attempts at negotiation were again useless, and Hubertus was only referred from King to Constable, and from Constable to King. At length it was made clear to the envoy that the real cause of the delay was the omission, on Frederick's part, to make proposals concerning the secret alliance with France, which alone had formed the spring of her sovereign's action in the matter. With heavy heart, therefore, he set out for Neumarkt, nor had he one ray of hope remaining to light the passage of his weary steps.

The Palsgrave, indeed, was equable as ever, and

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 63.

² *Ibid.*, 64.

³ Among the grants of November 1533 is one to 'Hubert Thomas, "secretary to the Count Palatine and Duke of Baviere": Licence to go beyond sea, with two servants, three horses, baggage, etc., and money to the amount of 300 crowns, or less.' (*L. and P.*, vol. vi.)

received the woeful news with resignation. One thing only stuck in his throat: the perfidy of Francis. Convinced that this should not pass unrebuked, he ordered the annalist and chancellor to return instantly to France, not now to press the marriage, but to expostulate with the King for breaking his freely-given word. They were then to travel once more to England to see what further comfort might be gained from Henry.

Back therefore they went, treading the well-known way with some despondency. Yet their sky held a momentary brightness. For Francis, that master of all gentle arts,¹ showed himself by no means unsympathetic, receiving them 'most graciously in his own chamber,' and listening with patience to their complaints. Indeed, when they had concluded, 'he smiled very genially and said that the Prince had grown so close to his heart that he must needs love him, even had he murdered his father, and he would provide us with a good answer for him.' But, despite this cosy brotherliness, the usual dallyings and delays ensued, and it was only after many days that they learned from the Constable the grievous and immedicable facts, which briefly were that the lady, without the knowledge of her brother or sister, had plighted her troth to 'a young lord of Brittany,' the Prince de Rohan. The King, said Bourbon, was himself so angry at this that he had sworn to look upon her face no more, while he shamed to speak further of her with the envoy of the Palsgrave, of whom she had proved herself so wholly unworthy.

None the less all was not lost, for was there not still remaining, continued the Constable hopefully, the daughter of the Duc de Vendôme? Yes; and even another lady, specified only by the pleasant if undistinguished name of 'Lugi':² both equally fitted to be the wife of the Palsgrave. But Hubertus was

¹ 'Prince tout théâtral.' (Sismondi, *Hist. des Français*.)

² Marked with an asterisk,

wearied of France and her evanescent princesses, and, despite the fact that on the following day, after Mass in the Forest of Vincennes, Francis himself repeated these and many other amiable offers, he would only promise to inform Frederick of the facts, and so sternly proceeded on his mission to the English King.

In England the chronicler was again 'a dear guest' to Henry,¹ who, when he learned what had happened, sighed deeply over the fickleness of the French. 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Palsgrave had a desire to marry any out of my kingdom: I would not only honourably endow her for him, but do even more.' Hubertus rose with instant alacrity to the occasion, which certainly held possibilities of fine advantage. 'Are there not then princely ladies in England?' he inquired; and when Henry replied ('if I remember right') that 'the Duke of Norfolk had one only one,' he continued with firmness: 'Your Majesty has himself a daughter.' The King reddened all over, and, referring to his supposed scruples of conscience concerning his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, replied: 'Be it far from me, that I should serve my cousin, the Count Palatine, with nothing better than one born out of marriage.'² So Hubertus, with further gifts but little gain, returned to Germany. And Frederick 'saw well that all his hopes were destroyed, but bore it, as ever, with a good and quiet heart.'

VIII

YET, patient as was the Palsgrave under these gibes

¹ Chapuys writes to Charles V. of Henry's special feeling for the Count Palatine, 'whom he has several times mentioned to me as his great friend.' On Thomas's arrival 'he said he brought news which would be very agreeable to the King, and it seems to be so from the good reception he has had from the King and Cromwell.' (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. vii.)

² In 1539 a draft treaty was actually drawn up for a marriage between Princess Mary and the Count Palatine Philip, nephew of Frederick. (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. xiv. pt. ii.) He even went so far as to kiss her: 'which is an argument either of marriage or of near relationship,' writes Marillac to Montmorency. But the Elector Ludwig refused to append his signature, and the matter dropped,

and gibbetings of fate, he could not help but realise the much that he had sacrificed for the House of Austria, and the little ('save words') that he had won. At the conclusion of the Diet of Augsburg, empty of purse as of heart, he had wished to retire in peace to his own home. Granvelle, however, had persuaded him that it would be a lamentable deed to desert his Emperor at so critical a moment;¹ so, to the grave detriment of health and fortune, he had accompanied Charles, not only on his political progresses but also through the second Turkish campaign. His mere money claim against the Imperial exchequer now amounted to many tens of thousands, and had already led to a sorrowful scene with the Emperor. Forced by dire poverty to leave his successful soldiers unrewarded, and again offered burdensome offices and responsibilities, he declined to incur any further debts on Charles's behalf, and they parted from one another 'sadly and with pale countenances: the Emperor for that he had heard the simple truth, and the Palsgrave for remembering how often his hopes and the promises made to him had come to naught.'

Now, therefore, sore from the strokes that he had earned only by a rare loyalty to this ungrateful House of Hapsburg, he could not refrain 'among friends' from a few complaints.² And these complaints reached the ears of the King of the Romans. Ferdinand, alarmed, at once despatched a warning to the Emperor in Spain, and together these two monarchs wove the net that was finally to land the not unwilling fish on the pleasant shores of matrimony.

For Charles and Ferdinand possessed a niece. And the niece was in a parlous position. In truth, Dorothea

¹ Germany is now 'very trubylleus and full of roore,' wrote Heyth to Cromwell.

² For his complaints to the Emperor and their reception see Lanz, *Correspondenz von K. Karls V.*, i. On one occasion Charles declares his claims to be *exhorbitantes*, but admits that his services are of great use. Frederick might have echoed the words of Margaret Paston: 'We beat the bushes, and have the loss and the disworship, and other men have the birds.'

of Denmark, aged fifteen years, sorely needed the protection of a strong and influential husband. Her father, the infamous King Christian II., had been deposed by an uncle, and imprisoned for the term of his life. But the usurper was now dead, and the council of the kingdom, buoyant with a new and unaccustomed authority, had decided to bestow the crown on Dorothea, King Christian's elder daughter. This little princess, who was still in the charge of her aunt, Queen Mary of Hungary, was the prize offered to the Palsgrave. For 'the Emperor and I,' said Ferdinand with decision, 'will that you and none other shall be King of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and our nephew-in-law.'

The Palsgrave was at first 'quite confounded' by this proposition, and spoke with pathos to the King of his earnest longing for rest, and of how, being already fifty years old, with hair and beard growing grey and the strength of his body declining, he was little fitted to be the husband of so youthful a lady, and the ruler of unruly peoples, who had declined to submit even to a sovereign in the heyday of life. But Ferdinand overruled all his objections 'so well and tersely,' and besought the Prince so earnestly to stretch forth his hand with confidence to the happiness which Heaven was sending him, that Frederick at last consented.

And now there began for him a period of arduous exertions and anxieties. For there were two other candidates in the field: the deposed and imprisoned Christian, whom the Count of Oldenburg was vigorously striving to rescue, and another Christian, son to Duke Frederick of Holstein.

Hubertus was despatched to Denmark to inquire into the matter, but he found the kingdom in an uproar, and none to pay him honour. He therefore returned with more speed than dignity, and was soon journeying by way of the Netherlands to Spain to discuss the difficulties of the business with the Emperor. He met Charles in Madrid, and had much intimate talk, both

with him and with Granvelle. The gist of the matter was this : that unless the princess was heavily dowered, the whole advantage of the transaction would lie with the Hapsburgs. 'The Emperor,' said the cautious annalist to the Chancellor, 'is presenting us with a bird which is yet winging the open skies, and may not easily or perchance ever be caught ; and therefore he must do something further.' It was finally decided that the lady should be allotted the same dowry as her sister the Duchess of Milan, receiving moreover as a wedding gift the sum of 50,000 golden crowns, to be paid within three years, either by the Fuggers or the Welsers. And Hubertus, satisfied, set out for home.

He reached Neumarkt at ten o'clock on the night of New Year's Eve, and made his way unnoticed to the Palsgrave's bedroom. The Prince lay already in bed, conversing with his attendants concerning the secretary's return, and promising to whomsoever should first announce his arrival a goodly guerdon. 'I held back, and showed myself to the court barber, who thereupon screamed : "He is here, give me the evangelium."' The Prince received the envoy joyfully, and when, complaining of fatigue, this hero proposed to delay the tale of his accomplishments till the following day, 'Tell it me,' cried Frederick, 'in three words !' So Hubertus answered : "I bring my lord a wife, a most gracious Emperor, and a reasonable dowry." And he thanked God with lifted hands, and said : "Go in God's name. My kitchen and my cellar are, as thou knowest, open to thee." I laughed, and said that such-like was but for parasites, bade him good-night, and went.'

All now seemed to be flowing smoothly. But there were still some rocks in the stream ; for the Elector and Council of the Palatinate, considering that the wedding gift of 50,000 crowns was not sufficient, insisted on a re-opening of the negotiations. Frederick, therefore, impatient and 'thinking it well that he

should at the last do something for himself,' decided to go in person to Spain; and a few weeks later, in the company of his secretary and his chancellor, he arrived in the little town of Bellpuig, in time to see Charles performing his Maundy Thursday ceremonies, and washing the feet of the poor. Nor were Hubertus and the 'learned Dr. Hartmannus' to be left without a forcible reminder of the sanctity of the season and the rigid orthodoxy of Spain. For while Frederick was discussing the state of affairs with his sovereign, these two journeyed to Montserrat,¹ in the hope of passing a pious and peaceful Good Friday night. But peace was not to be their portion, for the hunger of the chancellor proved altogether too much for his piety. Declining to be satisfied with the meagre salads of the Order—and even these should properly have been avoided on so sacred an occasion—Hartmannus would, despite his comrade's agonised remonstrances, 'by all means and force have eggs, and when the brothers perceived this stiffneckedness, they began to cry aloud that he was a Lutheran, and must be pointed out to the Inquisition.' Hubertus quieted them as best he could, representing his friend as 'a Flemish sow, who believed neither in God nor in aught else.' But it was only after an anxious night that the two Germans found themselves on the road to Barcelona, wondering as they went—for the spring was still young—that already the cherry-trees were dropping ripe fruit, and the fields whitening to harvest.²

In the great sea-port they rejoined the princes; and here the little party remained, settling all that was necessary to the conclusion of the marriage, till Andreas Doria arrived with his fleet to escort Charles on his expedition against the notorious Barbarossa. The Emperor and the Palsgrave then parted on the most brotherly terms, and, so soon as Frederick

¹ A rock 'of a league high,' on which were perched thirteen hermitages, 'all lovely, holy, and strange to behold.' (Lalain.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 65.

had seen his Imperial master safe on board the captain-galley—‘the most beautiful, complete, and large affair ever beheld upon the sea, all covered and ramparted with banners, standards and ensigns,’¹ blazoned with the arms of the Empire and the insignia of the Crucified Christ—he set out for the Netherlands, where the formal betrothal was to take place.

But the little bride was not to set eyes on her future lord as quickly as had been intended, for in Paris he found a pressing invitation from King Francis to visit him at Rouen, and, moved perhaps by the desire to point out to the perfidious monarch that young and lovely brides could be won elsewhere than in France, to Normandy he went. Here, moreover, he was kept waiting in growing impatience and anxiety for ten whole days, since despite the proffered hospitality there was no sign of his host.

Now the causes of this seeming neglect were, declares Hubertus, twofold. First (this was rumour) that it was done as a jest, in order to delay the eager groom, and ‘keep him from the bride for whom his heart was yearning.’ Secondly (and this, it appears, was truth) because Francis was feverishly occupied in putting finishing touches, for the benefit of his distinguished military guest, to one of his newly created regiments.

The King of France was, in fact, engaged in remodelling his army. The disgrace of Pavia had opened his eyes to the military needs of his kingdom,² and no sooner was the country at peace than he began to prepare her for a renewal of war. In the year preceding this of the Palsgrave’s visit he had issued two ‘ordonnances,’ one of which placed the French cavalry on a new basis, while the other extracted—or

¹ Guillaume de Montoche. (*Voy des Souv. des Pays-Bas.*, vol. iii.)

² ‘Le Roy voyant la subjection en laquelle ilz [les Suisses] le tenoient, il en fut ennuyé tant, comme dict est, qu’il s’en deffit, et au lieu d’eulx, il créa et establît en son royaume quarante-huict mil hommes, gens de pied, pour estre ses souldoyez.’ (*Journal d’un Bourgeois de Paris.*)

sought to extract—from the reluctant populations of the great kingdom a cheap and serviceable force of foot soldiers. Seven ‘home-grown’ legions there were to be, and each legion was to consist of six companies of 1,000 men apiece, and to bear the name of the province whence it sprang.¹ Of these new regiments it was that of Normandy, consisting, says Hubertus, of ‘taller and stronger men than the other Frenchmen, seeing that they have their origin from the midnight Germans,’ that the Palsgrave was to have the honour of inspecting.²

Meanwhile, the King continued to postpone the reception of his guest, alleging as excuse now illness, now business, and now sport. Frederick, however, grew at last so clamorous that Francis, yielding, came to Rouen and carried him off to ‘a castle’ nine miles from the town, where, to make up for his apparent churlishness, he entertained him in friendly splendour, ‘with all manner of hunting and lordly recreations with falcons.’ He even, adds Hubertus, ‘gave him his own bed to sleep in, wherein the Prince also admitted me, since else I had been forced to put up with a seat. My lord was, moreover, fed from the royal kitchen, and the three young sons of the King³ were ever about him, having their meals with him and providing him with all that caused delight.’

When two days had elapsed, the princes returned by river to Rouen. And now the Germans were privileged to obtain a glimpse of the nobler side of

¹ So strictly were the men and officers to be drawn from the mother-province, that any man who sought to exchange from one legion to another was to be ‘pendu et étranglé par la gorge.’ On the other hand, any soldier who distinguished himself was to be rewarded by a golden ring, ‘lequel il portera à son doigt pour mémoire de sa prouesse.’ (Du Bellay.)

² The ambassador, Marino Giustiniani, who was also present, seems to have been more correct in saying that the legions of Normandy, Brittany, and Languedoc were ‘little apt to war.’ (Tommases, t. I.)

³ The Dauphin François, aged 19; Henri Duc d’Orléans, aged 16, already married to Catherine de’ Medici; and Charles Duc d’Angoulême, aged 14.

that Phœbus of France, whose brilliant and invincible versatility has proved a stumbling-block to so many historians. For, as they journeyed, they read, 'according to the custom of the King, somewhat by the way, to which end there was in readiness the Thucydidés, newly done into French for the King. This he and the learned folk who stood round him so elegantly expounded that may I be damned if ever journey seemed so short to me, albeit the sailing lasted from morning even until night.'

'Indeed,' continues Hubertus, in eloquent defence of the much-discussed monarch, 'many praise this King for that he loves letters and the lettered, promotes study, and encourages schools. On the other hand, he is also blamed for being too greatly given over to women, and for not keeping his word and his promise. Yet, apart from adulation, I must say that I, who have often stood before tables where kings and the Pope, cardinals and bishops, have had their meals, remember no such learned table—so to express myself—as this of the King of France. For at it there was ever reading, debate and discourse; and none was so learned that he learned not more therefrom, none so experienced that he did not gain further experience, none so valiant a warrior but he might here find a better beside him. Yea, if one may dip so low, should even a smith, a gardener, or a tiller of the ground chance to be of the company, he would—at least, if the King himself had discoursed of the matter—not without instruction have gone away.¹ And this notwithstanding that the said King had a certain impediment in his speech, for his uvula had been injured by illness, and only those who were accustomed thereto could easily understand him.'

At last the day arrived for which the Germans had so long been kept waiting, and Francis invited

¹ 'La table du Roy estoit une vraye escolle,' writes Brantôme: 'Y estoit receu qui venoit; mais il ne falloit pas qu'il fust asne ny qu'il brunchast, car il estoit bientost relevé de luy mesme.'

Frederick to walk with him to the camp. Here there were 'lovely tents and high spying-places' arranged, from which the new regiment could be observed in all its evolutions. Here, too, were great pieces of artillery, which at the King's word were to be discharged.

When the royal party had taken up its position, the famous Norman regiment 'was led round and about, wheeling this way and that; and they sounded the trumpets with the field-drums, or blew upon them, till they rang through the air. After this they began to skirmish with one another, and to loose off their pieces with such a crackling that the earth quaked.' Unfortunately, the earth was not the only thing that trembled, for many of the raw young peasant soldiers, who had never before seen any firing, made no doubt that the attack was a real one, and, being exceedingly alarmed, ducked and dived in every possible direction. At this they were roundly jeered by the spectators, 'but the King saw it with sorrow, holding it to be a disgrace.'¹ Hubertus admits, however, that their fears were not wholly without foundation, for the great cannon were trained unpleasantly low, while, not far from the artillery, there was an immense quantity of gunpowder in sacks, which suddenly exploded, producing a horrifying spectacle of burnt faces and limbs calculated to unnerve even a more hardened army

Francis looked long and silently at his new troops, then turned to his visitor. 'I do not know, cousin Palsgrave,' he began, 'whether it is owing to the neglect of my ancestors or from intentional action on their part, that the French nation, once so warlike and so valiant, has now fallen into such grievous decay and decrepitude, that no foreign war can be carried through without foreign soldiers.' Of French horsemen, he continued, there were plenty, but of French footmen there were none; and he, for his part, had

¹ Du Bellay declares that the king 'se contenta fort' of 'ladite légion de Normandie.'

sought to supply this lack from among the peasantry who were commonly used for tillage only. By this arrangement the nation would be trained, while great sums would be kept in the country, which had before been given to the foreign mercenaries. His plan had been that of the Romans: to enlist six¹ legions, amounting in all to fifty thousand picked men. 'You judge of a lion by his claws: behold these bodies, so big and robust, and not devoid, I hope, of spirit. When inured by custom, I believe that they will excel.' Finally, the King pressed the Palsgrave, as the most renowned and experienced of German soldiers, for his judgment on all that he had seen and heard; and when he noticed a certain look of deprecation on the face of his guest: 'Proceed,' he exclaimed, 'I command you to keep nothing back.'

Frederick was now in a difficult position, as his was a conservative nature, and his military sympathies were against the innovations of Francis and the revolutionary maxims of *The Art of War*.² Beginning, however, with a modest disclaimer of the royal compliments on his own capacity, he pointed out the efforts of the former kings of France to wean their subjects from a lust for battle to a love for tillage and agriculture. Rather did they spend the money for the hiring of foreign soldiers, than make use of their own people at the peril of internal peace. In time of war, also, the greater nobles were wont to consult their own interests alone; so might, to the serious detriment of the country, lead the country's children over to the enemy. On the other hand, he could not blame the King's desire for reform. The new soldiers were tall and strong, and doubtless, when better

¹ The number was really seven.

² Or of *Utopia*. The whole of this conversation recalls the argument in Sir Thomas More's first chapter, in which Hythlodaye bases his plea for the abolition of mercenaries on the 'pernycious and pestylente' state of affairs in France, brought about by those 'wise-fooles and very archedoltes,' who thought the wealth of the country to consist in 'practysed souldyours and cunnyng mansleers.'

practised, would also acquire courage. To be strong and ignorant was often, indeed, harmful, but if experience were added, there would in time arise a true manliness, resolute in misfortune, without fear of death, preferring to reach victory by the laying down of life, rather than to escape with dishonour. Courage, valour and constancy could be induced only by order and discipline, through willingness to suffer, self-control and fear of superiors: in which qualities the German soldier excelled. For, though laden with many burdens, the landsknecht preserved a singular awe. If he chanced to desert, he must lead a life of misery and loneliness, since all men held him for a knave, and none would befriend him; and this made the faint-hearted ones so wretched that they would rather perish than abandon the flag. Francis must judge whether these sentiments were likely to flourish among his people. The French soldiers might, indeed, soon rival the German, but, taught by them, would they not return to their own country stiff-necked, given over to drunkenness, prone to quarrellings and blows, avid of vengeance and apt to anger at the smallest word?

The King listened with attention to the Palsgrave's words, often nodding his head in assent; but he answered nothing, and, as evening was drawing in, they returned to the city. The next day, however, he showed a generous appreciation of Frederick's candour, telling the Prince that the speech had given rise to hot argument, and that though he himself had agreed with the criticisms, other high authorities had taken them ill, deeming the French nation insulted. 'And whether from this or another cause,' concludes Hubertus, 'the King soon disbanded his six regiments and would not use them.' As a matter of fact, the Count Palatine's prediction was fulfilled to the letter, and such grave obstacles arose from the inexperience and indiscipline of the new soldiers that when, only two years later, Francis was again engaged in hostilities with the

Emperor, a considerable portion of his army consisted of German troops.¹

Frederick now girded himself for departure, receiving from Francis, as a reward for his plain speaking, a gift, an explanation and a warning. The gift was a convenient one: six thousand crowns. The explanation was also welcome, as it assured the confiding Palsgrave that the King's shifty conduct had been due to the machinations of others. The warning was even more important: 'You shall see,' said Francis, 'how little I wish to do you an injury.' Not long before there had come a certain noble of Germany, revealing himself as Frederick's deadly enemy, and offering splendid bribes for permission to attack the traveller on the French frontier. 'I have forbidden him with threats to touch you, but he is now lurking in the Castle of Sedan with Robert de la Marck. In my dominions you are safe from him, but, once out of them, look to yourself.' As a matter of fact, this warning was all that they heard of the business; but it caused the little party to travel with watchful alertness, the Chancellor especially, mocks Hubertus, being 'violently alarmed, and thinking every horseman we met to be Rosenberg.'

Before leaving, however, another and a dearer task befell the Palsgrave: to wit, a visit to the Queen, the jocund Eleonore of his early dreams. With her 'he spoke long of his old love'; but she would not allow that she had ever really thought of taking him as a husband, declaring it to have been merely the play and pleasantries of youth. She even greatly extolled the Portuguese wedding, and the loving attentions of that aged King, 'the like of which befell her no longer with the King of France, by whom she was held of little account.' This fact the Prince heard not ungladly, 'albeit he bore himself as though he felt sympathy for her.'

¹ 'At the moment of my departure the king had already in his pay four thousand landsknechts, masterless adventurers of Lower Germany.' (Giustiniani.) And see Illustrative Notes, 66.

They also talked of the little bride of Denmark, and Eleonore said that she held her in affection, and that, should she never have a daughter of her own, she would make this niece her heiress. Nor, indeed, was this the end of her kindness, for when, after the formal betrothal at Brussels, the little lady was setting forth for the Palatinate, the aunt, with a charming sentimentality that seems to belie her protestations regarding the early romance, insisted on going to see her at Camerich. And though, by the simplicity of her litter and the meagreness of her escort, the Queen of France made no great show beside the splendours of Austria (and Queen Mary of Hungary, who was managing the business, 'particularly desired to display her magnificence to the French'), yet the affability of Eleonore was amply worthy of the gracious traditions of her youth.

Here, then, in the little town of Camerich, were the three brightest of Frederick's dream princesses gathered together, and here—in calm and kindly retrospection, and on a note of comedy—was the wheel of his courtships welded to its perfect round. Yet his tragedies were by no means overpast. 'The Prince,' comments Hubertus grimly, 'thought that through marriage he would reach the longed-for end of his griefs and groanings, but he soon realised that now, for the first time he was verily launched on a wild and stormy sea.'

IX

THE marriage took place at Heidelberg in the September of the year 1535, 'with many dishes and dances,' jigs and jousts. Above four thousand guests were counted, and the Palsgrave, 'who dearly loved to sparkle,' set himself with determined will to enjoy that 'joyful day that cometh to a man but once in a lifetime.'



FREDERICK, PALSGRAVE OF THE RHINE.

From a drawing by Albrecht Dürer, 1523. British Museum.

But scarcely had the honeymoon begun when urgent letters reached him concerning the state of Denmark. And at once, and for many months, all thought and action was directed towards the rescue of his royal hopes from the grip of the Count of Oldenburg. His exchequer, moreover, grew daily leaner and yet more lean, and soon, far from ascending the high and ancient throne of the Danes, he was ignominiously diminishing the already modest dignity of his Palatine household and establishment.

Worn with strife and anxiety, and crippled with debt, the Palsgrave determined at length to make his difficulties the excuse for a holiday. Charles was again in Spain, with a mouth full of promises, and to Charles he would go; Eleonore was in France, with a heart (he hoped) not unmindful of her former love, so to Eleonore he would go; while Henry was in England, with an affection for his 'German cousin' that might well be turned to account. Dorothea should accompany him; nor should the faithful Hubertus, most tried and travelled of secretaries, be left behind.

Behold, then, the little company setting out for a last solemn visitation of the Courts of Europe: not, as might be supposed from the state of their exchequer, with a modest competence of retinue, but garishly, with a company of 'seventy horses and many useless attendants, who could only consume, and must have everything as abundantly as in Germany.' Hubertus, indeed, remembering the 'squalor and needy nakedness' both of the Spanish inns and of their own purses, was a good deal disturbed at this, but his wails were vain. The Princess, he owns, was not in fault, for she had with her but two ladies and a female fool 'for mirth and distraction.'¹

¹ According to the *Zimmerische Chronik* Frederick was in the habit of leaving his purveyors of amusement in the charge of his protesting kinsmen. On one occasion he left his English hound, his fool, and his page to the care of his brother, the Bishop of Freisingen. The dog bit the bishop so that he nearly lost his hand, the fool struck the

The annalist's forebodings were amply justified, for scarcely were they out of France than their troubles began. They were nearly drowned in crossing the river at Bayonne, nearly frozen in traversing the snow-bound passes of the Pyrenees, and nearly starved everywhere. Having rashly lingered in the little village of Segura to celebrate the holy rites of Christmas, they twice started in vain to climb the lofty mountain of St. Adrian¹ that barred their way. Each time they were overwhelmed by a terrific storm. Once they succeeded in retracing their steps in safety to Segura, when the Biscayans received them with jeers, and threw snowballs at them from the windows. But the second attempt landed the princely couple irremediably in a snow-drift. Hubertus, by clinging in an undignified manner to the tail of a sturdy horse, won his way through the storm to the tunnel² at the summit of the mountain, where he discovered help. He returned with many assistants to rescue his noble patrons; but all their efforts were fruitless until an ingenious alcalde forced them out of the hole with a naked sword, filling up the cavity behind him as he did so.

Even then there was still the descent to be faced. They could not remain in the tunnel for fear of being snowed up and suffocated, so down they must plunge on their perilous career. The mountain side was

bishop with his fist so that he nearly lost his eye, and the youth made love to the bishop's lady. So the prelate restored the three treasures with alacrity, 'praying him another time to seek a different guardian, for never again would he take or keep them.' (*Zim. Chron.* iv.)

¹ 'Precipices and rocks, on which a puling lover may meet with certain death, if he has a mind to it.' (D'Aulnoy.)

² 'Near the highest part of the Mount St. Adrian, you meet with an elevated rock, which seems to have been placed in the midst of the way to block up the passage. A tedious and painful labour has pierced this mass of stone in the shape of a vault; you may walk forty or fifty paces under it without sight of day but what comes by the overtures at each entry which are shut by great doors. You find under this vault an inn, which is left in the winter by reason of the snows. You see here likewise a little chapel of St. Adrian and several caverns where thieves commonly retreat; so that it is dangerous passing here without being in a condition of defence.' (*Ibid.*)

steep and slippery, and the Palsgrave slid down it at a great pace, with Hubertus' stick between his legs, 'like a boy with a hobby-horse,' suffering indeed many falls thereby. As for the Duchess Dorothea, supported by her maidens, she tumbled from step to step, often disappearing into the deep snow. When they finally arrived at a village where they could pass the night the ladies all fell into a faint, and were only returned to consciousness by the prompt application of the incomparable balm of pomegranates, which the resourceful Hubertus carried ever about him.

The natives seem to have behaved throughout the adventure in what the annalist evidently considers to be a characteristic Spanish manner. When the party arrived, wounded and exhausted, in any village, it was received with hoots and snowballs. When it fell into difficulties by the way it was instantly abandoned by its guides. When a relief expedition was sent back to retrieve the lame and the laggard, the succourers devoured the provisions intended for the resuscitation of the succoured. When the Palsgrave sought to defray the night's expenses with a reasonable sum, the innkeeper first haughtily declined all remuneration on the score of his lofty nobility, then burst into threats of what he would do should the sum not be trebled. Briefly, the journey was a bitter one, even for those days of strenuous travelling. The ladies sickened, the horses died, and the money ran short. Yet, to her credit be it said, the little Palsgravine, 'to amuse the Prince, did only laugh.'

In one village alone did the Germans meet with a friendly reception, and this was when Hubertus chanced upon a Spanish gentleman, to whom he had once been hospitable in Heidelberg. The grateful caballero now led the annalist and six of the company to his own house and entertained them in the most lavish manner. The house, it is true, was small, sunk into the earth, and filled with 'many sheep, goats, hens, and other such fine and cleanly furniture.' On

the hearth, however, was burning a fire in which hung a roasting-spit; and on this, 'as it might seem, especially for us,' there was already frizzling a hare, two partridges and a capon. The lady of the house—having 'travelled a good part of Europe, and thereby learned that one should ever be ready to help foreigners'¹—was warm in her praise of Germans, and promptly set out the banquet, while the son, who had waded home through the snow from a neighbouring village, contributed to it olives, capers, and a mysterious fruit called *mala Arecontica*. The master of the feast himself gave them much sage counsel as to the remedies and precautions advisable on so grievous a journey of snow and storm, recommending them earnestly to cover their eyes with a dark veil, and to take off their boots when they went to bed: 'by which I gathered,' observes Hubertus approvingly, 'that our host was not unlettered, having probably learned all that wisdom from Xenophon.'

At length the party—or rather, the remnants of the party—arrived in Toledo, and were rewarded for their pains by a really Imperial welcome. All the Spanish grandees, who were assembled for a Cortes, rode out in a body to greet and escort them. As for the Emperor and Empress, they received their niece and nephew more than graciously, visiting or entertaining them daily, and frequently taking their meals in the Palatine apartments, an honour which they 'had never accorded even to the greatest of the Spanish princes.' This familiarity, indeed, gave serious offence to the haughty Spaniards, for they held that the Emperor was 'making himself too common'; and when, to crown the indiscretion, the Empress, whose health demanded sunshine, was moved to a room adjoining that of the Palsgravine, their anger passed all bounds. In fact, the grandees now sought high and low for means to

¹ Perhaps she had read Thomasin von Zerkläre: 'Both women and men shall honour strangers; if the stranger be not worthy, they have yet done honour to themselves; and if he be worthy, then are both honoured.'

injure this pestilent German intruder, and brought innumerable false accusations of every description against his household.

Nor apparently was this a difficult matter, since the Inquisition was in full swing, and to every Spaniard the word German spelled also the execrated word Lutheran. Every inn and every tavern was full of spies, whose sole occupation was to watch the movements of the hated foreigners, and so eager was their purpose that the slightest pretext served. Hubertus' adventure at Montserrat paled before the present predicaments of Frederick's retinue. Thus, when one of the Imperial trabants boxed the ears of a boorish priest, the victim swore upon the cross that his assailant belonged to the Palatine party, and the accused servant was rescued with the greatest difficulty from the hands of the alguazil. Again, the German grooms were in the habit of leaving the church in the middle of the service to look after their horses, returning so soon as the business was accomplished; and this raised a violent outcry among the priests. To smooth over the matter, the Archbishop of Toledo—'a good man and a special friend of the Prince'—arranged that the Germans should have a private *sacrificulus* and a private Mass at whatever hour suited them. Instantly a new complaint arose that the worshippers did not follow the whole service on their knees, but spent part of the time walking up and down in the church. When it was pointed out that the Spaniards did the same: 'That is quite a different matter,' was the reply; 'you come from the land of heresy, and must keep yourselves above suspicion.' Once more the little company sought the help of the Archbishop, and he secretly advised them to keep away from the Mass altogether. On no account, however, were they to mention his counsel, since 'he was as little secure as they were from the Inquisitors and heresy-mongers, with which the Court was beset.' The Germans now had a short interval of peace, till, unluckily, one of

their number, while laden with a sack of barley, was moved to kneel down and adore the passing Host. At once a priest fell upon him with feet and fists, and haled him to the authorities. Finally, several of the party were accused of eating on Ash Wednesday the remains of Shrove Tuesday's feast. And at this gross calumny—the hungry Hartmannus was not of the party—the Palsgrave, past patience and fearing some tragic conclusion, complained to the Emperor. Even here, however, he gathered but little consolation, since Charles could only reply that he himself was no less continually tormented. Yet, should God spare his life for a few years longer, added the monarch, 'he, whom they called but a Flemish pig (*porcum Flamminicum*) would teach them to treat their King a trifle better than heretofore. And this he said, so some thought, with reference to his mother, who yet lived, and by reason of whom the Spaniards held that the Emperor had not yet full power to govern.'

In consequence of these discomforts,¹ the Palsgrave began to think of departure. But the Danish question, with its dismal train of debts and deficits, was yet to be settled, and there was also the serious dilemma of funds for their immediate wants. This part, at least, Hubertus could attend to; so, requesting an interview with Charles, he laid the matter before him, not omitting to enumerate the terrible expenses to which this journey had compelled his master. When the Emperor asked why they had brought so vast a retinue to a land which it was well known could feed but a few, 'We did it for honour's sake,' replied Hubertus, 'so as not to make too poor a show in France.' Charles laughed and answered: 'Say, rather, for my cousin's sake.' Knowing, however, what manner of men the

¹ The *Zimmerische Chronik* speaks of the great 'knavery, unfaith, and dishonour' with which Frederick was treated even by some of Charles's Netherland nobles on this occasion. 'It was a journey like that whereof one reads in the Round Table, when King Ban of Benoie journeyed to King Arthur of Britain his lord for help and the preservation of his country, and gained little thereby.'

Germans were, 'who must ever eat five times in the day,' he agreed to allow the 1,300 ducats a month, for which the annalist applied.

But soon a great misfortune befell, for 'the pious Empress, our best hope,' died, and Charles was too deeply immersed in grief to turn his mind to Danish matters. The Palsgrave therefore took his departure with ceremony and a sum of 7,000 ducats in solid cash. 'And when I shook these out on the table I thought that the lovely doubloons would have somewhat moved him; but he said that he could not understand how anybody could care for money. For his part, he rejoiced only in spending it.' And, indeed, he and his wife had already spent so much in Toledo that their baggage now required thirty mules, in the stead of six, to transport it, and that even the Palsgrave himself 'became rather tired thereof'; while the most of the Emperor's guerdon was at once dispatched to Neumarkt, for the building of a new kitchen,¹ although, as Hubertus not impertinently observed to him, 'what is the use of a kitchen, if we have nothing to cook in it?' 'God will provide,' said the Prince, trustful as the prophet of old.

As a fact, Francis of Valois was privileged to be the provider of their immediate needs, for on their arrival in Paris, moved by their misery, he furnished them with both money and a commodious lodging, declaring magnificently that as King of France he had enough for all. Here, therefore, the princely couple lived for a time in pomp and elegance, running up bills at their desire and at their host's charge to the amount of 3,000 crowns, and being visited constantly by the highest in the land. It was now, indeed, that Hubertus met that matchless Marguerite of Navarre, whose 'lofty and reasonable converse concerning things theological so immeasurably refreshed' him, and of whom he tells

¹ Frederick had probably been moved to envy by the sight of one of the excellent French kitchens of the period. Tasso declared the kitchen of the hospital at Bayonne to be comparable for its beauty to the arsenal at Venice. (*Il padre di famiglia*.)

with tenderness the anecdote that is probably more widely known than all the rest of his writings together.

'Nor can I here be silent,' he begins, 'concerning what the Queen herself told me of that learned man Fabre de St. Étapes, who, when the teachers and confessors of the evangelical truth were persecuted in France, had made his escape by flight, and come to Gascony.' Marguerite, it appears, had one day sent word to the worthy divine that she would take the midday meal at his house, bringing with her sundry philosophers in whose conversation she took particular pleasure. During the meal Fabre began to be exceedingly sad, and now and again to weep. When the Queen asked why he did this, when she had come to him in order to be gay, he replied: 'How shall I be merry, most august Queen, or make others merry, being the greatest sinner and most evil knave upon earth?' 'Dear Monsieur Jacques,' she said amazed, 'what manner of great sin can you have committed, since from your youth up, meseems, you have led a blameless life?' 'I am,' he answered, 'one hundred and one years of age, and pure of all taint of woman, nor can I remember ever to have burdened my conscience with aught by reason whereof I might be afraid to die, save one thing only.' The Queen still pressed him to tell, so though for weeping he could scarce utter the words he spoke: 'How can I stand before God's Judgment Seat, seeing that I have taught the holy gospel, clean, pure and clear, to so many, who, following my teaching, have suffered a thousand torments and martyrdoms, yea even death: and yet am myself secretly fled away, who in mine inconstancy should not have avoided death, but rather have sought for it?'

Queen Marguerite, who was eloquent of speech, and versed in the Holy Scriptures, remonstrated with many reasons and ensamples, showing him that the same had happened to other holy men, and that he

ought not to despair of God's grace and mercy. And as all who were present agreed, he was little by little comforted. At last he said: 'Then there remaineth to me nothing, save to betake myself on the journey to God the Lord, whensoever it shall please Him, and to make my will; and this I will no longer postpone, for I think that God is calling me.' Looking at the Queen, 'I ordain and constitute you my heiress,' he proclaimed, 'and I bequeath to your preacher, Magister Gerhard, all my books. My clothes, and what else I have, shall be for the poor; the rest I commend to God.' The Queen laughed a little and asked: 'Monsieur Jacques, what then shall remain to me as heritage?' 'The trouble,' he replied, 'of dividing all this amongst the poor.' 'Well,' she said, 'so be it, and I avow that this shall be dearer to me than if my brother, the King of France, had made me his heiress.' At this the holy man seemed happier, and saying: 'I must rest a little, dear lady Queen; be meanwhile of good cheer, and God be with you,' he laid himself down on the nearest bed, and, even while men thought that he slept, departed. All wondered greatly when they tried to awaken him, for none had taken heed of his weakness. But the Queen caused him to be honourably committed to earth, and his grave to be covered with the tombstone that she had been fain to use for herself.

The Palatine skies were soon again overcast, for Frederick, who had been ailing for some time, now grew steadily worse, owing not improbably to the ministrations of the six royal physicians. These learned gentlemen, prompted by their master, commanded a prolonged stay in Paris, and moved him from his own narrow dwelling to 'the lovely squares and gardens of Tournelles at the upper end of the city.' It appears, indeed, that there were more reasons than Hubertus' tact permits him to reveal for the desire of Francis to prolong his guests' sojourn in Paris. Another annalist, less discreet, throws a humorous

light on the subject, for, having first declared that the great honour done to Frederick and Dorothea by 'King Francisco' would require a separate *tractat*, he enlarges on the romantic circumstances of the visit, and points out that not only had the Palsgrave been once secretly affianced to his hostess, but that now also the host was privily in love with the Palsgravine.

For the said King, he would have us to know, was a marvellous ladies' man (*frawenman*), having all his life squandered great riches and infinite pains in such businesses. And now he was set on winning, by every manner of hidden practice, the heart of the Princess and on 'rewarding her in like manner.' But his plans did not prosper. 'Albeit the Queen Leonora was otherwise of no sharp wits or high intelligence, yet could she well smell this rat, seeing that the manifold *furta* of her husband the King had long been known to her.' So, with admirable precaution, she took her little niece to herself, keeping her, the while Frederick lay ill, of nights in her own chamber, and letting her even by day but little from her side. By these means all excursions from the right conjugal path were delicately hindered, and the King, unrewarded and unrewarding, must gaze from afar. 'And this I have related for all men to know that such businesses and practices flourish not only among the lowly but even among the highest in the land.'¹ The Count Palatine, however, whether aware or not of these amatory manœuvres, had no intention of remaining in Paris. Among his visitors was the English ambassador, Bishop Bonner, bearing messages and letters of invitation from Henry VIII. So soon, therefore, as he could by any means rise from his bed, the party prepared to set out.

The usual difficulties as to money now arose. For the generosity of Francis did not extend so far as to induce him to provide funds sufficient for a visit, of which he by no means approved, to a rival power.

¹ *Zimmerische Chronik*, iii.

Eleonore, indeed, had presented the little Palsgravine with another 2,000 crowns,¹ but this was already spent. 'From this store,' says Hubertus, 'she had been daily buying all manner of things. And when I one day friendlily reminded her how firm and fixed the prince yet lay, and that we had nothing for our expenses in Paris and during the rest of the journey other than what the King gave us, she replied that I was to hold my peace and say nothing further, for that she could not rest until the last farthing had been spent. Whereat I was fain to laugh and say: "Surely your Excellency is made just like unto my lord."'²

All other hopes now hung upon Queen Mary, Governess of the Netherlands, so, after a few more days spent with Francis in the Constable's Castle of Chantilly, and in that new and 'most elegant palace, Villa Cotorella,'³ they pushed on to Holland. Taking ship at Dordrecht, they were nearing Rotterdam when they beheld a little barge, full of people, coming to meet them, and sorely beset by the strong south wind. So great, indeed, seemed its danger, that the Palatine party altered their sails and flew to the rescue. To their great surprise, the occupant of the boat proved to be the widowed Duchess of Milan, the younger sister of the Palsgravine, who 'out of exceeding longing for her sister, had forced the boatmen, with threats, despite the danger, to put out.' Instead of a friendly welcome, she received, says Hubertus, a severe rebuke. But it is not improbable

¹ In a letter to Bonner of August 14, Hubertus says that 'the queen gave the princess dresses and a bed, worth 2,000 crowns.' (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. xiv. pt. ii.)

² The *Zimmerische* chronicler bears out this view of Dorothea's character, for, when mentioning later that, in her desire to have children, she had made many pilgrimages and girded herself with holy girdles, as her husband's mother had done before her, he remarks caustically that this took place with no such earnestness or devotion as had been shown by the old Palsgravine, but with a 'gepreng und gespai.'

³ The letter from Hubertus to Bonner is written from 'Villa Cotterrey' (Villers Cotterets). The palace was begun in 1532 by Jacques and Guillaume Le Breton.

that the gallant little Duchess was more than able to hold her own with so gentle-natured a tutor as her brother-in-law, having already established a European reputation for firmness and wit, by her answer to Henry VIII.'s proposal of marriage: 'Had I but two heads,' she amiably declared, 'how gladly would I place one at your Majesty's disposal!'¹

At the Hague the princely couple were hospitably received by Queen Mary. But at once a difficulty arose. For the Palsgrave, while firmly resolved both to go to England and to have his expenses provided for by his royal aunt, was perfectly aware that, owing to recent diplomatic complications, she would altogether disapprove of the enterprise. Indeed, that Frederick himself should have chosen this moment to visit the English King shows plainly the extremity of need to which he had been driven. For he had been closely involved—'seing he hath marryed thelder suster'²—in the negotiations between Charles and Henry concerning the young Duchess, and to be plunged into the thick of the welcome preparing for her substitute, Anne of Cleves, can scarcely have been an alluring prospect. Moreover, to an adherent of the Papacy, as Frederick still was, the proceedings of the English monarch at this moment, when the dissolution of the monasteries was in full swing, must have been far from agreeable.

To England, however, Frederick was determined to go. So he invented the ingenious device of procuring money from Queen Mary for his return to

¹ The story does not seem to be quite borne out by the documents of the time, though Wriothesley's delightful account of his interview with her is capable of various interpretations. 'She hard me wel,' he concludes, 'and lyke oone (me thought) that was tickled.' She appears to have been as attractive as the portrait of her by Holbein, now in the National Gallery. 'She is marvelous wise,' writes Wriothesley, 'very gentel, and as shamfast as ever I sawe soo wittye a woman. . . . Very pure, faire of colour she is not, but a marvelous good brownishe face she hath, with faire redd lippes, and ruddy chekes. . . . She was yet never soo wel paynted, but her lyvely visage doth muche excel her pointure.' (*State Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. viii. pt. v. cont.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 67.

Germany, and of starting merely 'in the direction of Antwerp.' Having purchased in this city all the necessities of his further journey, he then hastily made for Calais, hoping to cross the Channel without delay.

But Queen Mary was not the only person to look askance at the Palsgrave's unexpected vagary, and in Calais Frederick and Hubertus—Dorothea had been left with her deluded aunt—were detained for some days by the Deputy, Lord Lisle,¹ nominally because of 'the disquietude of the sea, but in truth that he might inquire of the King about us.' It was not till a week had passed that they were allowed to proceed, when, in the company of Lord Lisle himself, they crossed on quiet waters to England. Lauded be God, writes the Deputy piously to his wife, for their fair and speedy passage; he himself had been 'nothing sick, whereof I am not a little proud that I am now become so strong a seaman.'

At Dover their welcome was a noisy one, for no sooner had they reached the harbour than 'such a shooting ensued from the great pieces that stood above on the hill, in the caves and holes, that the very sky and sea seemed to be troubled, and that for the smoke of it, through which we could see naught but flashes, the whole island was blotted out.' In former times, adds Hubertus, Dover was merely an old castle with a garrison, set to protect the ships which only here found a possible landing. But now King Henry VIII., to guard England better,² had had great holes and

¹ Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, natural son of Edward IV. Hubertus wrongly describes him as 'illegitimate brother of the king's father.'

² 'Our noble prynce,' writes Boorde, 'hath, and dayly dothe make noble defences, as castels, bulwarkes, and blokhouses, so that, almost, his grace hath munited, and in maner walled England rounde aboute, for the saufeguard of the realme, so that the poore subjectes may slepe and wake in saufeguard, doing their business without parturbaunce.' He built them 'with no small sped, and like charge,' adds Harrison, 'whereby (no doubt) he did verie much qualifie the conceived grudges of his adversaries, and vtterlie put off their hastie purpose of invasion.'

caves hewn in the rocks, and filled with soldiers. Many other neighbouring places had also been fortified by him, which all at a time discharged a mighty shooting. 'The Duke and I came aland together,' supplements Lord Lisle, 'yet was I landed before him, where he was received with 60 great shot of artillery.' Sir Christopher Morice, Master of the Ordnance, with the mayor and other gentlemen, attended Frederick's coming on the shore, and the King had sent 'a horse-litter and two mulets covered with crimson velvet' to convey him to his lodging.¹

In other respects, however, the Palsgrave's reception in England seems to have been by no means brilliant, for (if the French ambassador is to be believed) the body of gentlemen who were originally told off to accompany him had been countermanded by Henry, and the guest was left to pursue his unwelcome way to London with no escort other than that of Lord Lisle, who was travelling for his own purposes. Even at the appointed lodging in the capital there was none but his host—a rich merchant—to receive him.

A considerable ring of disturbance had, in fact, been caused by the dropping of this Catholic pebble into the newly calmed pool of the Cleves alliance, and England and her neighbours alike showed marked signs of agitation. The letters of the day bubble with curiosity and alarm. No sooner had the Duke of Cleves heard the disquieting news, writes one correspondent, than he instantly despatched three extra envoys to Henry's Court; and Francis I. writes urgently to his ambassador, Marillac, to find out all that he can concerning the visitor and his intentions.²

¹ For all letters referred to in this chapter, unless otherwise stated, see *L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. xiv. pt. ii.

² Even Pope Paul III. was agitated: 'The Pope asked for an opinion about the Count Palatine's journey into England, of which he was very suspicious. . . . said he suspected some alliance of the Emperor with the King.' (Grignan, French Ambassador in Rome, to Francis I., Oct. 21.)

Marillac himself reports to the Constable de Montmorency that he is hastening to London to see 'what welcome they will make Duke Frederick,' promising to keep as near to the Court as possible, and to probe the business to the uttermost. Three reasons, he adds, were popularly assigned for the unexpected descent of the German prince: 'Some of the nearest servants of this King dare to say he brings a secret commission from the Emperor to make a conspiracy here, and get money if he can; others, that he will demand aid against the King of Denmark, which kingdom he claims in right of his wife¹; but the common opinion is that he comes to resume the long protracted discussion of the marriage of the Duchess of Milan.'

As for the English monarch, he professed total ignorance of his visitor's intentions and desires. 'The King himself,' continues Marillac in another curious passage, 'said he did not know the motive of his coming, unless it were for old acquaintance' sake, adding that if the said Duke spoke of what was formerly in question he knew what to answer; and that he was not to be put to sleep by fine promises, of which there is such a market that every one may be rich and poor—rich in hope and poor in effect—and would to God the King, his brother (Francis), knew it as well as he.' No sooner, too, had Frederick arrived in London than Henry commanded Cromwell to visit him quickly, and 'feel whether you can grope out of him wherefore he is come.'² In brief, the diplomatic dovescots were considerably fluttered, and it seems not unlikely that the messages and invitation delivered to Frederick in Paris had been merely the offspring of Bishop Bonner's anti-Protestant zeal.

None the less, both the journey and the sojourn in

¹ The Danish crown had been offered in 1534 to Henry himself by the Protestant demagogues of Lubeck, and the treaty of mutual support was actually drawn up when Christian of Holstein, also a Protestant, was proclaimed king. Cf. *Political History*, vol. v.

² Letter of Lord Southampton and others to Cromwell, Sept. 16.

London were cheerful enough. 'The Palsgrave and I are merry here in Canterbury,' writes the Deputy to his lady: 'send me the furs of my tawny velvet gown and the sables; for, from what I have heard, they may be needed. The Palsgrave desires his commendations. He left behind him the little flagon with the walnut water. Send it with the furs.' And John Hussey, the Lisles' servant, delivers to his mistress an account of further merriment and 'high feasting' in the capital. Hubertus, of course, makes the best of the matter. His master was received, he declares, by several distinguished lords of the King's sending, while the rich citizen, who lodged the party, 'entertained us most richly, not allowing our harbingers to expend the smallest amount. Did he learn that one of them had paid for aught, he made it good to him forthwith, saying that the King had forbidden him, under pain of instant beheading, to take one farthing from us.'

While awaiting his summons to the royal presence, Frederick was, as usual, taken to see all the sights of the city, being especially shown the Tower of London and its 'incredibly great' contents. And in this the favourable intentions of Henry appear, for, as Marillac explains to Montmorency, this is what they are accustomed to do 'to foreign gentlemen whom they wish to caress.'¹ Westminster was, unhappily, a source of great disappointment to the Palsgrave, for although he was privileged to gaze upon the tombs and images of many kings, he was denied the sight of the world-famous antlers of eight-and-twenty points, said to have been preserved in this minster, 'the story whereof goes that the Frankish king, Dagobert, took them from a stag which he caught while hunting in the forest near Senlis, having round its neck a golden band with this inscription: "Julius Cæsar let me go

¹ In Henry's instructions to Cromwell concerning the Palatine, he commands the Tower and ordnance to be shown, 'if you think it advisable.' (Letter of Lord Southampton, etc.)

free.”¹ The iconoclastic Henry had just caused the horns to be removed from the vaults of the church, fearing that the monks, whom he was about to dispossess, might carry them off. Frederick's desire had therefore to go unsatisfied, although he had such a longing to see the marvels that he said he had come to England chiefly for their sake. The Germans also visited in an old church the tombs of the old Saxons, who in bygone times conquered the island and called it England in the stead of Britain,² and they were ‘astounded at the many noble palaces, wherein shone hangings of gold and of silver.’

Meanwhile, the Palsgrave's quest had remained sealed to the hardest inquisitors. On the day after his arrival Frederick had been fetched from his lodging ‘with a very fine troop of horse’ to the house of the Lord Privy Seal and there generously feasted, the aim of the hospitality being, as Marillac writes and Henry's orders confirm, that Cromwell should ‘feel what he could of the Duke's intention, in order to inform the King and to give him time to prepare an answer.’ The ambassadors of Francis and of Charles had also visited the traveller in the hope of obtaining information. But all had been in vain. The secret was to be confided to Henry's ears alone. Even Cromwell, although ‘he has principal management of all the affairs of this realm,’ was not to be enlightened.

¹ This legend is usually attributed even more impossibly to Charles VI. of France: ‘Et fut trouvé un cerf qui avoit au col une chaisne de cuivre doré, et defendit qu'on ne le prit que au las, sans le tuer, et ainsi fut fait. Et trouva on qu'il avoit au cou ladite chaisne, où avoit escrit : *Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*’ (Juvenal des Ursins.) Sir Thomas Browne does not allude to either of these versions, though he mentions Pliny's anecdote of ‘a deer with a collar about his neck, put on by Alexander the Great and taken alive an hundred years after’ as being suggestive of ‘imposture or mistake.’

² Probably the Knights Templars in the Temple Church, whom Hentzner also mistook for ‘the kings of Denmark that reigned in England.’ ‘There remaineth monuments of noblemen buried, to the number of eleven, eight of them are images of armed knights, five lying cross-legged, as men vowed to the Holy Land, against the infidels and unbelieving Jews; the other three straight-legged; the rest are coped stones all of gray marble.’ (Stow.)

And the King had perforce to face his visitor unprepared.

Henry's first idea was to give an audience to the Palsgrave at 'the More' (Moor Park): 'a goodly house and a place fit to receive the Count Palatine.' Windsor, however, was finally selected for the reception, and thither the Palsgrave was bidden. He set forth gladly, passing, notes Hubertus, by 'the beautiful castle of Richmond'; but at another 'castle belonging to a noble' he found himself again detained. At this he was highly indignant, and only consented to be pacified on being informed that the delay arose solely from Henry's desire to collect his nobility, and thus to furnish a more splendid welcome to his visitors; for together with Frederick were to be received the ambassadors of the Duke of Cleves, to settle definitely the delicate question of the new bride, 'whom the said King, so soon as he had taken her, thrust once more away.' These envoys, in fact, had been asked whether they preferred to arrive with the Palsgrave or to wait till his audience with the sovereign was at an end. And, moved presumably by the prevalent fear of German intrigue, they had hastily decided to present themselves at the first possible moment.

When the great day at length arrived, the Germans were met, some two or three miles from Windsor, by the Duke of Suffolk and a hundred horsemen clad in velvet,¹ who escorted them to their destination: 'up a hill through a town to an old Castle, which lay near to the spot where Julius Cæsar found a ford through the Thames and defeated the army of Cassivelaunus,' writes the annalist, brimming as ever with information. They were lodged at the Dean's House,² especially hung for the occasion 'with the King's stuff,' while the Comptroller had particular orders to see them furnished with viands and drink at the King's charge. Everything, says Hubertus, was 'most royally ordered.'

¹ 'The Duke of Suffolk received him beyond Eton Bridge with a goodly band of men.'

On the following day (September 24) they were invited to a banquet at the Castle, the Palsgrave being placed opposite to the King, and next to the Cleves ambassador. And here, at least, Frederick suffered no neglect. 'It is hardly to be believed how splendidly all was set forth, and what manifold meats and courses in golden dishes were served. Not only the walls but also the floor of the hall was covered with carpets of worked gold;¹ and there was to be heard a noble music of all manner of instruments.'² Moreover, when the meal was at an end, Henry conversed with his German guest for nearly two hours alone, though of this conversation Hubertus unfortunately records but little. They spoke, he briefly tells, of Frederick's journeys in Spain, France and England. We may suppose, however, that Henry at length plumbed his visitor's hopes and desires, and was convinced of the innocuousness—at least towards himself and his intended bride—of that visitor's intentions.

For, according to Hubertus, Frederick was now treated with every symptom of honour. Not only was he escorted back to his lodging by Henry's own brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, and a band of distinguished peers, but every day 'the most excellent English lords' came to eat with him and take him to the chase; while one of those great hunting-parties that Henry so dearly loved was arranged for his special delectation. First, 'in a lovely meadow' near the river and not far from the

¹ 'Les Anglois se servant fort des tapisseries, des toiles pintes qui sont bien faites, auxquelles y a force & magnifiques roses, couronnées où il y a fleurs de Liz & Lions, car en peu de maisons vous pouvez entrer que vous ne trouviez cest tapisseries.' (Perlin.)

² At Windsor, wrote the Duke of Wurtemberg, 'the music, especially the organ, was exquisitely played; for at times you could hear the sound of cornets, flutes, then fifes and other instruments; and there was likewise a little boy who sang so sweetly amongst it all, and threw such a charm over the music with his little tongue, that it was really wonderful to listen to him.' Henry VIII., says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was 'a curious musician, as two entire masses composed by him and often sung in his Chapel, did abundantly witness.'

Castle, a great arbour¹ of green leaves and laurel boughs—'whereof there are many in England'—was quickly built, and in this another stately banquet was given to the Palsgrave. Scarcely was it at an end when the huntsmen were heard blowing their horns in the nearer groves of the Great Park, and the deer could be seen pursued by the hounds, running hither and thither. 'Then would no one stay at table, but all rose up to look on at the hunt.' Dotted all about were various lords, who themselves acted as verderers and held the great buckhounds in leash. Some were posted near the Thames, that the quarry might not plunge into the water, some near the thickets that it should not gain shelter; 'and only on a narrow way resembling a bird-cage were the animals one by one allowed to pass, and each for the amusement of the company must run the whole length of the meadow, if it would not be pulled down by the hounds.' At the end of this lane of death the poor brute was caught in the toils, or fell into the hands of the net-keepers, or was laid low by the great dogs. The hunt lasted over three hours, and thirty-four stags were taken, which were all spread out before the arbour, and then given by the King, part to the Palsgrave, and part to the ambassadors.

It must be admitted that Marillac gives a very different account of the treatment meted out at Windsor to Frederick. For, in a letter to Francis, of October 3, he tells with gusto of the 'great caresses made to the (Cleves) ambassadors and the little account taken of the Count Palatine since his first interview: he has remained alone in his lodging while they have been feasted every day.' But the Frenchman is throughout determined to read the most nefarious schemes into the German prince's harmless, if hare-brained, expedition, and is obviously on the look-out for what he considers to be their checkmating. Even should his

¹ An arbour green with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with leaves beset. . . .

The King's Quair,

facts not be exaggerated, it is not very surprising that the heralds of the coming bride should be preferred in honour before a mere passing guest. In any case, Frederick seems to have remained at Windsor for nearly a week—a lengthy stay, which argues some friendliness on the part of Henry.¹

The net result of the negotiations cannot, however, be said to amount to much. 'The Count Palatine came only for aid against Denmark, and returns disappointed,' writes Marillac at last blithely; and for once he is correct, since a gift of 6,000 crowns—a goodly sum, but no enduring one for so generous a spender—was all that Frederick obtained to reward him for his pains.² The annalist also has a private grief; for although he was shown countless silver drinking-goblets and vessels, he was given only one, and that for his wife: 'and the Prince was of opinion that Grunvallus (Cromwell) had kept them, since he loved gold and silver above measure.' Cromwell, indeed, was already no longer relying on the brilliant favour that he had enjoyed with the King, but went about secretly with the thought that he would escape from the country: 'and would, I believe, have discovered himself to me, had it been so ordained.' He sent many times for Hubertus during the sojourn in London, and led him by the hand 'now in gardens, and now in galleries,' going for the most part in deep thought, uttering broken words, and standing from time to time still, 'even as though he would say somewhat and could not.' Once he asked whether the Prince did not possess any castles or domains which he would like to sell or lease, and he begged the secretary urgently to come again to England at

¹ In the original instructions to Cromwell there had been an ominous sentence, suggesting that if the visitor's charge were of no great weight or declared things not to the king's pleasure, he should be sent away after two days.

² According to Lord Lisle the sum was far less: 'The Palsgrave has received 2,000 marks for his reward, no ill journey for him,' he writes to Lady Lisle on Oct. 6.

Christmas, saying that it should be to his lord's and his own great advantage. Finally, Cromwell presented a silver cup for the wife of Hubertus, whereby she should know him, if ever he came to Germany: 'but in reality matters went otherwise with him, for, not long after our departure, he was put into prison and executed.'

The most pleasant gifts that reached the Palsgrave while in England were certainly those sent after him by his hostess at Calais, Lady Lisle, who not only pampered him with such dainties as 'a partridge pasty and a baked crane,' but even deprived herself for his benefit of the trusted friend of years. 'I send you,' she writes to the Deputy, 'my tooth-picker, which I thought to have given to the Palsgrave while he was here, but it was not then at my hand. Please present it him. I send it to him because when he was here I did not see him wear a pen or call (quill?), to pick his teeth with. Tell him I have had it seven years.'¹ This charming lady seems, indeed, to have felt a kindness for Frederick. 'I am glad that the Palsgrave is merry,' she writes more than once, and he in return sends messages of affection to her under the playful appellation of 'sa bonne mère.'² It is to be hoped that her amiable hospitality on his second passage through Calais may have cheered the grey and disillusioned hours of his homeward path.

For there was now no further excuse for delay, and Frederick and his company could do no otherwise than withdraw ignominiously to their neglected Palatinate. After a brief sojourn at Hampton Court and

¹ 'Tooth-pickers' were sometimes put to curious uses: 'Quand vous me verrez,' says Jehan's 'Dame par amours' to her lover, 'que d'une espingle je purgeray mes dens, ce sera signe que je voudray parler à vous.' (*Hist. du petit Jehan Sainctré*, Antoine de la Sale.)

² 'I send you two pieces of wine, the one white and the other claret, of the best growth of this country. Although the season has been indifferent, I think, from what I hear from France, that you will find it passable and drink it with madame, my good mother, in remembrance of your son. Having joined my brother, the Elector, here, my men have sent to my house, without my knowledge, the rapier I promised you; but I will send it to you as soon as I arrive. (Count Palatine to Lord Lisle, from Heidelberg, November 30, 1539.)

in London¹ they re-crossed the Channel in the company of Lord Lisle, and set out sadly through Brabant.² Nor, save in experience and the possession of a new and bone-bare kitchen, were they in any way the better for their trip. 'Blood-poor' they had set out, and 'blood-poor' they came back. The retinue, indeed, had clothed themselves in silks and fine array after the newest English fashion,³ 'guarded with velvet a hand broad'; and Hubertus alone—to his master's great displeasure, be it said—was still clad in the Spanish mourning dress, old and torn, that all, 'even the shepherd-boys,' had been forced to wear on the death of the Empress Isabella. But the foreign fineries had eaten up all and more of the foreign subsidies that had been the object of the journey, while the treasury at home had been riotously squandered by unfaithful stewards. As for those courtiers who had drifted homewards during the course of the journey, they had all returned laden with 'costly outlandish wares,' wherewith they had decked their wives and children. 'You cannot imagine,' lamented Hartmannus to Hubertus when they met, 'the things that have been sent both by water and by land. When you reach home, you shall learn it yourself from the women.'

Yet, if Frederick's own Rhenish castles were mortgaged to their topmost turret, he could still, as ever, build marvellous castles in Spain—and in Denmark. The Danish succession, once established, would assuredly help him out of all his difficulties. And he passed boyish inconsequent days in the chasing of the most butterfly hopes and dreams. Of the vanity and vanishing of these hopes, with the weariness of fruitless wars and embassies that they entailed, here is no place to speak. Born of a momentary Imperial need, they died of the permanent Imperial necessity. Enough to say that Denmark remained as elusive as

¹ 'The Palsgrave and he are at Hampton Court and will be to-morrow at York Place,' writes Hussey to Lady Lisle on Sept. 30.

² See Illustrative Notes, 68.

³ *Ibid.*, 69.

ever and Charles as unforthcoming. And when, to Frederick's already over-flowing embarrassments there were added the succession to the Electorship, a change of religion, and the intricate, long-drawn complications of the Schmalkaldic War, it appeared that the forebodings of Hubertus had been only too reasonably founded.

Here, however, the tale of his wanderings becomes merged in a tragic drama of religious warfare, and these later moods of the 'mighty potentates' must be left to their proper chronicler. Two mottoes had been Frederick's in his youth, and in his age he did not repudiate them: 'Whoso would eat the kernel of the nut must first open the shell,' and 'In running a race, one may not turn half-way.' To the Palsgrave, indeed, more than to the most of his contemporaries, had the shell of the civilized world been opened. And if he found the kernel bitter, it was perhaps but the fault of an over-sanguine and over-sensitive palate. As to the race that he ran, when once the course was clear to him he never flagged nor faltered. 'He dearly loved the House of Austria,' writes the chronicler, and sorely as her princes tried his patience and his pride, death discovered him as loyal as on the day when he first entered their service. It is true that after his accession to the Electorate, he joined for awhile the ranks of the Emperor's enemies. Yet he seems ever to have been driven by motives of national policy alone, arising from the Lutheranism of his Palatine subjects and the troubled condition of the German states. He maintained to the end his personal devotion to Charles and to Ferdinand; a kind word from the Emperor brought tears to his eyes; while the last decade of his seventy long years was spent in vain efforts for the preservation of internal peace.¹

And thus was the promise of his name fulfilled.

¹ Sleidanus reports that in 1546 the Elector Palatine Frederick 'endeavours a Reconciliation amongst all sides': though 'the Countenance of Affairs looked very sad and dismal, yet it was his opinion, that if they would submit to the Emperour and comply with him in some things, it would be a very fair way towards an Accommodation.'

AN EPIC OF DEBTS

INTRODUCTORY

THE Memoirs of the Silesian courtier, Hans von Schweinichen, are among the most delightful of German chronicles; but their welcome, though decidedly warmer than that of their predecessors, has scarcely equalled their merit. Although first—and very incorrectly—published by Büsching nearly a hundred years ago under the title of *Lieben, Lust und Leben der Deutschen des Sechszehnten Jahrhunderts*, there has been only one complete edition since that time, and this is itself some thirty years old.

And yet these Memoirs are a treasury of amusement and information to all who are interested in the manners and morals of the forefathers of modern Europe. Indeed, in pictorial candour they approach more nearly to the autobiography of Cellini or the diary of Pepys than do any other contemporary writings of their own or any other country. From year to year, throughout the later sixteenth century, they present with ingenuous zest and meticulous carefulness, the hopes and happenings of every day. And from year to year they record, with disarming frankness, the reflections of the compiler thereupon. Nothing is invented, but nothing is omitted, and the most homely details, even to the yearly variations in the price of corn, or the amount

paid for a new fustian doublet, or the tale of fieldfares devoured at a neighbour's wedding, are transcribed with munificent minuteness. Nor is this all: for the variegated adventures of Hans's career at the Court of the merry Lords of Liegnitz (and from first to last he served under six of them) are put before us with a power of observation and of racy narrative that are rarely to be met with; while his delineation of Heinrich XI., the Falstaff of Silesia, is worthy to adorn any stage.

Moreover, Schweinichen paints himself, though with unconscious art, into the picture, and the portrait which results is a singularly charming one. He seems, indeed, to have been something of an exception for his brutal day and surroundings—the rose in the garden of Attalus, the ‘wholesome flower in a venomous plantation.’ For he is a genial personage: honest (according to his rather curious lights) though among thieves, careful though among spendthrifts, outspoken though dwelling with princes and hypocrites, clean-living and loving though in a world of rakes; and yet, with it all, a ‘Weltkind’ of keen passions and multitudinous temptations. Of a simple, busy, loveable nature, he shows himself as a very Martha among knights; so cheerful and healthy to boot, that although, to use his own words, ‘joy was dear and grief was cheap’ in those days, yet long depression is unknown to him, and gaiety and gladness of heart are his unfailing companions. The rudest buffets of fortune leave him facing the world: with an unconquerable grumble, it is true, but also with an unconquerable smile. ‘Verily,’ he exclaims, after one of the many journeys of ignominy and debt to which his master's service condemned him, ‘in this travelling I encountered so many and rare jests that to tell them were impossible.’ And again: ‘On this journey it was to me as though I was in Paradise, for daily and hourly was joy forthcoming, nor knew I of any sorrow.’ Even when the heavy clouds of Imperial anger were thundering about

his small horizon, 'none the less was I joyful,' he needlessly but charmingly assures us, 'let not a bitter wind blow round me, but trusted God and loved my Maurauschlein,¹ and left nothing undone in my master's service.' Where shall we find a simpler or a braver programme of daily life?

It must be admitted that, as a young man, he was, like many another in that age of toppers, 'strong in his drink' and merry in his cups. Wherever he went, he tells, he took a leading part in what was undoubtedly the leading feature of every entertainment, tossing his can with the best of them for the space of whole nights and days, and proving himself the 'hadiest soaker' of them all. 'Yet never,' he adds defensively, 'was I foul-lived as was then the custom, but behaved myself well towards every one, so that I can say with certainty that no company bore me any ill-will.' Nor, in truth, can this have been an easy achievement at a time when an almost incredible coarseness was considered to be the correct fashion for polite manhood. 'There were this year in the district,' he records on one occasion, 'a company of foul-livers, whom men called "the Twenty-seven," who had sworn, whithersoever they went, to be filthy: item, none should pray, and none should wash, with other like blasphemies.' Of these men, four or five at a time would be constantly staying in the Schweinichen mansion, and it reflects no small credit upon Hans, who had to serve them both in their sports and in their carousings, that he escaped contamination—sufficiently at least to remain well pleased with himself.

Again, Hans stands confessed a liberal wooer of women. Countless are the maidens whom 'I loved so dearly that I could not sleep,' and from whom he parted 'with wet eyes' on both sides. Many times, indeed, he was near to marriage, but ever checked himself in time, ingenuously attributing his salvation to an all-seeing Providence. 'But God is almighty,' he wrote

¹ 'A fond term, as who should say "my little bat."' (Old Dict.)

on one occasion, when deciding that flight was the wiser plan; 'what He does not order and dispose comes not to pass. So this time also my wife-taking fell through.' Yet his courtings, like his carousings, were of a fleeting and innocent character, and were in the end more than redeemed by his high and whole-hearted devotion to that little 'Maurauschlein,' quaint in green, who strays with so sweet and wistful a grace across the pages of his life.

Schweinichen's piety, too, was simple and genuine, and on notable occasions, as at the junction of the years, his thoughts of life and death are touched with a real emotion, and even beauty. On all sides, he constantly declares, he beheld 'the strength and the might and the wonder of God,' and in the daily orison which he records for us at painstaking length, 'Drive out,' he finely prays, 'the darkness of my heart by the light of Thy Spirit, and burn up my coldness with its flame.' The diary is prefaced by a long and detailed 'Confession of my faith and belief,' modelled on the strictest Lutheran examples.

His religious devotion does not, however, prevent him from being soundly superstitious, with a faith in apparitions and in magical foreknowledge, rivalling that of Schaschek and Tetzl. He tells with zest and awe of marvels such as the snowing and raining of blood,¹ 'that folks' clothes were all covered therewith'; and he had an implicit belief in his horoscope that doubtless helped largely towards its fulfilment. He was, moreover, visited by frequent ghosts. As a boy, quarrelling with his comrades, he was recalled to the paths of virtue by the grunts of a phantom sow: 'what sort of a sow this was can readily be imagined, for there was no such thing in the castle; but God preserved us both.' As a lad, lost with his master on

¹ This 'blood-rain,' so often alluded to by old writers, seems to have been a sort of scarlet fungus or mould, which would suddenly appear on garments or on the roofs of houses, and almost invariably heralded an epidemic. Cf. Hecker.

a snow-covered heath, he was rescued from certain death by a mysterious figure, speaking many tongues, who refused all recompense: 'and whither he went when he had set us right no one knew, but I verily believe that he was a good angel.' At Emmerich his very serviceable 'spirit or prodigy' tidied the rooms, brushed the flies from his face, and so sat in a corner and laughed at him. And in later years, when helpless with gout and crying for succour in the night, 'a tall wench with a juglet of water' appeared through the locked door, and ministered to his needs. Again, at a certain wedding, 'during the procession, there was seen to dance round the battlement of the tower the ghost named Loretta, which not uncommonly appeared in the house of Krummenau. She was not looked upon as a good sign,' yet might add, one would hope, a touch of poetry to an entertainment otherwise weighted, in good German fashion, by 40,837 eggs and over 6,000 'viertels' of beer.

Another characteristic of Hans forms an amiable link between him and his greater English brother-in-letters: to wit, his love for personal adornment, and the pride with which he describes both his own attire and that of those belonging to him. And this propensity has its value. For thereby we are able to picture him in almost every phase of his life: in the fustian and frieze—in which 'I thought myself not the ugliest'—of his boyhood; in the slashed and parti-coloured livery—one leg black and one yellow—of his service as page; in the red damask 'after the Italian fashion' of his equerryship, in which he knew himself to be so 'all-beautiful' that God would have been wrong to permit him such splendour unalloyed; in the more dignified 'black velvet suit with golden roses' and sober-coloured mantle of his later court life; and, above all, in the 'green of a silken satin,' adorned with silver braidings and a rose-red coat, of his wedding day. Moreover, and again like Pepys, he joined to this sense of the importance of fine clothes

a prudent attention to the cost. 'And I had to pay more than 250 thalers,'¹ he writes of this last extravagance; while, in the eventful year that includes the death of his first wife and the espousing of his second, he laments, almost with tears, the expenses of his wardrobe. 'For to array myself and my belongings in mourning cost me much, as also thereafter in garments for the wedding was much expended, besides all that which I gave the damsel, the which items may well have run to 1,100 thalers. Wherefore,' he concludes, with pleasant trust in the justice and generosity of Providence, 'I surely expect from God a rich restitution: even as He did wonderfully endow me for the outlay, so also will He presently, with His rich mild hand, restore it to me again.' And, indeed, many of these items were so charming and so obviously necessary to a great occasion that it would be but a stony heart that would deny them to him. Thus, to 'satin for the lady's wedding-gown,' 38 thalers; to 'golden borders' for the same, ten thalers; to 'a garland with a golden stem, each carnation-stalk being gilded,' nine thalers; to the carnations for the garland, two thalers; to feathers for the same, one thaler; to a pair of green velvet slippers, four thalers; to her gloves, one thaler; to the wedding-ring, 45 thalers; to a 'little worked heartlet of gold,' five thalers; to a ring with an elk's hoof,² three

¹ The value of early German coins is a much debated subject. But according to Fynes Morison, the *Reichs Thaler* or dollar 'is worth foure shillings foure pence English,' and the silver *Gulden* or florin 'three shillings foure pence'; the *Gold Gulden* 'is almost of the same standard with the Crowne Gold of England'; and twenty *Weissgröschén* (equivalents of the English groat or silver penny) 'make a Reichs Döller.' (*Itinerary*). The name *Thaler* was short for *Joachimsthaler*, the coins being originally made from silver found in the Joachimsthal in Bohemia. Its old English rendering of dollar has been too much spoiled by modern usage to be employed.

² Elk's hoof was highly prized for its supposed curative properties. 'I beg you,' writes a lady to Albrecht of Brandenburg, 'to remember me with a bit of white amber and elk hoof in a little paternoster or a ring.' To be really efficacious it must be taken from the animal between two festivals of the Virgin. 'Elk's hoofs and horns are magnified for epilepsies,' said Sir Thomas Browne; and even in the

thalers; to rings with a turquoise and a rose-ruby, 19 thalers; to a muscatelle, two thalers; finally, and most diplomatically, to a looking-glass for to see herself, one thaler, and to the *Morgen-gabe* of a golden chain, 80 Hungarian florins. What could be more pleasant or more seemly?

It must be added that on his master's behalf—always supposing that master to be in some degree solvent—Hans would spend with unreflecting lavishness. For instance, at the marriage of Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz, he provided for the garnishing of the bridegroom more than 6,000 thalers' worth of velvet and silk, with an even larger supply for the adornment of the bride; while the actual wedding garment was so nobly embroidered with gold and silver that by itself it cost the Duke fully a quarter of this sum. Court ceremonies were, in fact, Schweinichen's speciality. 'The Almighty, by peculiar dispensation, has provided His Princely Grace with a brave fine honourable discreet gentleman, well versed and experienced in the ways and manners of courts': so ran Captain Samson Stange's welcoming speech on the occasion of the knight's installation as Marshal to this same Friedrich. In his later years Hans even kept a careful and voluminous note-book of the procedure to be used at all the august pageantries of life and death.¹ Funerals were perhaps his dearest passion, and he speaks of them with something of the paternal pride of an inventor. 'It was an elegant royal burying,' he writes of the disposal of one of his many masters, 'as the ceremonial, which I wrote out all myself, shows.'

Yet one more Pepys-like quality is to be noticed, and this is the childish exultation with which he declares the magnificence and rank of his acquaintance,

eighteenth century the popular *poudre de M. Daquin* contained ounces of elk's hoof and unicorn's horn in strange proximity with ounces of 'the root of a male peony gathered at the wane of the moon,' and of 'the rakings of the skull of a man dead of a violent death.' Cf. the *Pharmacopée* of Nicolas Lemery.

¹ See Wutke, *Merkbuch des Ritters Hans von Schweinichen*.

and the excellence of his own powers of entertainment. 'God gave me notable friends, with whom I stood well,' he boasts more than once, and the eight tables of nobility that graced his second marriage feast gave him prolonged and unstinted satisfaction. His generosity to his kinsfolk and poorer neighbours was however equally remarkable; and nothing is more characteristic of his kindly heart than the will, composed at the age of sixty-four, in which, besides many legacies to his kinsmen, he bequeaths an annual income of 200 thalers to his impoverished people at Mertschütz, 600 for clothing the poor scholars of Liegnitz, 50 'to swell the otherwise scanty pay' of the school-teachers, and finally—with, we may suppose, a twinkling eye upon the past—10 thalers to the priesthood of the 'General-Konvent' to drink to his memory in good Hungarian wine.

It would not, indeed, be difficult to discover faults in these chronicles; for Hans's horizon is but a close one, outlined and bounded by the encircling walls of his narrow personal experience. Not to him must we look for luminous exposition of the politics and policies of the time, nor are his the eyes through which we shall gain fresh glimpses of the art and literature and science of that century of curious contrasts and combinations. The Huguenot wars and the terrible struggle between Alva and Orange are alike but dimly alluded to as a background for the princely debts and diversions. And, despite his constant visits to Prague, no hint is given of the marvels of Rudolf's Bohemian Castle, then in the period of its prime, with its galleries of arts and antiquities, its gardens of rare herbs and strange beasts; with, above all, its astronomers and its alchemists, its Tycho Brahe and its Kepler, its Kelley and its Dr. Dee. Hans's style, again, is simple to the verge of baldness, as regardless often of grammar as of ornament, and almost invariably oblivious of the nominative case. But he is so eagerly interested in his story, and so

briskly determined that his readers should realise all the splendours and the squalors, the honours and the griefs, which in turn befell both his masters and himself, that he would easily win forgiveness for even a less skilful pen.

And, after all, the chief matter for us is that Hans was born, and born in a station sufficiently exalted to admit him to daily and intimate intercourse with the strange princely beings who governed Lower Silesia in the unrestful years that followed the Reformation and the death of Charles V. For, verily, the Ducal Court of Liegnitz was at this time the home of a curious race. In the deed confirming the Heritage covenant between Joachim II. of Brandenburg and Friedrich II. of Liegnitz, the rights of the respective 'Heritage-brothers' are thus declared: 'They can, as they see wisest, give away, sell, pawn, dispose of and exchange (*vergeben, verkaufen, versetzen, verschaffen, verwechseln*) these said lands'—to all lengths and with all manner of freedom.¹ And, though this compact was later annulled and the actual landscape became once more inalienable, the said five words may be held as briefly but pregnantly describing the active life in the sixteenth century of these sovereign princes. For their main—their lonely—conception of life was to spend. Sprung of the wild old Piasts of Poland, and alien in trend and temper to a people of ever-increasing Germanic and industrial tendencies, they present a striking and almost tragic spectacle of prodigal penury and ineffective effort. Their divinest despairs, their highest heavenly hopes, were all of gold: of money to be lent and of money to be spent. The whole breadth of the Empire might be moving uneasily; but what cared they, provided funds were obtainable? The faiths of generations might be bandied like shuttlecocks from Emperor to reformer and from prince to Pope: no matter to them, if cash were but forthcoming. Through the first fierce

¹ Cf. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*.

tempest of the Reformation, and the long tumultuous swell that succeeded it, the little barque of Liegnitz sailed gaily on, leaking indeed and scurvily furnished, yet ever painted and pot-valiant, vagabond and versatile, 'nailing her colours to the fence,' pointing her prow to whichever port might beckon with most glittering allure.

At the death of the aforesaid Friedrich II. in 1547, the ducal debts amounted already to 63,000 florins, but they might without difficulty have been settled, had not his successor, Friedrich III. (or the Mad), when summoned hastily from France, undertaken, with easy quixotism, to defray them from his own sorely exhausted exchequer. Now the new Duke was that jovial roysterer of whom Sastrow and other chroniclers give so cheerful a description. He had passed his youth in pursuit of the traditional avocations of his race, and his name was already a by-word in Germany for bibbing and borrowing. His payments, therefore, consisted, as might be surmised, in yet further pointless and incessant journeyings, whence apes and peacocks rather than gold, resulted, and new debts were heaped on the old.¹ In addition, his 'excellently evil life' became in every way so displeasing to his over-lord, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, that, finally, when he had once again in airy defiance betaken himself to France, he was condemned to imprisonment and forfeiture of the duchy. On his submissive return, however, he was forgiven and reinstated, when his first act was to invite the already hostile Estates to take over debts amounting to 300,000 florins and also to lend him a considerable sum. They bore with him for two or three years, but at last the blow fell, and he was dispossessed in favour of his eldest son Heinrich, who, at the age of twenty, was living in the odour of loyalty and decorum in the Imperial Court at Augsburg. Heinrich was reigning Duke, and old

¹ 'You start fools and you return much bigger fools,' said Geiler von Kaisersberg of his runagate countrymen.

Friedrich a prisoner in the Schloss at Liegnitz, in an iron-bound chamber called (with caustic gaiety) the Rose-Room, when the young Schweinichen entered upon his Court life; and of the notable use to which Duke Heinrich turned his father's not insignificant example the chronicler tells at considerable length in his Memoirs.

The question remains as to when these Memoirs were composed and what was their author's purpose with regard to them. They were written in three separate parts, of which the first carries the story down to the year 1578, the second to the year 1591, and the third to the year 1602. The original MSS. of two of these portions were destroyed by fire in the eighteenth century, and it is not improbable that one or more later volumes may have shared a like fate. For Schweinichen did not die till 1616, and there is no sign of a formal conclusion to his labours. He produced, in fact, three other works dealing with his Court services, one of which, a life of Duke Heinrich XI. of Liegnitz, has been published.¹

Hans's intentions concerning the Memoirs were misanthropic. Written for his own instruction only, and for the glory and edification of his Maker, 'the following my Book or Memorial' was to be beheld by no mortal eye. 'I pray my inheritors, whomsoever they may be, that if this book cometh into their hands, they will guard it as gold, and preserve it in secret without respect to its worth: for this cause and reason, that vulgar babblers, chatterers, and gossips should not come near it, babbling me out of my grave, making laughter thereover and holding me up to mockery, as though I had meant to leave books behind me, the which never entered my mind. Therefore should it be entrusted to no one to read, for loyalty is a wild animal, and out of loyalty may come disloyalty.' If they disobey his commands, he sternly concludes, they will trouble his soul: 'and it

¹ *Scriptores Rerum Silesiacarum*, vol. iv.

shall be difficult for them to answer for it to God, and maybe upon this earth they shall have and receive unpleasantnesses from my spirit.'

His injunctions were set aside, and we are glad of it. For, though but a humble player in the game of life and in his person wholly without importance, Hans is none the less an excellent companion ; and he has paid his mite more generously than many greater men into the mint of memory.

AN EPIC OF DEBTS

Nos vagabunduli,
Læti, jucunduli,
Tara, tantara teino :
Edimus libere,
Canimus lepide,
Tara, tantara teino :
Risus dissolvimur,
Pannis obvolvimur,
Tara, tantara teino :

Multum in joculis,
Crebro in poculis,
Tara, tantara teino :
Dolo consumimus,
Nihil metuimus,
Tara, tantara teino :
Pennus non deficit,
Præda nos reficit,
Tara, tantara teino.

OLD SONG.

I

ON the Midsummer Monday of the year 1552, in the ducal Castle of Gröditzberg in Silesia, there was born to the 'worshipful and well-named' Herr Jorge Schweinichen of Mertschütz and Frau Salome, his second wife—rich in honours and virtues—a son. The infant knight's godparents seem to have been as numerous and as diversely named as the daughters of Zelophehad, yet his own nomenclature was modest: 'Hans was I called,' he writes, 'for being born so soon after Johannis, which is the mid of summer.' But lest any should think this a derogation from the high pinnacle of nobility ('primæval and most praise-worthy') to which he belongs, he appends the eight shields of his immediate forefathers, and would willingly and with ease produce as many more as might be asked for: 'Ego sum natus in aula et non in caula' is the conclusion of several pages of high-named ancestry.

Herr Jorge von Schweinichen was Governor of the

Goldberg district in the duchy of Liegnitz, and Captain of the great castle on the Gröditzberg, so Hans spent the most of his childhood within these lordly walls, being there brought up to righteousness and the fear of God. At the age of nine he was sent to learn reading and writing from the town-scribe of Mertschütz, his holidays and spare hours being devoted to herding geese at his father's house hard by. This career was, however, clipped in the bud, for one day, being more than common annoyed by the scatter-brained habits of his charges, he fastened all their beaks widely ajar: 'and then they really did stay quiet; but they also became a trifle thirsty, and my lady mother, becoming aware of it, gave me a right good knock. And I minded the geese no more.'

Having thus bravely proved his inaptitude for a bucolic life, Hans passed from thirsty geese to thirsty princes. 'When I had begun to read a little and in writing could just make crowsfeet, I was, in the year '62, given over by my dear father to His Princely Grace Duke Friedrich the Third at Liegnitz, where he was then kept in custody.' The intention apparently was that he should pursue his studies in the company of the younger Frederick, second son of the captive prince. But his actual business, though eminently educational, was scarcely of a literary nature.

Hans's duties at the Court were, in fact, various and strange. First, he had to attend on the old Duke in his chamber, to carry food and drink to him, and to render all the services of a page; and when His Grace had enjoyed a carouse, which was often, to sleep in his room, since the princely person 'did not willingly go to bed when he was in liquor.' Next, he was solemnly appointed master of the cellar, an office that carried the curious duty of collecting in a little barrel, 'holding about a pailful,' the wine that was left over from Duke Friedrich's daily allowance. So soon as this was full, His Grace invited congenial spirits, and none might leave till all was drunk up. Hans had also in his

charge the ducal rapier, known as 'My maid Käthe.' And when the elderly Frederick roared out, 'Puff! Basmatter! Give me my maid Käthe to dance with,' the page was certain to receive therefrom 'a royal box on the ear.' By the adroit use of flattery he might, indeed, then earn a silver penny as compensation, 'but the box on the ear was much better than twenty pennies, and meant very great favour, which I would gladly have done without.'¹ Again, Hans had in his keeping Duke Friedrich's gun or blow-pipe (*Blaserohre*) with its slugs and bullets; and also, when any shooting was to the fore, charge of the counterfeit birds.² If the Prince had friends to shoot with him, and the birds were hit, the boy received a kreutzer, 'which many a day brought me in six or seven pennies; for I must have new birds made by the carver, and gave for each one only two farthings.' Finally, the old Duke was at this time, 'being in custody, very God-fearing,' and evening and morning, were he full or fasting, he prayed industriously, all in Latin—a ceremony that laid but an insecure foundation to his page's future acquaintance with that classic tongue.

Nor was this the end of Hans's responsibilities, for he was also at the beck and call of Duke Friedrich's consort and her ladies, and their habits were no less remarkable than those of their lord. For instance, if the old Duchess chanced to bathe, Hans must 'wait upon her in her bath as a page,' while the maids,

¹ 'Commonly gentlemen, when they beginne to be merrye, for sport make theire Pages swell theire Cheekes with winde, which they strike with the Palme of theire hands, to breake the wynde with a noyse, and if they present them a fayre blowe, they give them *Drinckgelt*, that is drincking mony (for so they call all guifts, as if they had no other use but for drincking).' (*Shakespeare's Europe*.) 'L'un dist: Je suis des favoritz du Roy, car ce matin il a crasché suz moy.' (From the passage on pages in Claude Chappuis' *Discours de la Cour*.)

² 'The Germans use like exercises of shooting with Musketts . . . at an Image of some birde sett on the topes of maypolles, where he that hitti the head hath the greatest prise, he that hitti the winge hath the next, and he that hitti the Foote hath the third. (*Shakespeare's Europe*.)

though no more cumbered with clothing than Eve, did not hesitate to summon the boy with relays of water. 'I know not how it happened,' he says on one occasion, 'but I upset the cold water all over her.' The lady screamed, and complained to the Duchess, who laughed and said, 'My Pigling (*Schweinlein*) is certainly going to be virtuous.'

Hans's labours were not lightened by the fact that the two dukes were ever at variance. For Duke Friedrich, not unnaturally, disliked his supplanter, and often, 'when overcome by sorrow,' complained bitterly of him. 'Son,' he exclaimed once with prophetic fervour, 'as you hold me imprisoned now, so will others hold you imprisoned hereafter.' Yet, when Duke Heinrich visited his father, the old lord 'put everything aside and had a good drink with him.' At last the crisis (so far as Hans was concerned) came, for Duke Friedrich ordered the boy to place a *pasquillum*, which he had himself written against his son, upon the court preacher's pulpit. The pastor read it aloud, to the great edification of his listeners; but Duke Heinrich's soul was moved to wrath, and Hans, after little more than a year's service, was withdrawn from the Court by his father. He did not return there permanently till after Friedrich's death, which took place in the year 1570, after thirteen years of *custodia*; on which auspicious occasion there was a goodly funeral, Hans among others being privileged to carry the lights, and thus 'to escort His Princely Grace, my first master, to His Grace's *Ruhebettlein*.'

The intervening years were spent mainly at the great Goldberg school, where he enjoyed the company of about 140 students, 'gentle and noble,' not to speak of the commoners, who amounted to more than 300. His father allowed him two thalers a year as pocket-money, with the additional bounty of twenty-two silver pennies (*Weissgroschen*) for the purchase of books and a velvet cap. To this his mother con-

tributed a gift of two Hungarian florins and a long white feather,¹ which he laid away so carefully and visited so frequently, that it aroused the suspicions and cupidity of a fellow-student. In fact, this adroit youth shortly removed the whole of Hans's small store of money and left him penniless: 'yet could I complain neither to the master, nor to my mother.' He seems, however, to have held his own with the other students, having for his special disciple 'a raw child, unapt to books,' but willing at any moment to fight his hero's battles for the sake of 'a bite of honey.' Beer, it would appear, had more attractions for Hans himself than honey, and, although the fourteen *Weissgroschen* which his father paid weekly for his board were expressly ordained to include 'six half-farthings' worth of beer above the ordinary, this by no means sufficed him: 'and I kicked so well over the traces,' he records with pride, 'that for the time I was at Goldberg I cost my father sixty-four thalers, as his register shows.' His dress at this time consisted of a fustian doublet with damask sleeves and a cordwain collar, cut into fine points; trunk hose made of a coarse brown frieze; an old camlet cloak trimmed with velvet; and a velvet cap. 'And I thought myself by no means the ugliest.'

Neither was the embellishing of the boy's mind wholly neglected. When he quitted the Court he knew only the smaller catechism of Luther, and of Latin—Duke Friedrich's long prayers notwithstanding—how to say 'eat and drink.' But now, under the anxious guidance of *præceptores*, who, for his father's sake, held him in high respect, he added largely to his store of knowledge. 'And all the while I did not receive a single beating, save that Magister Barth rapped me once over the hands with a ruler for not reciting the *Terentium* which I had not learnt, saying:

¹ 'I am a yonker; a fether I wyll were;
Be it of goose or capon, it is ryght good gere.'

(Boorde on the *Hyghe Almayne*.)

'Ein juncker: a younker, younkster, or youngster.' (Ludwig.)

"Learn it another time, or I shall let down your breeches." He was soon, however, taken away from the school on account of an epidemic of dysentery, 'and thus, as the saying goes, was my schooling pricked in the stomach, and in fourteen days I forgot all that I had learned in five quarters.'

None the less, Hans retained sufficient erudition to take his place in the world among his elders, and he soon appears at a burgher wedding, in his best velvet cap and the famous white feather, conversing in the classical tongue with the lady whom, despite his tender years, he had been privileged to escort. 'And especially did this exalt me, that she could speak several words of Latin, and when she toasted me in this language and I was able to answer her, I thought no less than that I knew as much Latin as a doctor, and was now quite learned enough.' Yet he often regretted that he had not followed the advice of his teachers, and continued his studies. 'Can only suppose that God would not have it so.'

On leaving school, Hans devoted himself chiefly to sport, passing the time with hawking, coursing, and the decoying of geese and ducks, for all of which he had such a passion that he 'could neither eat nor sleep.' Before long, however, despite his early shortcomings, he was put to more useful occupations, being made bailiff and 'mill-master' to his father. 'Had to manage the mill,' he tells: to measure out the grain, see to the grinding for the house, keep all the accounts, give out the fodder, store the thrashings, and look to the comfort of the many guests, who came to fish in the brook: in short, 'help industriously in the household, and see to everything.' Fortunately he developed a certain liking for this farmyard life, and his sole grief seems to have been that, whereas his brother possessed two horses, he himself had not so much as a donkey, and must ever for his adventures borrow a mount from his father, or even from one of the peasants.

But these peaceful oases were never of long duration, for the ducal eye was upon him. Often, while still of a suitable size, he was dressed as a page and produced at the weddings and festivities of the Court, remembering, for the benefit of his readers, the various pranks and jests, more lively than discreet, which, after the habits of the time, then inevitably took place. Often, too, he was privileged, under his father's wing, to form part of Duke Heinrich's retinue in his progresses through the land. This dignity, indeed, brought moments of regrettable humiliation to his ardent soul, since he was still too small to bestride with ease the difficult saddles of the day, with their stirrups hanging from the pommel, and was, willy-nilly, obliged to sit meekly in a carriage¹ and see another usurping the coveted post. But, even so, he was seldom without distractions. Thus, on one occasion, he shared in an expedition to Franconia and Saxony, which was enlivened by the sudden birth of a daughter to the Duchess, by the wayside, with no necessaries of any kind, and with only the court chaplain for midwife. They feared at first that it would go ill with the princely lady, but in five hours' time she was well able to continue the journey, and was in fact so little the worse for the adventure that before the conclusion of their trip, she also produced a young prince, with whom the party returned joyfully to Liegnitz. Another time, he had the great pleasure of beholding his father and the Elector of Saxony sprawling together on the ground. For the two encountered in a tilt, and when Duke Augustus fell from his saddle, his opponent, out of politeness, felt compelled to do the same. The spectators laughed, but the Elector, thinking that the knight had been unhorsed by his stroke, was so overcome with joy that he vowed never to tilt again. Nor were personal quarrels lacking to Hans's felicity, for young Duke Friedrich proved an unfailing subject for mockery

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 70.

and malice, and no day could be dull that provided so excellent a butt.

At the age of sixteen Hans accompanied his patron on an expedition of more than usual importance, this being no less than a state visit to Lublin, where the Polish Diet was at the time assembled. The Duke, mindful of his Piast blood, was not without hopes of being elected King of Poland on the death of Sigismund II., and he therefore decked himself out with a pomp and bravery to which so debt-driven a prince did not often attain; riding along nobly, with a mounted escort eighty horses strong, all finely adorned and furnished with such enormous yellow plumes that from the front their riders—themselves brilliant in silken hats with yellow feathers—‘might scarce be seen.’ ‘Less than 500 florins’ worth had no man on,’ boasts Hans; and he himself, we are assured, cut no unworthy figure in the pageant. For he also was dressed by his father in the ducal colours: ‘item, a doublet of fustian guarded with velvet; item, a pair of German trunk hose, the one leg yellow and the other black, puffed with about sixteen ells of taffeta,¹ likewise stockings of buckskin, and therewith a black cloak with folds.’ Add to this the new-won dignity of a sword and a golden chain,² and we see him in all his glory; although, as he candidly admits, ‘the

¹ Wide trunk hose were much beloved of Germans. Samuel Rowlands, in his *Epigrams* (1600), tells of ‘a most accomplished (English) cavalier’:

Walking the streets, his humours to disclose,
In the French doublet and the German hose,

In England, indeed, their popularity became so great as to lead to a scarcity of the cowhair with which they were stuffed. Cf. the satire entitled ‘A lamentable Complaint of the poore Cuntry Men agaynste great hose, for the loss of their cattles tails.’

² ‘Their Earles (vulgarly called Graves) and their Knights sometimes weare gold chaines, made of extraordinary great linkes, and not going more than once about the necke, nor hanging downe further then the middle button of the doublet.’ (Fynes Morison.) These chains were a great ambition of boyhood. Cf. the *Complaynte of Anthony Babington*:

Withe hys owne chayne of golde hee woulde me often decke,
Which made me a prowde boye, to weare aboute my necke.

weapon was more often under my arm than girded.' As to the Duke, he was an imposing apparition on a great horse trapped with velvet, thick emblazoned with gold and silver. Indeed, King Sigismund was the only blot on the landscape; for he was reticently clad in sable-skin covered with black cloth, 'having on him a great high cap of marten-fur'—garments which seemed to the Silesians decidedly inadequate to the high occasion.

The ducal presents were also on a royal scale, and included two lions in a wooden cage,¹ an eagle-jewel of great price, a crystal cup and a golden scabbard all set with precious stones, three long and beautiful gilded muskets, and a hand-gun to carry on the saddle. On the great day of the presentation the magnificent offerings—excluding, we may suppose, the two lions—were borne aloft by Hans and the equerry, while Hans Schramm, the Chancellor of Liegnitz, delivered an elegant Latin oration. But here again Sigismund II. was sadly at fault, for the King, says the diarist with a proper resentment, 'suffered only a Polish answer to be made thereto, and caused the said presents to be taken from us and carried off by vile Polacks; whence they came, no one knew. Amongst ourselves we had thought no otherwise than that each one should bear away a golden chain; but for us were only small fishes, for no one gained anything.' In fact, for Duke Heinrich himself there were only 'klein Fischlein,' since the journey cost him over 24,000 thalers, 'and he derived nothing therefrom, but only earned ill-favour with the Kaiser, and squandered money, and had in Lublin so mean a

¹ Lions were often given as presents at this time. 'I send you a tame young lioness for the New Year,' writes Duke Wilhelm of Saxony to his cousins Ernst and Albrecht (1474): 'trusting that she may be comfortable to your Highnesses and tend to diversion and the passing of time.' (*Privatbriefe*.) Samuel Kiechel saw no less than eight live lions belonging to Queen Elizabeth in the Tower of London. The gifts, however, were not always appreciated. When Lady Fanshawe was offered one in Spain she firmly declined it, saying: 'I was of so cowardly a make I durst not keep company with it.' (*Memoirs*.)

lodging that at home a sow would surely have had better ; for my father and Hans Zedlitz the elder lay together in a room under the roof, where I and young Hans Zedlitz also lay, as a sow in a sty.'

This expedition, moreover, ended tragically for the two Schweinichens. Having received news of the serious illness of Frau Salome, they sought to return home in haste, but, owing to the robbers who hovered round the ducal retinue with intent to plunder the plate-waggon, they were unable to desert their lord. Indeed, the whole party were at one moment in peril of their lives, for one of their number having injudiciously stolen the two servants of a Pole—'because the lads were Silesian and good musicians, and could make music on all instruments'—their late hosts fell upon them 3,000 strong, and had already levelled their pieces when the causes of contention were fortunately discovered behind a wall. When at length the father and son reached Mertschütz, the sick woman was dead. 'And it was to me an evil and grievous news; the more that I knew that I had ever been *liebes Hänslin* to her. And I would far rather have been killed by the Polacks than have suffered this great grief on my home-coming, while to my father it was a heart-breaking pain and a shortening of his life.'

So the years passed, and the young knight attained, in his own estimation at least, to manhood. Now already, he writes at the age of seventeen, 'I began in a measure to trouble about the maids and reckoned myself, in my own mind, to be a real *Meister Fix*.' Nor was it long before he was seriously 'learning what love is': 'For I came to love a maid so dearly that I could not sleep therefrom; I was not verily so bold as to tell it to her, yet I shall ever hold that the first love is the hottest.' Now, too, he thoroughly learned the art of drinking, which seems to have been more easily acquired than lost. 'Since this,' he declares, after an adventure which ended with two days and two nights under a table, 'I have not only learned

to drink wine, but learned it thoroughly and well. For I can truly say it would be impossible for any one to make me drunk; and I have since then kept it up bravely. Whether it has been to the furthering of blessedness and good health, I will tell in its proper place.' At all events, had his head not been properly strengthened, it could scarcely have been owing to lack of practice, for he quickly became in great request at all the festivities of the duchy—'weddings, fairs and christenings'; while far and wide, throughout all Germany, his reputation grew. Wherever he went his mastery of the art 'gave great delight,' and invariably he held the field against all champions. Once only did his head play him false, when, to the detriment of his stainless fame, he was forced to pass the night in a wine-barrel, into which he had unwittingly betrayed himself.

Before long, in fact, he was more popular in the neighbouring courts than his master, and the Elector Augustus of Saxony even invited him to enter his service. The young Silesian, though tempted by the offer, could not quite make up his mind to such a change. 'I know not what were the causes that I could not forsake Duke Heinrich,' he tells, 'whether the maids in the women's apartments were too comely, or what was the way of it. Must only suppose that it was God's will.' A passage only a few pages later helps perhaps to read the riddle: 'For had I at this time been compelled to fall from heaven to earth, I would have wished to fall nowhere save at Liegnitz, in the women's apartments. I ever thought that the prettiest maids were at Liegnitz; so it was there that my heart hung, and had I to go thither it was a great joy.' Indeed, whatever his faults, Heinrich XI. seems to have kept his Court in a condition of perpetual liveliness. 'It was a merry place,' repeats Hans with enthusiasm, 'filled with music and dancing, and all manner of gladness.' His Grace asked no better than that his friends should drink and dance

at the Castle the whole night long. 'We went often with the music to his room; up he would get and be well pleased; had often a good drink also with us in bed. Whereby our master gained favour with his household and good attendance.' In a word, one only thing did Heinrich demand of his junkers: that they would be gay.

Nor were the Duke's diversions lacking in the interest of variety. Maskeries were perhaps his greatest delight, and almost every evening he would roam about the town in disguise, visiting the burgesses, of whom some were pleased to see him, others not. For this particular form of prank, by the way, Hans had no taste, the more, he ingenuously explains, that his master invariably made him play the part of nun, and that the maids whom they visited never wished to engage in conversation with a seeming female of religious tendencies.¹ On one occasion the jovial Heinrich arranged a mummary at the Castle, when one Axleben had to play the part of the Emperor, and drink out of the very glass that Ferdinand I. had formerly given to the Duke, the prince himself officiating as his cup-bearer. Unfortunately, the player emptied his goblet with such Imperial zeal that he was soon on the floor. 'There lay the Emperor and all his glory, and His Grace was overjoyed.' 'Such follies,' adds the young courtier loftily, 'were His Grace's greatest joy, but my disgust.'

Again, Heinrich was an eager and inveterate gambler, and might be found of a morning washing—'that I may not in playing make my hands black'—the hoard of money which he was with cheerfulness to lose that

¹ Masquerades form the constant theme of German chroniclers and the constant lament of German preachers. Sebastian Franck describes their vagaries at length: 'Some, without any shame, run about wholly naked; some crawl on all fours like beasts; . . . some go on high stilts, with wings and long bills—they are storks; some are bears, some are wild men of the woods, some are devils; . . . some are monkeys, and some are dressed in fools' gear: and verily these are in their right disguise.' (*Chronik*.) The Church particularly objected to the use of religious dresses: 'Those sin most greatly who use the garments of monks or nuns.' (Gottschalk Hollen, *cf.* Schultz.)

same night. The Duchess Sophia also had not infrequent cause for complaint, and there was in particular a certain lively Frau Kittlitzin, who kept the ducal establishment in a state of continual ferment. In fact, when Hans was formally appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber and equerry, one of his first duties—a curious one for so young a courtier—was the reconciling of the Duke and his consort.

The business began with the princess's refusal to attend a banquet in the castle, on account of her lord's philandering with the lady in question, who was also to be present. 'The Duchess would in no wise come, for the reason that she stood not well with the Frau Kittlitzin; begged to be honourably and indulgently excused.' But the rival lady, who was in the Duke's room when this message arrived, made such play with her tongue that she roused the portly lover to fury, and he was soon bursting in upon his wife in her private apartment, 'surprising the Duchess unawares.' Hans, in attendance, followed hot and all agog upon his heels. Addressing his wife harshly, Heinrich demanded the reason of her refusal, and insisted on immediate submission to his commands. The Duchess, however, held her ground, plainly saying that she would not sit by the side of 'that vile woman'; and this so swelled the prince's violent rage that, shouting out, 'Thou shalt know that the Frau Kittlitzin is no vile woman,' he beat the Duchess 'a good box of the ears, wherefrom in truth Her Princely Grace staggered.' Hans rushed to the rescue, and, seizing the Duke in his arms, held him till the princess could fly into her bedroom: 'yet my lord would after her and beat her better.' Making for the bedroom door, the hardy equerry slammed it under his master's nose, so that he could not follow, whereat His Grace raged, 'declaring that it was not my business to censure him: she was his wife, he could do with her as he willed.' Hans argued respectfully, but the irate prince would by no means be bridled; would, in brief, be after the Duchess

in her chamber. The lady, however, had by now made her position safe, and Schweinichen discreetly retired; for, as he says elsewhere, 'it was not good to be near His Grace when His Grace was buzzing.'

An hour later the Duke sent for him and inquired, in an angry voice, what business he had to meddle in this fashion between man and wife. Hans apologised, saying that he had done it from no ill motive, but had sought only the good of his master, and how to turn away an evil 'which might have woven itself to a worse web'; then, knowing the character of Heinrich, who could never be angry for long, stepped on one side. For a quarter of an hour His Grace kept silence, then lowered his pride and begged Hans, by hook or crook, to arrange the matter. So the equerry, full of gratification and importance, promised to put forth his highest efforts.

Back he now sped to the Duchess, to expound the immense grief and remorse of his master, with 'whatsoever further words I could find serviceable to my business.' Indeed, he was guilty of no small exaggeration, both as to the penitence of the culprit and the benefits that should accrue from submission, airily promising that, should the lady suffer herself to be pacified, and return fair words to her lord, 'His Grace would present her with a goodly gift, and I would see to it that he should visit her in her chamber (for otherwise my master had not for a full quarter-year visited the Duchess), and whatsoever further of the like sort I could think of.' Sophia, however, would do nothing of the kind: 'gave instead sharp strokes in reply, for she was still in a fury, and vowed that for this box on the ear she would bring her lord to the uttermost want.' And it was not till Hans artfully reminded her that should she bring her spouse to misery, she would herself also fall into the same ditch, that he even partially succeeded. 'Brought it at length so far that Her Grace consented to go to the banquet, although she had a blue eye from the blow. Yet only on the under-

standing that the Kittlitzin should not sit with her at the table, and that the Duke should in truth visit her in her chamber, since she was anxious to speak with my lord ; all which I undertook to arrange.'

The triumphant diplomatist now sought his master and announced his success. But a fresh obstacle confronted him. The culprit would agree to neither point, and, since the Duchess also would budge no further inch, 'there was I between door and hinge, and knew no remedy.' Undefeated, Hans returned to the charge, and at last his honeyed tongue won the day. For in the end the Duke went himself to his wife and implored her to be reconciled, agreeing that Frau Kittlitzin, since she was Mistress of the Household, should eat with the maids of honour : 'which, when the Kittlitzin heard, I was like to being buried by her.' Ten trumpets and a kettledrum instantly blew to table, and a convivial evening followed, the noble lady giving out that she had struck against a cupboard. 'And how it went with the Duke and Duchess in her apartments I know not ; anyhow, he visited her.' As for Hans, she thanked him that he had helped towards peace, and he had thenceforward a gracious princess.

If the Duke experienced difficulties in the conduct of his own matrimonial chariot, he entertained no doubts as to his ability to direct the love-affairs of others. An industrious matchmaker, he suffered no impediment of claim or climate to turn him from his philanthropic path. Thus he once nearly lost his life—and that of his reluctant attendant—through his anxiety to promote the marriage of the Polish ambassador. Having started out, on a windy November night and in a butcher's cart, to obtain the consent of Duke George of Brieg, the unwieldy conveyance became frozen into the ice, and not all the butcher's frantic cries for help could extricate them before the morning. 'And if I did not this night freeze,' writes Hans, 'I hope not soon to freeze, for greater cold have I never

suffered.' Nor was the reward adequate to the pains entailed, for, as the lady was unbeautiful, a hunchback, and with no particular fortune, the ambassador declined in the end to be burdened with her.

The Duke was also naturally much interested in the love-prospects of his equerry, and did all that he could to encourage him on the perilous path of matrimony. On one occasion, for example, when a certain little lady of fourteen years, to whom Hans had made fleeting love through the medium of sugar-plums, was to be married, against her will, to an elderly suitor, Duke Heinrich urged him to intervene. 'On that same day I was summoned to Liegnitz, I knew not wherefore. And after the meal the Duke sent me a beautiful garland of golden roses, adorned with gold, with the news that Fräulein Hese Promnitz was this day to be betrothed with the wreath;¹ but that if it were my will, as it was His Princely Grace's will and the lady's, I might snatch the wreath first before Geisler. And thus did His Grace drive me into great perplexity, that made me so anxious that I broke out in sweat, knew not what to answer, but was dumb for a long while; for it was on my mind how to say no again, and I could by no means decide. And when at last I must say yes or no, it seemed as though a voice said in my ear, "Accept not the garland"; whereupon I quickly departed, rendering thanks to His Princely Grace for his graciousness, but my affairs allowed me not to take a wife. And when I had said this my heart became quite light and gay, and I felt as though I were in a new and merrier skin; whence I could take it for certain that God would not have it so.' His decision, indeed, did not deter him from attending the betrothal ceremony, or from assisting the now unrivalled bridegroom to perform his part under the disappointed eyes of the maiden. He even went so far as to cause his shield to be painted up in the inn with the motto: 'I wait the time: when dies

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 71.

the man, I take the wife'; at which the expectant husband was incensed, not unnaturally supposing that Hans was anticipating his death. 'But I might have been there before him, had I wished it,' says the youthful braggart.

The ladies Kittlitzin formed also a tender link between Heinrich and Hans; for if the master held the mother in esteem, the equerry displayed a warm admiration for the daughters. Their persons were beautiful, he records, their words lovely, and their circumstances golden: 'and it was easy to perceive that they would gladly have remained hanging round my neck.' Indeed, it was owing to their affectionate offices that Hans was finally burdened with a permanent court appointment. For, with matrimony in their eye, the ladies, abetted by the Duke, were determined on the social and pecuniary advancement of the young knight. Hans himself did not by any means covet the honour,¹ having already discerned, it would seem, the less shining side of the brilliant shield of Liegnitz, and being, moreover, conscious that the larger joys of the Empire were beckoning to him. The prince, however, 'taking a gracious pleasure in my waiting and service, and being well satisfied with my person,' would accept no denial, and, to attain his end, arranged that Hans should be invited by Frau Kittlitzin to a meal. 'And, since the damsels were comely and kind, I accepted. And when we had eaten and were at our merriest there appeared the Duke, as another jolly fellow for the feast, and he was gay and merry with us.' Finding that Hans still resisted his flatteries and blandishments, on the following day he sent 'the old Kittlitzin and her daughters to me, who begged me most industriously, having without doubt a hope that I should fall to the portion of one of them.' The victim stole away and hid himself in an inn, but even here the Duke found him out: 'Came to me with a *musica*, was merry and of good cheer, and drank

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 72.

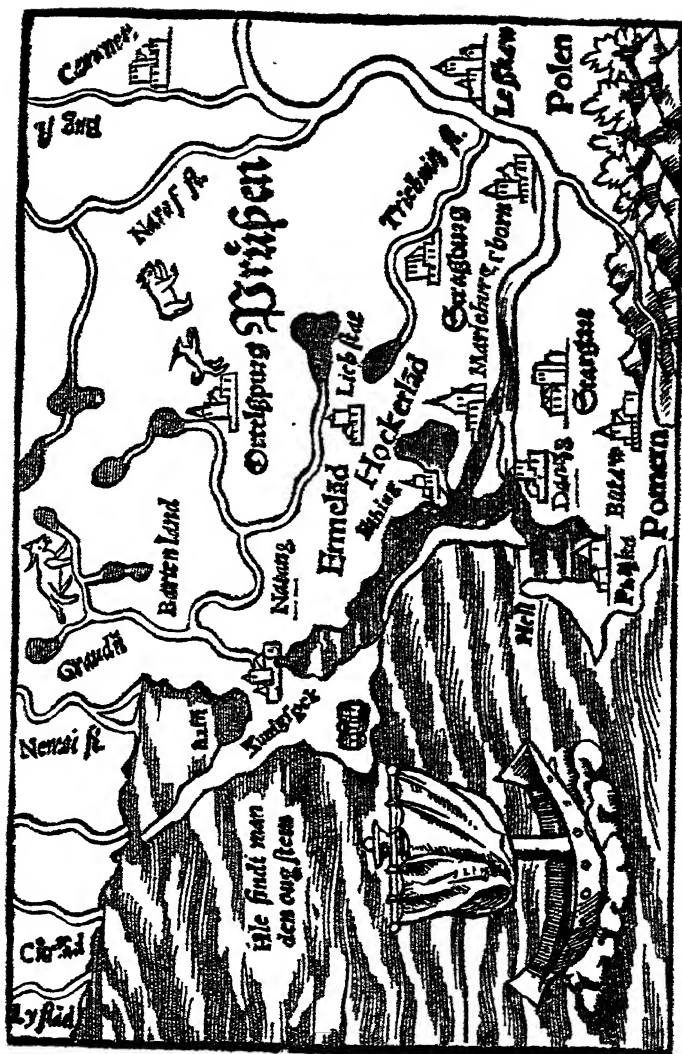
with me a glass of wine, praying me, if I loved him, not to refuse.' Hans, outmanœuvred, capitulated, and then 'was His Princely Grace verily joyful, took me with him to the Castle, and we revelled the whole night long.'

The ladies Kittlitzin, however, do not seem to have gained much from the transaction, for Hans's errant fancy was soon to dance to other and more delicate pipings. For the moment, indeed—in his own words—he was not troubling much about girls. 'For one was as good as another: wherever I came I found one, and whenever I went I left one.'

II

It was in the year 1575 that Hans embarked upon the arduous office of gentleman of the bedchamber and equerry to Duke Heinrich, with a yearly salary of 30 thalers and a bonus of 45 thalers for the purchase of two court suits. He was to have no horse or servant of his own, but was to share those of his master.

The burning question of the moment was the succession to the crown of Poland. Sigismund II. had died in 1572, and the brief and feverish reign of Henry of Valois was already at an end. For in the June of 1574, on hearing of the death of his brother, Charles IX., the Duke of Anjou had escaped back to France, leaving the unhappy little kingdom, which he had sworn 'not without tears' never to desert, to all the horrors of anarchy and civil war. The Duke of Liegnitz was therefore overflowing with hope, and, although there were at least a dozen other candidates in the field, including an emperor and a king, he spared no effort or expense to substantiate his claims. His visits to his Polish friends were innumerable. 'And they anointed his mouth with honey,' writes Hans, 'but gave him gall to drink; for there was



EAST PRUSSIA WITH PARTS OF POLAND AND POMERANIA.

From a woodcut illustrating the 'Historia de Europa' of Aeneas Sylvius, ed. of 1571.

nothing behind it at all.' In the momentary expansion of 'a great carouse' the Poles would acclaim Duke Heinrich as king and break their glasses in his honour; but nothing was further from their thoughts or desires than his election.

A second question that was rocking the Duchy of Liegnitz to its foundations was that of the ducal debts. For the first years of his reign, Heinrich XI., warned by the fate of his father and grandfather, had endeavoured to maintain a prudent economy; but latterly his feet had fallen into the familiar and inherited paths, and to the dispassionate eye there was now little to choose between himself and his progenitors. His expenses exceeded by far his income, and the tale of his liabilities was mounting in an alarming fashion: 'his debts had woken up, and he was threatened on all sides.'

The chief business of the Duke's days had therefore grown to be the devising of ingenious schemes whereby additional funds might be procured. One of these was masterly in its directness: 'His Grace,' writes Hans briefly, 'took the whole district into *custodia*, and demanded that they should help him out of his debts.' His simple prayer was for 100,000 thalers' worth of jewels and 100,000 thalers' worth of land, and when the Duchy, inappreciative of his moderation, declined this with unanimity and turbulence, he assembled the delinquents in the hall of the castle, surrounded them with his men, and summoned them to yield up their arms. As they refused to obey this order they were driven into the courtyard: 'And what His Grace meant to do with them I know not, but they would not submit, and so it remained all the evening.' The morrow was Christmas Day, and, in the hope of softening their hearts, the Duke took the whole company to church with him, and then fed them profusely in the great dining-hall. But at night matters 'went ill again, as before'; and Heinrich was soon not only diligently guarding his prisoners but

also threatening the town. All was vain, and after a few days the Duke had to let the captives loose. And 'from this arose grievous harm to His Grace and to the whole country, which cost thereafter many tons of gold; and lord and vassals were never again reconciled in all their lives, but for the most part died thus ajar.' The elder Schweinichen, adds his son, never recovered from the adventure, having been forced to lie upon the ground for several nights, while both he and many other of the more loyal subjects had well-nigh ruined themselves by supplying the Duke with money and by acting as surety on his behalf. 'And yet would my father not desert his lord, but so often as he was summoned he went.'

Having extracted but little from the already impoverished country, and hearing, to his lively annoyance, that an Imperial Commission had been appointed to inquire into the debts and disturbances of Liegnitz, Duke Heinrich now determined upon a pilgrimage round Germany, with the object of borrowing money from the neighbouring princes and of securing their good-will and support. Before long, therefore, the Duke and his equerry, with garments new garnished and a purse full of borrowed money, started on their journey. And this peregrination, though intended to be for a few weeks, lasted two years and more.

Their first destination was Prague, as Duke Heinrich wished to assure the Emperor of the innocence of his intentions. Here they stayed for three days. Failing, however, to obtain a personal audience from Maximilian II., they travelled on quickly to the Palatinate: so quickly, indeed, that 'in all my life,' writes Hans, 'I have never been so tired, my strength would hardly have been great enough even to crack an egg'; and that when at last, as the culmination of their fatigues, there appeared 'the hill of Heidelberg so high to climb,' he was 'well-nigh defeated.' They were comforted, however, for their pains by the friendly welcome of the Elector Palatine, 'a pious,

right-minded gentleman,' and his exceedingly beautiful Electress. The only other visitor at the Castle was the Prince de Condé,¹ who had been chased from France, and was now seeking men and money from his host. At the meal that followed, Hans was unfortunately not privileged to assist, for the Elector invariably ate in his own apartment, with none to wait upon him, save servants who had performed the same duty for many years. 'And this was the reason: that, as His Electoral Grace was a God-fearing prince, who held violently by the Calvinist doctrine, so, when he went to and from his repasts, he might with his consort the more freely pray and sing hymns. Therefore, the Elector had only my lord to table with him, whereat, for my part, I was well content, in that I could stay with the squires, for otherwise I should have been waiting on my master at his drink.' Yet history may be allowed to regret this cloistral arrangement; for it is difficult to imagine a less congruous pair than Heinrich XI. of Liegnitz and Frederick III. of the Rhine, the most spiritually-minded prince of the Empire,² and a faithful record of their conversation could not have been without interest. As for Hans, he looked after himself, in his usual cheerful fashion: 'We ate with the electoral councillors in princely wise; and each might drink what he loved best, since commonly there were no carousals held at the Court. But the wine was so good that I had a little orgy all to myself.'

Support having been duly promised, and gifts presented, the visitors went their way, first to Mainz and then to Neuburg, where they found everything that could be desired except money. But the old

¹ Henri, Prince de Condé, one of the chiefs of the Huguenot party.

² Frederick III. (1559—1576) was the first Elector Palatine of the Simmerische line, the Wittelsbach stem having come to an end with Otto Heinrich, nephew of Frederick II. He was so simple in his tastes and arrangements that both at his daughter's wedding and his own second marriage the music and the cooks had to be hurriedly supplied by the Margrave of Brandenburg.

Duke of Bavaria added to the customary offerings the welcome loan of a thousand golden thalers. So, temporarily uplifted—though their mere travelling expenses had already considerably exceeded this sum—they returned to Prague, to the ‘Inn of the Three Crowns in the Old Town,’¹ for the purpose of confronting the Liegnitz delegates in the presence of Maximilian. ‘And thus in so short a time as two weeks and a half,’ boasts Hans, ‘we had travelled over 209 miles; having, moreover, lain still for many days, and also drunk much.’

The delegates were by no means pleased to see the wanderers appear on the bridge at Prague, or to hear the trumpets of the postmaster; having imagined, with the fond confidence of desire, that Duke Heinrich had by now run through his meagre all, and, like his father before him, betaken himself to France, leaving the field clear for his opponents. Neither party, however, derived much benefit from their zeal, for after a tedious delay of six weeks, during which time the Emperor repeatedly postponed the appointed audience, it was merely announced that the commission should be sent to Silesia to inquire into the state of affairs. And ‘matters remained as they had been before.’

Hans now hoped that his master would turn his impecunious countenance homewards, and industriously advised this prudent course. But the Duke had bent his princely mind to pleasure: ‘His Grace would stay in Prague.’ There chanced also at this time the coronation of the Archduke Rudolph as King of Bohemia, and this proved an irresistible bait. It was celebrated with jousts and tilting at the ring, all of which Duke Heinrich enlivened with his presence.

¹ ‘Prague is divided into three quarters, between which flows the Moldau. Each quarter is sundered from the other by a wall, and forms, as it were, a city to itself. Yet do the three quarters together make but one Prague. There are, namely, a New Town and an Old Town, which are inhabited by heretics. The third part of the town, with the castle, lies beyond the river, and Christians dwell therein. . . . The Old Town lies all in the plain, and is wonderfully adorned with beautiful buildings.’ (Butzbach.)

'And I had at that time a heavy waiting; for His Grace remained commonly as guest, and I must at all times stand by him at his drink, which fell heavily upon me.' Soon, too, 'the pious gentleman' arrived at the very end of his money. To visit the Hebrews with pledges became their only resource, and Hans's burdens grew.

Yet, even so, Heinrich XI. had no intention of returning ingloriously to Liegnitz. Rather would he dress himself and his retinue royally 'after the Italian manner, in red damask and black cloaks bordered with a gold galloon,' and betake him to Venice and Italy to see the great armada, splendid from the battle of Lepanto. With this laudable object in view they therefore set out, a goodly party of over twelve persons, with mounted escort and carriages in great state. 'And when His Grace left Prague he had no more than three hundred and thirty-five thalers for his expenses, of which I was the spender and had it in my charge. It may easily be conceived that with such a sum a prince had not much to spend. Nevertheless, he strengthened his heart, thinking that we should surely procure money on the way from nobles and friends.'

Thesingen was their first resting-place and their first disillusionment, for the Duchess, wife of the Elector John George of Brandenburg, was the Duke of Liegnitz's sister-in-law, and disapproved highly of him and his ways. When Hans, on his master's behalf, requested her to advance 300 florins towards the Italian adventure, she therefore 'wholly declined (*schlug gänzlich ab*),' though generously offering to pay all expenses of the journey back to Liegnitz. And they parted in the morning 'more in anger than in love and friendship.'

At Nüremberg the town council was invited to lend 4,000 florins, but also—in the invariable formula—'*schlug gänzlich ab*.' Here, too, Duke Heinrich received an unpleasant snub from his brother-in-law,

the Margrave of Anspach. The young Liegnitz princesses had for some time been living with their uncle at Anspach, and thither Hans was now dispatched to fetch them; in the idea that, when once they had been secured as hostages, the Duke could make his own terms, and thus be provided as well with a pardon for past offences as with money to assist him in prosecuting future ones. But the Margrave, justly indignant at the famous box on the ear which Heinrich had given to his sister, firmly declined to yield up the nieces, and, when the question of money was mooted, 'schlug gänzlich ab.' More, instead of supplies, he sent a hortatory message, counselling the errant Duke to return forthwith to the agreeable duty of 'loving, honouring and supporting' his wife. As Hans rode dismally out of the Anspach gates, the trumpets of the watchmen¹ blared forth the cheerful and appropriate notes:

Hat dich der Schimpf berauen
So zeuch nun wieder anheim.

'And thus fell through His Grace's plans once more.'

None the less, Duke Heinrich and his equerry remained 'merry and stout of heart,' and, albeit they had no money, suffered themselves not to be downcast. The Duke gambled 'often and much' with the burgesses of Nuremberg, winning from them as much as 255 thalers; but, as he promptly converted these into silver dishes, and as his expenses amounted to more than that sum, he left the town no richer than he had entered it. Indeed, it was only by the sale of a valuable jewel that he was able to leave it at all.

Augsburg was to be the next Golconda of the ducal

¹ The citizens of a German town had to take turns in keeping watch on the church steeples and town gates on pain of a fine of one mark. (Beckmann.) Contarini describes the tower of the Great Church of Vienna as having room at its summit 'for the habitation of four men and their families, who are shut up there within; and they may not come down save on the Sabbath *per andar al astira*. And the said men have provisions, and blow the trumps and pipes and trumpets when occasion shows; and when any troop of horse appears, they must blow as many times as there are horses.' (*Itinerario*.)

party, and in this magnificent city Heinrich repeated the process, winning and losing many hundred thalers. They lay, appropriately enough, at Jorg Lindenauer's, in the Weinmarkt,¹ passing leisured and ambrosial days. 'And it was a good life, for the host fed us well, and we had daily the most beautiful music, and were overdone with good food; till I at last could no more eat fat birds and trout and salmon, nor drink the Muscatel and Rhine wines, for they were in too great plenty.' Each day they walked among the churches and warehouses, eyeing the pretty wenches, drinking and playing, and being *lustig und guter Dinge* (merry and of good cheer) 'as it is easy in Augsburg to be.' Often, too, Hans was invited out by rich friends, of whom he soon acquired a goodly number; 'and they did me great honour, and I was soon very well known.' The taverns also provided a fine diversion, for there were all the knightly amusements that you could desire. For eighteen *Weissgroschen* a head you could feed your guests with twenty courses and the best Rhine wines, while for a thaler apiece you were royally entertained. 'And I could well have wished that such a life should last for many and long years.'

Hans, however, soon excited his master's envy by the variety and charm of his invitations, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, the Duke determined to share them. One day, therefore, when the equerry was bidden to the wedding of a distinguished family, the prince announced his intention of accompanying him. 'But we knew of no other means to this end than this, that he should be my servant and wait upon me; and so it had thus to be, and His Grace went with me to the wedding, and waited upon me, as beseems a servant. Now I know not how it was,' he adds delicately, 'but the lackey made a mistake and

¹ Montaigne, who visited Augsburg only five years later, describes himself as lodging 'à l'enseigne d'un arbre nommé Linde au pais, joignant le palais des Foulcres (Fuggers)' in the Weinmarkt.

had a little carousal, so that I was obliged to have him taken away.' Not a whit was Duke Heinrich abashed, and, having slept off his indiscretion, he insisted upon returning in his proper person to the festival, where he was soon footing it in reverend dignity with two eminent town-councillors. 'Thus was my whilom servant once more my lord and master.' When Hans asked the convivial prince why he had been so resolved to return, Heinrich answered that it was because he had seen the many comely damsels giving his equerry fair words. 'And I must acknowledge,' adds Hans with enthusiasm, 'that I had never in my life seen so many beautiful women together ;¹ for there were above seventy, and the bride, to please you, dressed all in white, in damask and taffeta and the like, and adorned with chains and jewels above measure.' The dancing took place in a fine hall that glistened with gold and silver, and there were more than a hundred lights, great and small, 'whence, as the saying is, it seemed to be the kingdom of heaven, or Paradise itself.' Nor were certain other customs of Augsburg society displeasing either to the susceptible equerry or to his master. For, according to the amiable habit of the place, two persons, clad in long red garments with one white sleeve, led off the dance, and it behoved all the other couples to copy their movements: 'When the two dance and turn round the others also may dance and turn round, and when the two kiss each other in the dance, then may the bachelors and maidens, so often as it comes to pass, also kiss. It happens, therefore, that the said persons are often pricked on with money to embrace each other many times in one turn, that so the bachelors may kiss the maids the more often. As I, indeed, then also did, and for half a thaler may many kisses be secured.'²

¹ Montaigne is less enthusiastic about the ladies of Augsburg: 'Nous ne vismes nulle belle fame,' he writes more than once.

² See Illustrative Notes, 73.

Another day an invitation was received from the great merchant-prince, Herr Marx Fugger, to 'such a banquet as I have never seen, since verily the Emperor could not have furnished a better.' Here was indeed exceeding splendour. The feast was prepared in a hall that showed more of gold than of colour. The floor was of marble and as smooth as ice. And down the whole length of the room stretched a long sideboard covered with solid golden vessels and the finest glasses of Venice, 'said to be worth far more than a ton of gold.' Hans attended on his master at his drink, and a grievous accident shocked the serenity of the evening. For the host presented his distinguished visitor with 'a welcome' in the form of a ship¹ of this beautiful Venetian glass, curiously worked and fashioned. And as the equerry took it from the side-table, and went with it across the hall, his new shoes slipped upon the glassy floor. 'Fell with it in the middle of the hall on my back,' he laments, 'poured all the wine over my neck; and, since I had on a new red damask dress, did myself much damage. And the beautiful ship also fell into many pieces. And though secretly there rose a great laugh from each and every one, I was afterwards told that Herr Fugger would gladly have redeemed the said ship with 100 florins. But it was no fault of mine, since I had neither eaten nor drunk. Indeed, afterwards, when I had drunken, I stood much firmer, and fell not once, even in the dance. Could only suppose, therefore, that God would not permit splendour to me,

¹ 'It is wonderfull to see what diversitie of shapes and strange formes those curious Artists will make in Glasse, as I saw a complete Gallie, with all her Masts, Sayles, Cables, Tacking, Prowe, Poope, Forecastle, Anchors, with her long boat, all made out in Cristall Glasse, as also a Man compleate in armor.' (Howell, *Survey of Venice*.) The size of some of these welcome cups may be judged from a later exploit of Schweinichen, who was greeted by Count Johann of Nassau with one that held three quarts of wine. 'And so they invented the Willkomm,' writes Matthäus Friedrich, 'wherewith they receive people and make joyful the beloved guest (since they can do him no other honour, they make him full as a sow): and no man may set it down till he has drunk it to the last drop.'

since I had put on a new dress, and thought myself to be all-beautiful. For all that, both our masters and we were merry.'

Herr Fugger led the Duke and his suite all over the famous palace,¹ which was 'so large and mighty that truly the Holy Roman Emperor at the Imperial Diet might find room therein with all his Court.' In a little tower he showed them a collection of chains, jewels and precious stones, with rare coins and gold pieces, worth, he told them, more than a million of gold. Throwing open a chest, which was full to the brim with solid ducats and crowns, he displayed the 200,000 florins which he was about to lend to King Philip of Spain; then, leading the visitors up the turret, he pointed out that from the top to about half-way down it was lined with nearly 30,000 solid thalers. 'And in this he showed His Grace great honour, and also his power and possessions; for they say that Herr Fugger has so much that he could pay for an empire.' When Hans fell the great banker magnanimously presented him with a fine coin; but Heinrich, who also expected a handsome guerdon, received nothing save a good carouse. Indeed, when, rising grandly to so magnificent an occasion, the Duke sent Hans to beg the loan of 4,000 thalers, Herr Fugger wholly though courteously declined to comply, giving for his chief excuse the Spanish transactions. On the next day, however, he sent Heinrich 200 crowns and a fine cup worth eighty thalers, together with a horse caparisoned with trappings of black velvet, which His Grace—'from friendship and with great thankfulness'—accepted.

In no wise disheartened, the Duke now sent Schweinichen to the Senate—'twelve aged, gallant men, whereamongst were two counts and three barons'—to request the same large sum. And, though 'young and shy,' Hans found so bold a face and delivered so lengthy a speech that, after a delay of two

¹ See Illustrative Notes, 74.

hours, he succeeded in obtaining from this renowned temple of the wise the loan of 1,000 golden thalers for one whole year without interest.¹ The sum, eked out by some pledged silver, enabled them to pay a part of their enormous bill at the inn. The remainder was lent by the landlord on the Duke's bond, and for a moment the sun of comparative solvency shone again. But no sooner did His Grace see that mine host was so obliging with loans, than he instantly determined to give a banquet, commanding that it should be 'of the stateliest.' So, at great expense, Hans must once more invite a room full of notables, and hosts and guests were merry; having, for crowning extravagance, a 'lovely ingenious *musica*,' which His Grace rewarded with twenty crowns. 'And he thought,' adds Hans sarcastically, 'that it was not enough.'

The ducal company now took a pompous departure from Augsburg, and rode to the neighbouring cloister at Kaisersheim. Nor, even in this dignified retreat, did Heinrich's habitual joviality desert him, for, having been told by the Abbot that he might invite all the brothers to his room, he hastened to do so. 'And in this he did a good work, since the brothers were otherwise poorly nourished; but this evening they had their fill. And they would gladly have had my lord stay there for a whole year.' Hans was, of course, obliged to borrow from the Abbot the very money that was to repay him for this outlay. The unfortunate host at first declined with firmness; but he yielded finally to the courtier's seductive tongue and 'satisfied' His Grace with fifty crowns.

More worthy excitements were, however, to hand, for at the monastery of Zwiefalten the Duke received a message which resulted in a total change of plan. This was the offer of a command under the Count

¹ It should have better digested its own motto. 'In the Senate-house in the street *Weingasse*,' writes Fynes Morison, 'I found nothing to answer the magnificence of this city; only on the gates this is written: *Wise men build upon the Rocks, Fooles upon the Sand.*'

Palatine Johann Casimir,¹ who, subsidised by Elizabeth of England, was about to invade France on behalf of the Huguenots; and, since the matter was immediate and the opportunity promising, Duke Heinrich abandoned the thought of Italy, and started off post-haste for Heidelberg, in the company of the captain of landsknechts who had brought the welcome news. As for Hans, the worthy cleric had conceived an affection for him, and, being anxious to snatch his soul from the burning, now offered him 200 florins and perpetual free quarters for himself and three horses, if he would undertake not to fight against the Papists. But Hans resisted his blandishments, and, having fortified himself by 'a strong parting carouse with the Lord Abbot,' set forth after his master 'in God's name.'

This was Hans's first experience of warfare, and he enjoyed even its least enjoyable features. Thus, when he arrived at Heidelberg, he found that the Count Palatine and Duke Heinrich had already started for France, and it became his lot to follow in the wake of a hungry army. But no complaint escapes him: 'and it tasted as well as many a boil or roast,' is his only comment upon a half-gnawed loaf which he was forced to share with his men and his horses. He came up with the main body a few miles beyond Saarbrücken: 'and His Grace was glad to get me again; and I was also glad to be again with my lord.'

The main body consisted of only one squadron of horse and 1,000 foot-soldiers, and strenuous efforts were made to procure recruits. But the country was remarkably unproductive, and had it not been for the arrival of a Danish contingent, 9,000 strong and 'a joy to behold,' the enterprise would have promptly died of inanition. Duke Heinrich himself ran short of horses, and, with pleasant effrontery, dispatched Hans from the camp at Annis to Nancy—where Duke Eric

¹ Son of the Elector Frederick III. and commonly called 'the *Condottiere* of the Reformation.'

of Brunswick was celebrating his wedding with the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine—to beg the bridegroom for the gift of a charger. Duke Eric replied, with scanty courtesy, that he was engaged with his bride and wanted his horses for himself; nor, had he one to spare, would he bestow it upon a Lutheran heretic. The Count of Salm, whom Hans was likewise commanded to approach, replied, with even greater vigour, that, as the Duke of Liegnitz was already helping to plunder his home and his peasantry, the request for the added gift of a horse appeared to him unseasonable. Hans therefore returned empty-handed, and the invaders, inflamed by his descriptions of the luxury and ostentation of the wedding feasts, at once revenged themselves by burning to the ground the villages belonging to the ungracious count. ‘And from this great evil,’ reflects Hans, ‘a kind word or a horse might have saved him.’

The plundering of Lorraine quickly became the main occupation of Johann Casimir's army, for, hearing that the Catholics were astir, the Palsgrave cast discretion to the winds and allowed his troops to ransack the province at their pleasure. Their progress left a wide avenue of desolation in its wake.¹ Every morning, when the troops quitted the lodgings in which they had passed the night, they reduced them to flames, so that each January dawn beheld at least ten or twelve villages, ‘all beautifully built,’ burning to the ground. ‘And it was enough to make the heart weep,’ adds the kindly equerry, ‘for it was a goodly and well-furnished land.’ In this grim fashion—skirting round Metz, for fear of its mightiness,² and being joined at Farny by ‘seventeen companies of foot-soldiers from Switzerland, which were decked and adorned to such a degree,

¹ Lippomano, who traversed the country soon after, wrote: ‘Every two leagues are fine villages, utterly laid in ruins by the reiters. (Tommaseo II.) ‘Passavano a guisa di spaventosa tempesta,’ says Davila. (*Istoria*.)

² It was but twenty-four years since Charles V. had been forced to retire from Metz, ‘with tears running down his face.’

with their armour and harquebuses gilded, and their weapons also mounted with silver, that it was verily a thing to wonder at—the little army arrived in France.

Meanwhile Hans's private hopes and enjoyments had been daily mounting, for Johann Casimir had taken a great fancy to the young Silesian, and had borrowed him from Duke Heinrich to be his own personal attendant. Fifty crowns a month were now given to him as wage, with twelve crowns and free fodder for each of his three horses; while, to crown this generosity, the Palsgrave promised that he should bear the news of their first victory to the aged Elector, and thus be enabled to win for himself a stately guerdon. 'Who now so happy as I?' he exclaims, 'for my luck was surely in flower, and I thought by this means to become a rich man.' Closely attached to the person of the Commander-in-Chief, he was also privileged, after each muster of the 9,000 horse, to lead the banners in the ring, and deliver them to the ensign; and, since the cavalry had to swear to the standards while he was still in the ring, he was exalted above all the other officers: 'and I made myself thereby a name, and gained much reputation, which I considered great happiness, and would not give up for money and wealth.'

But Hans's blossoming time was soon over, for, while as yet nothing had been accomplished save the burning and plundering of the harmless Lorraine villages,¹ there came the alarming news that the King

¹ The spoils—'les bagues, les joyaux, les buffetz, la vaisselle d'argent, les chaisnes, et surtout les beaux escus au soleil'—were used to adorn Casimir's triumph 'à la mode superbe' on his return to Germany. 'Jusques là encor . . . qu'en son triumphe furent menez et conduicts une infinité de bœufs qui avoient esté pris en France, caparaçonnez et accommodez ny plus ny moins qu'estoient ceux desdictz Romains. . . . Il n'avoit pas eu grand peine à conquerir ces bœufz, car ils estoient en proye à un chacun. Mais quoy! il falloit ainsi conduire ce triumphe: autrement, pensez qu'il fust esté imparfait et point esgal aux Romains anciens. Si est-ce que ny de luy ny des siens pour ceste fois n'y eut de trop grands coups ruez; mais voylà! telle fut son ambition de triumpher, aussi bien à faux que pour le vray.' (Brantôme.)

of France was advancing eastwards with 80,000 men. The Duke of Liegnitz was thereupon appointed to the command of a visionary rearguard of 3,000 horse and 4,000 foot, to be hastily collected by him in Germany; and nothing now would satisfy His Grace but that the equerry should return to his right allegiance. This, though with infinite regrets, took place. 'So fled once more my hoped-for fortune.' Once more did Hans drop from wealth to penury, and, once more was his face turned homewards.

Sadly, and not without fear of reprisals from the angry peasantry, the tiny party retraced their steps through the devastated landscape, leaving their more fortunate comrades to pursue their triumphant course. And, to relieve his feelings, Hans could but jump the gaping chasm in the bridge over the Rhine at Strasburg: 'With a good drink within and a good horse under me, I heaved forward, and if the horse had fallen I had plunged thirty ells deep into the Rhine. But God helped me over, and I hit the toll-keeper with my piece about the head, and rode away.'

III

AND now once more begins the borrowing, indiscriminate and undismayed. The collecting of the rearguard required money; the upkeep also of His Grace of Liegnitz required money. The first painful duty of Hans's return to office had been to sell two of his much-prized chargers for eighty thalers, in order to lend the fruits of the sale to his master. 'And never in all my days have I got them back again.'

Nor was it long before his golden tongue was once more in requisition. The old Elector of Heidelberg, the Landgrave George of Hesse, Count John of Nassau, the Town Council of Frankfort, and many others were visited, Hans begging industriously of them all,

and winning their hearts by his remarkable powers 'im Trunke und Geräusch.' But as to money all were obdurate: 'schlugen gänzlich ab.' Even a wedding was prayed in vain to contribute, which indeed in the end proved a sore expense, for the Duke must needs present the bride with a golden ship, for which he gave eighty thalers, borrowed from a jeweller, poor Hans being, as usual, the unwilling surety. Some of the more generous hosts consented to lend twenty or fifty, or even a hundred crowns, 'in order to be rid of us'; but, when the party finally arrived at Cologne, 'I can say with certainty that His Princely Grace had not more than one and a half thalers in his purse, and that with two nights' lodging yet unpaid; so that the very sergeants who carried the baggage from the ships to the inn could not be rewarded.' Hans was therefore forced again to the rescue, with his father's parting gift of a gold chain, and a small store of journey money, which had been secretly sewn into the flap of his breeches.

Such insignificant details, however, were as nothing to Duke Heinrich, and he preserved his customary imperturbability of extravagance. Having made a noble entry into the city 'with great splendour and eight trumpeters blowing unceasingly in the ships,' he proceeded with the thirty-two horses and forty-five men of his retinue to the principal hostelry. The landlord, greatly impressed by the multitudinous pomp of the party, gave lodgings and credit without demur; so here they took up their abode, existing magnificently, and entertaining innumerable guests. Hans, indeed, remonstrated with his master with unflagging vigour. But his appeals passed unheeded. 'In a day or two, when I am known,' said His Grace confidently, 'I shall surely get money'; and so for a fortnight he pursued his improvident way.

Money, however, was not so quickly forthcoming. The Town Council—all dressed in scarlet and white—was duly exhorted by Hans in a lengthy and ingenious

speech, but its members, albeit they had themselves abundantly enjoyed the ducal hospitality, to a man 'schlugen gänzlich ab.' The merchants also were approached, and all the neighbouring nobles ; but with one accord they made excuse. 'Paper was sent, paper came back, but never gold.' And worse, the suspicions of their host were at last aroused, and he was soon demanding, in no uncertain terms, the immediate payment of his already gigantic bill. Here was a crisis with which even the resourceful equerry was unable to cope. In vain did he parley with the creditors, and allude to the large sums hourly expected from France and Silesia. The innkeeper was Spanish and impatient, and would by no means wait. To the Electoral courts of justice rather would he and did he go, procuring an embargo on all the Duke's horses and chattels for so long as the many thousand thalers owing to him remained unpaid.

Early one morning, therefore, a person all dressed in red and white, with a long red-coloured wand in his hand, appeared in the inn and took possession : 'and His Grace and I had great fear.' Nor, indeed, were their tremors without foundation, since at the same time there arrived from Liegnitz the terrible news that the Imperial Commission had accomplished its unworthy task, and that the Duke's brother, having been appointed reigning prince by the Emperor, had assumed the duties and emoluments of government under the title of Friedrich IV. 'Had thus double pains,' groans the poor equerry, 'grasped at much and great, and attained little and nothing.'

So the game began again with renewed vigour, and Hans started forth once more a-borrowing. His first visit was to the Elector-Archbishop of Cologne, in the hope that the decision of the courts might be set aside. This prince of the church was a jolly fellow, friendly, and a stark drinker,¹ so host and guests were 'lustig

¹ Gebhardt II. Some six years later he was deprived of his see for marrying the nun Agnes von Mansfeld.

und guter Dinge' together. But before Hans could obtain more than vague promises of assistance, the Archbishop unfortunately 'lost himself with a lovely lady in a tent.' 'Methought this was no longer the place for me,' says Hans modestly, and sadly back he went. He was next dispatched all the way to Utrecht, to procure money on loan from a rich merchant. But again success was snatched from him at the last moment, for, on the very night before the final arrangements were to be concluded, the Spanish army arrived untimely upon the scene. Having taken possession of the castle, the enemy riddled the town with shot, 'and the balls flew through the roofs of the city, so that sore trouble and need fell upon it.' The citizens and merchants were transfixed with terror, and had now no thought save for their personal safety. 'And thus were all my plans and bargainings set at naught, and I thanked God that I and Zacharias Koller escaped unharmed by the river that ran through the town; for grievous distress was abroad.'

Meanwhile the Duke had himself gallantly, though unsuccessfully, been foraging in various directions: 'for when cats have no more to eat they learn to mouse,' reflects Hans, 'and it is well said, Cats, catch your own mice.' The result, however, was nil, and all too soon did Heinrich come bootless home and weather-beaten back. With growing anxiety, he racked his brain for plans, and at length alighted on the brilliant idea of courting Elizabeth of England. 'Wanted to send me also to England, where I, in the stead of His Grace, should woo the Queen to marry him, and at the same time ask her to lend him fifty thousand crowns. Now I would gladly have gone to England, but as to such wooings and beggings of the Queen I had many scruples. Wherefore I asked His Grace how he had fallen upon such a folly; seeing that he had already a consort, which the Queen well knew, what was he meaning to do? This speech did not greatly please His Grace, and he said to me: "You are

a fool ; did not the Landgrave (Philip of Hesse) have two wives ? ” Hans replied sarcastically that he had never heard the Duchess complain, as the Landgravine had done, of excessive attentions on the part of her spouse, and that an ambassador's hat would be of little use to himself should he break his head in the earning of it.¹ ‘Whereat His Princely Grace was angry, and sulked for two days with me.’

All other plans proving equally cloudy, there was no help for it but to remain in Cologne until such time as the subsidies for Heinrich's invaluable assistance to the Calvinist cause should arrive. Both master and man, therefore, put a brave face on the matter and proceeded to make themselves ‘very well known in the town.’ Every day, and often twice a day, they perambulated the cathedral, in the hope of meeting with friends or acquaintances ; for here gathered all the visitors from all the country round. Nor did Hans waste his opportunities, since he quickly gained a footing in sundry rich houses, where the daughters gladly bestowed upon him costly gifts in default of the warmer favours that he was too cautious to accept. ‘For I was cock of the basket (*Hahn im Korbe*),’ he writes on one occasion, ‘as she gave me well to understand.’ His honesty, however, did not desert him, for although this lady, a wealthy heiress, often cast gold chains of price about his neck, and although he was informed that he might certainly keep them, yet he invariably gave them back. ‘And why I did this I have no idea,’ he confesses ; ‘but I thank God that He preserved me from all evil.’ These scruples, it must be added, did not prevent him, some months later, from borrowing thirty florins

¹ Hans seems to have shared the English poet's impression of Elizabeth :

‘A wiser Queen, never was to be seen

For a woman or yet a stouter ;

For if anie thing vext her, with that which came next her

O, How shee would lay about her !’

(*Ballads from MSS. II.*)

from the affectionate damsel. But even then he amply repaid her, for when 'her mother presented them to me,' he writes, 'I caressed the daughter all the better.'

Not all the adventures, however, ended so blamelessly, for, as in Augsburg, His Grace not infrequently insisted on sharing Hans's invitations, and the ducal conscience was by no means so tender as that of the equerry. Thus at the very beginning of their sojourn, 'while we were still *in flora*,' Hans was granted daily hospitality in the Nunnery of St. Mary,¹ the abode of many ladies of rank. The Duke was, of course, instantly seized with the desire to obtain a like privilege, and, unable to think of any better method, ordered Hans to inform the Abbess that he would one evening bring a maskery to the cloister for the diversion of herself and the maidens. The Abbess was charmed, and appointed a day for the purpose; and Heinrich, triumphant, busied himself with the preparation of the dresses—Italian for the men and Spanish for the ladies. 'So when the said evening came, His Princely Grace and all of us clad ourselves in the mumming-clothes; and we were three men and three women, and had with us a lovely *musica* and rode on fine horses to the cloister; and each had a Spanish damsel behind him.' Hans's pillion partner was no other than Duke Heinrich himself, with his portly figure disguised in the trappings of a Spanish beauty, and the equerry's loyalty was unable to resist the perpetration of a small jest. 'For as I and the said damsel arrived in the courtyard, where the Lady Abbess and all her assemblage were standing to receive us, I caused

¹ 'On a hill called the Capitol is a Church of Our Lady, where is a nunnery with many canonesses. They say their offices publicly in the choir, eat in common, and sleep in the convent; in the daytime they go out at their pleasure, two and two together, and have attendants and live nobly, and can marry legitimately if they choose.' (Beatis.) Bizoni was shocked to observe that these 'canonesses' officiated in the same vestments as the canons: long black robes, with furs and great collars *à fraise*. They resumed their feminine garb at the end of the office.

the horse to make a bound forward, and he threw that Spanish maid—*id est*, the Duke—who sat behind me, with all her glories into a puddle; so that His Grace was like a mud-plaster, and we had to go back again into a house and wash up His Grace.' The mischief, however, was quickly repaired, and the company was soon enjoying itself greatly, being '*lustig und guter Dinge* with the nuns, and dancing and drinking much.' And after this episode the Silesian visitors became so welcome and 'so intimate' in the nunnery that certain consequences ensued, to which even Hans can but lightly allude. 'Genug von dem, jedoch mich entschuldiget genommen.'¹

These days in Cologne, therefore, passed quickly enough, and the Duke and his equerry were 'not unhappy.' They visited greatly and flirted greatly, and drank and danced, and pawned their clothes, and so were 'merry and of good cheer.' Nor even was their gay equanimity in any degree impaired by a serious danger that was soon threatening them. A terrible pestilence broke out in the city, and not only had every house its corpse, but in their own inn no less than ten persons died. 'But I did not ask much about it,' writes Hans, with an admirable confidence, 'and was never alarmed, but commended myself to God; for it was my opinion that it was impossible that I should die.' His sole precaution was to take every day, on rising, 'a grape-vinegar, with somewhat to eat thereby, and soon after a good fair drink.'² And verily, he adds, God protected him and his lord's company so well, that not one single person perished. Once only did his faith fail him, and it must be admitted that his excuse was good; for his room-mate, having

¹ Yet the laws of Cologne were exceedingly severe. Bizoni saw in the Church of Our Lady, to which this nunnery was attached, two square blocks of marble measuring a palm and a half each way, and joined together by an iron bar a span long. With this contrivance about their necks, the culprits were driven about the city.

² Bassompierre, after his search for the beautiful washer-girl in the plague-stricken house, drank 'trois ou quatre verres de vin pur, qui est un remède d'Allemagne contre la peste présente.' (*Journal*.)

selected a churchyard as a convenient place for a fond interview, fell in the darkness, together with his lady-love, headlong into an open grave, new-filled with victims of the plague. Fortunately for him, though unfortunately for Hans, the monks had left a ladder, whereby the couple dolefully climbed out, and the lover, with emotions damped, then repaired to Hans's apartment, and, *sans* word of his adventure, took his usual share of the bed. In the morning, when the truth was revealed, Hans was both incensed and alarmed, the more that he was seized with sudden illness and unable to stand. He soon recovered, but his friendship with Barleben was at an end; 'for he had easily made an end of me, had not God graciously given me protection.'

If Hans was specially secured from the pestilence, he was not so pleasantly guarded from the vagaries of his master, and the relations between the two became a little strained. Not content, indeed, with bleeding his equerry of all his actual possessions, the Duke had surpassed the bounds of even his own customary unscrupulous acquisitiveness. A certain Christoph Braun, captain of landsknechts, offered to lend His Grace 1,600 gold pieces on Hans's signed and sealed bond, but this the young Silesian, reluctant to entangle his father in so doubtful a transaction, steadfastly declined to give. Duke Heinrich, therefore, secretly sent to the stone-cutter, and caused the Schweinichen arms to be engraved on copper, with which, still secretly, he sealed the document. Having obtained—and spent—the money from Braun, he now confessed the matter to his victim, making many golden promises as to the future, and pointing out what a scandal would arise should the transaction not be completed by a signature. 'And although I had wholly refused the signing, I saw well what would be the end of it, and that His Grace would come to great contumely thereby. So when His Grace begged me, with praying hands, not to deny him,

I wrote my name; but I told Braun clearly, in the presence of His Grace, that it was not in my power to hold by it.'

The time having at length arrived for the payment of the French salary, Hans was sent post-haste to Frankfort to receive it. But he returned shortly with the dismal intelligence that peace had been proclaimed, and with, in consequence, but half the expected contribution. This was an unlooked-for blow, and even the Duke was 'terror-stricken,' for he was now without any source of income soever, while his debts, new and old, had grown to the noble sum of 485,466 thalers. The salary, however, such as it was, increased by the sale of various jewels, enabled the little company to sail away once more in triumph from Cologne, with six trumpets and a kettledrum, and fifty-four horses, as fat as butter. All the debtors were satisfied, with the exception of the unhappy Spanish landlord, who not only had to give up the horses which he had been compelled to feed all these weeks at his own expense, but was also forced to provide the equivalent in money for certain costly garments, said to have been left as pledges in his hands, but in reality existing only in Hans's imagination. 'So I played a trick on our host,' exults the equerry shamelessly, 'to pay him for what he had done to us.' The horses, which, during eighteen weeks had not once been turned round in their stalls, could not move when they were taken out, though they were 'fine and fat.' And His Grace had to stay ten days longer, till the horses had again 'learned how to go: for at first they moved like drunken men.' When, by dint of hourly exercise in the river, this had been done, the procession took its way through the streets; and thus, after a sojourn of seven months, the Duke of Liegnitz departed from Cologne 'with dignity, a praiseworthy name and a brave appearance,' it being apparent to all men that 'the honour was now as great as had been the shame of the arrest.

On the first night after their triumphant exodus, Hans and his master lay in the monastery of Brauweiler, hoping to replenish their dwindling store from the monastic purse. Strange to say, however, the Lord Abbot 'did not approve' of His Grace: 'schlug gänzlich ab.' And now, for the hundredth time, begins the weary round of begging visits, lightened only by some evanescent 'sweetheartings' and incomparable feats of drink and dance, which gave Hans 'much strength of heart.' He urged his master to return home to Silesia, but this time it was the Duke who 'schlug gänzlich ab,' preferring rather to take lodgings for the winter at the little town of Emmerich. The equerry was therefore sent to choose them, and spent several weeks, not unpleasantly, in doing so.

As a fact, he slipped back more than once to see his old friends in Cologne, and there, he declares, he was happier than ever before, and was invited out to every meal. Indeed, he was so beloved by his landlady, to whom he had 'spoken good words,' that neither she nor her husband would accept a farthing for his keep. On one of these visits he was even entertained by a canon of the cathedral, who was surrounded by comely women; 'but these were not hard enough,' complains the guest mysteriously, 'being such as are always to be found among clerics.' On another occasion he saw one of his many 'all-belovedests,' the charming daughter of a certain Herr von Bielandt; and a pathetic note is struck by his account of the meeting. 'I rejoiced in her lovingness,' he writes, 'for as she had been in the beginning, so did she remain.' He also visited an old acquaintance at Hunersbach, and as he 'held it a shame' that when one nobleman invited another to his house they should too soon be parted, he 'kept to the custom,' and lay there fourteen days, riding daily to the chase. 'Especially is there good coney-catching there. They have little dogs to bite them out of their holes, and also small greyhounds, which are quite common. We often caught twenty

and more.¹ And since the womenkind were also pretty, I felt all the better; for I was entertained as though I were a great lord.'

Hans's holiday, however, was soon over, and he was recalled by his master, to be raised most unwillingly to the dignified but onerous post of Steward of the Household: 'Although I strove hard not to take the post, yet I must obey, and so had, to my disgust, the arrangement and government of the whole retinue hanging on my neck. Thus even in my youth I drew no light cares upon myself.' His Grace had at the time seven gentlemen in waiting, not counting the other officers, and about twenty-three horses; and there were forty-seven persons to be fed daily, which, with a purse unremittingly empty, must no doubt have been difficult.

The impecunious prince now settled down in Emmerich, nominally for the winter. He had actually obtained a little money from the aged Elector Palatine, and Hans's horizon, thanks to the benignant offices of two old maids and a ghost, looked momentarily brighter. The two spinsters were the hostesses of the party, and, to the steward's relief, exceptionally reasonable. But the ghost was the real success of the enterprise. Two days before the arrival of the ducal party, the 'spirit or monster,' as Hans calls it, had appeared upon the scene, washed all the rooms clean, arranged the whole house, and itself made all the beds. On the third night after their instalment it visited the steward's truckle-couch, and, with a club or bauble, 'such as fools are wont to have,' guarded his head from the flies. Hans, chancing to awake, beheld it, and, being unaccustomed to such attentions, was 'sorely terrified,

¹ Schaschek and Tetzl, when traversing this district, had noticed the abundance of rabbits and the method (apparently unknown to the Bohemians, though dating at least from the days of Pliny) of catching them with ferrets and nets: 'The ferret drives the coney forth with bites, and the hunter, having spread nets about the hole, captures him as he issues therefrom. The inhabitants affirm that in one day 500 or 600 conies may thus be taken.

and wished to scream.¹ As, however, he feared to waken the Duke, he commended himself instead to Providence, whereupon 'the monster' retired into a corner and laughed. On the following night Hans fortified himself with a carouse and slept, so the ghost turned his attention to his bed-fellow, who screamed aloud, 'O help me, thou dear holy Mary!' The steward still pretended to sleep, but the apparition now came round to his side of the bed, laughed aloud, and vanished. This annoyed Hans, and when daylight came he requested the two old ladies 'to discharge the ghost, lest harm should come to it.' They, however, were so overjoyed at its appearance, and congratulated him so warmly on its personal devotion to himself and on the good luck which this entailed, that he grew reconciled to his visitor. Now therefore, for a space, prosperity reigned in the household. 'His Grace and all of us had good luck and well-being, and suffered no adversities, nor was I any longer afraid.' If the cook in the kitchen left his saucepans and dishes unwashed, in the morning they were cleansed and burnished 'in the loveliest fashion.'² The ghost became, indeed, so popular that the retinue, doing as they would be done by, urged Hans to give it to drink: 'the which I accordingly did, and I commonly placed for it on a bench some milk or beer mixed with honey and sugar; this it would approach and take according to opportunity, and it would nod at me with its head,

¹ In his chapter 'Of standynge up of a mans heare,' Boorde remarks that this malady 'may come by a folyshe feare, when a man is by hym selfe alone, and is a frayde of his owne shadow, or of a spirite. O, what saye I? I shulde have sayde, afrayde of the spirite of the buttry, which be perylous beastes; for suche spirites doth trouble a man so sore that he can not dyvers tmes stande vpon his legges.' (*Breviary*.) Cotgrave also expounds 'Yvre' as meaning one 'that hath seene the diuell.' But Hans's ghost was, we may hope, of too long standing for any ungracious explanation of this kind.

² I have heard say, writes Jean d'Arras (who had it from 'a man worshipfull and of credence,' who himself had it from 'a frend auntyent and old'), that there are some 'fauntasyes' that appear by night 'in lyknes of wymen with old face, of low and lytil stature or body,' which scour pans and pots and do such things 'as a mayde or servaunt oughte to doo, lyberaly and without dooyng of any harme.'

and when I lay in bed drink to me. And this I saw many times.' Unfortunately, this gentle monster was only too soon exorcised. For on one fatal night the Duke called for lemonade, and Hans, climbing the narrow spiral staircase to summon one of the pages, met the ghost face to face. 'And now I was powerfully alarmed, and knew not what or how I should do. But I went on until I touched it, when it began to laugh and said, "Thou knowest not thy good fortune: now shalt thou see how it goes with thee."' It never showed itself again, and with it went the fleeting luck of the exiles of Liegnitz.

For the disappearance of the ghost coincided with the disappearance of the small sum of electoral money that had lately smoothed the steward's thorny path. Costly banquets to the citizens of Emmerich, brilliant with Silesian dishes and innumerable lights 'as is customary in the Netherlands,' had quickly exhausted the slender store, and their coffers were once more sounding with hollow poverty and emptiness. The sale of jewels, borrowed by Hans from a jeweller of Cleves, prolonged the agony for a few days only. His Grace grew prodigal of the wildest plots. One day he rode off to the Spanish encampment, distant some four days' journey from Emmerich, in the hope of discovering a lucrative appointment. For a second time he was disguised as lackey to Hans, who himself would pass for a wandering soldier, seeking for employment. 'And the Duke had to look after the horses, wait upon me, clean the boots, and attend to everything, as befits a servant.' But they were recognised by an affectionate and unfortunately reminiscent maid-servant, and were forced to return in haste, for had they been revealed to the authorities, 'so should I have had no other shrift than to have been hanged to a tree, and the Duke to have remained in lifelong imprisonment.' Another day His Grace gave a banquet to the captain who had charge of the Spanish stronghold at Heerenberg, near

Emmerich, intending secretly to take possession of the castle, and therewith presumably of a useful booty, in his absence. But the Silesians drank as hard as the Spaniards, and, 'since all were full, the matter was at a standstill, and the plans fell through once more, and all the Duke's wine was drunk up for nothing; and the proverb is right that says, "Plans are good, when they come off."'

Matters thus fell from bad to worse, and the year 1577 opened gloomily. At length, the lack of money having become too urgent to be borne, His Grace chartered a secret ship and departed suddenly, like a thief, in the night. On January 4, Hans, who had overslept himself, awoke to find only the retinue, clamouring raucous as a nest of young rooks, and this note: 'Dear Hans, here hast thou this chain; do with it what thou canst. I will make all speed and return to-day or to-morrow. Ponder well and see if thou canst sell the horses for ready money. I will not lay my head softly, but will with God's help bring money, that we may get away from these people and this stiff-necked country. Herewith a good-morrow to thee, heart-dear Hans.—Heinrich, Duke. *Manu pp.*'

Needless to say, the Duke did not reappear in two days or in twenty, and the wretched steward was reduced to desperation, knowing not whither to turn. The tradesmen clamoured for payment, and for even the meanest necessities he had to depend on the charity of his two old landladies; while the people were so embittered that 'had I gone through the town they would have followed, and, catching me alone, quickly beaten me.' Nor were his troubles materially lightened by the exploit of one of his Silesians, Martin Seidenberg, who donned a mask, painted his horse black, fell upon a rich Jew in a wood, and escaped with a sackful of treasure. Having washed the horse white again, the rogue then gaily assisted the Jew in his vain search for the malefactor, and

eventually brought the money in triumph to Hans. The steward, horrified, refused to take it, though the necessity of his rags compelled him at last to accept a gift of twenty thalers. So Martin decamped to rejoin his less scrupulous master, while Hans remained 'to build up misery and cling to grief.' The young knight's standard of honesty did not, however, deter him from selling two blind horses for a goodly sum to a Netherlandish nobleman. This worthy having thereafter fallen—servants, horses, and all—into a lime-pit, discovered the infirmities of his bargain and returned to complain, but Hans justly observed that he should have kept his own eyes open. 'So he was left with the blind horses, and I with the money.'

Hans's sole comfort and diversion now lay, indeed, in the affection of the two old maids, who proved his unfaltering consolers, and did all in their power to lighten his woes. Not only did they feed him and four of his comrades for nothing, but they frequently lent him money, treated him with all kindness and respect, and were, in brief, 'my great friends.' They even contrived a banquet for his delectation, and appointed him to the place of honour. For, 'on the day of the Holy Three Kings,' he tells, 'it is the custom in nearly all houses to make a king's feast, when it is chosen who shall be King and who shall have the other offices. And I, in jest, was to be the King and one of the spinsters Queen. And the Queen made a banquet and invited the King as guest, and with dances and the like we were joyful and of good cheer.' The Queen also presented him with a golden chain worth one hundred crowns to wear for her sake. But, although he hung it round his neck for the one night, on the morrow he firmly returned it, not, as we might hope, from scruples of courtesy or kindness, but—and the confession alone wins our forgiveness—from a curious and ungenerous fear lest the old lady should bewitch him. 'And I had almost to force her to take it back. And I was a fool that I did not keep it.'

Finally the crisis was reached, and the courts of justice ordered all the ducal horses and chattels to be sold and Hans himself to be put into prison. Seeing, therefore, that for six weeks he had received no news of the Duke, nor hoped for any, and that, to crown the disaster, Christoph Braun, the enraged creditor from Cologne, also threatened execution, Hans decided to follow his master's example. On February 22 he decamped secretly from the place on foot, leaving the whole retinue in the charge of the groom of the chambers; and he returned, as fast as his penniless condition allowed, to Silesia.

IV

HERE, then, was the wanderer at home once more.

But, even in Liegnitz, Hans found matters scarcely more gay. His master's brother, Duke Friedrich, was in possession and unfriendly, while the news of his own father's death had reached him but a few days before his arrival. Moreover, thanks to the incessant drainage which all Duke Heinrich's subjects had undergone for the pleasure of his princely maintenance, the elder Schweinichen had left his affairs in a condition almost of bankruptcy; and his sons now succeeded to a property devastated by debt. Indeed, the only crumb of comfort in the poor steward's sour loaf was that his master was still wandering at large throughout the Empire, and that his purse, empty as it was, might still, therefore, for a moment be called his own.

Hans's respite, however, was but brief. A few days after his return he was sent for by Duke Friedrich and closely questioned both as to the reasons of his home-coming and as to the movements and intentions of Duke Heinrich. Seeing no reason why 'the usurper' should be enlightened on either of these

points, Hans fed him with the grossest lies. He had left his master in the Netherlands, he declared; had no idea when he would return or how many thousands strong; but he was now on the best of terms with all the electors and princes of the Empire, 'had in them great friends.' As for himself, he had been recalled by the death of his father. Duke Friedrich took this answer 'very badly,' and advised the inventive steward to return home and cultivate loyalty to his lawful sovereign, lest worse should come of it.

Soon after this the new Emperor, Rudolph II., arrived in Breslau to receive the homage of his Silesian subjects, and Hans received a command from Duke Heinrich to go there in his stead and to lay his master's obedience and grievances at the Imperial feet. This Hans accordingly did, obtaining an audience from Rudolph himself, and detailing, so far as his most sketchy instructions permitted, the situation and desires of his lord. The answer was on the whole gracious, but the Duke was rebuked for his absence on so important an occasion, and admonished to attend without delay the famous Imperial Commission, which was, as usual, about to regulate the Liegnitz affairs. Schweinichen, therefore, dutifully and unselfishly urged his master to return, and received in reply instructions to proceed to Crossen immediately, with a suitable retinue, to escort the prodigal home. This command also Hans obeyed, preparing for the occasion with great honour and expense. Heinrich, however, never appeared, and after eight days of costly expectation Hans returned angrily home. 'And by the said waiting I earned little thanks from Duke Friedrich, and caused myself great annoyance; for Duke Friedrich and the Councillors were against me, and if they were able to vex me, they let not the occasion pass. But God helped me out of all and guarded me, that I never fell into their claws; but I had always to go a little delicately.'

After this, summons followed summons, ordering Hans to meet his master at various places on his way back to the duchy; but, since 'the burnt one dreads the fire,' the steward now firmly disregarded them all. At last the Duke wrote severely, commanding him, if he would not come himself, at least to send his three horses. Whereupon Hans retorted that one of these was already dead from the vain expectation at Crossen, while the others were too feeble from want of food to be able to travel. On receipt, however, of a penitent and affectionate letter from His Grace, he finally started forth once more to meet him, with thirty-seven horses and a dignified retinue, all with yellow feathers in their hats.

The meeting was to be near Görlitz, and here the escort, in trembling uncertainty, awaited him. Nor was it till three days beyond the appointed hour had passed that the Duke's approach was actually announced; while, when at length he condescended to appear, the first words that fell from the august lips were: 'Now that you have me again, what will you give me?'

Fortunately, an estimable Councillor of Görlitz made a handsome offering of wine and provender, so that they were able to celebrate the event with generous abandonment, 'every man having on this joyful occasion a good carouse.' The next morning, however, the innkeeper had to be paid, and it appeared that they had already expended no less than 284 thalers.¹ Hans took the reckoning to the Duke for payment; but His Grace laughed and said: 'Dear Hans, you have brought me here: if you want to keep me you must pay for me, for I have no more money.' And Hans's unfortunate friends and relatives had to raise funds for the occasion.

¹ 'They spend prodigally in drinke, wherein sometymes I have seene one gentleman at one night's lodging in his Inn spend tenn or twenty Dollors. Yet howsoever poore men will drinke theire apparell from theire backes, I should thincke it a labour of Hercules for men of the better sorte to consume any reasonable patrimony therein.' (*Shakespeare's Europe.*)

On his arrival at Liegnitz Heinrich took up his abode with one Hans Heilmann, and, undaunted by his peculiar position, settled down to enjoy himself after his usual fashion. One of his first visitors was the Duchess, whom he had not seen for two years and a half; and Hans was again forced to act as mediator between the prince and his embarrassingly affectionate spouse. The steward's exertions, indeed, were not at first crowned with success, despite the gallant assistance of the lady herself, who, having already been once politely ejected from her husband's apartments, returned to the charge in a masquerade, with many lights and a *musica*: 'And when His Grace was aware of her coming he ran to his room, locked the door behind him, and would let no one in.' Later, however, the Duchess melted her husband's stony heart with the gift of a valuable chain, and thenceforward was allowed to come daily down from the Castle to visit him. The two young princesses were still living with their uncle at Thesingen, and, although Hans was sent with a gilded carriage drawn by six horses to bring them back to the arms of their impatient father, the Margrave, who had not yet forgotten 'the Kittlitzin business,' would not consent to give them up.

As to the usurper of Liegnitz, Duke Heinrich entirely declined to see him, although Friedrich had ridden out promptly and pacifically to have speech of his peccant brother. 'Sent word,' writes Hans regretfully, 'that he was just then in his bath, and excused himself from hearing Duke Friedrich, whence Duke Friedrich returned, more in sadness than in joy, to the Castle.' Nor was Duke Heinrich any better disposed to all the courtiers and officials who had abandoned his service for that of his brother. In fact, two of the ducal councillors excited his anger to such a pitch that on one occasion Hans, returning from a ride, found His Grace's trumpeters and kettle-drummers preparing 'to blazon them forth as rogues to all four

quarters of the compass.' When the steward pointed out the folly of this proceeding, his lord was 'very ill content, raged indeed to the utmost, announcing that he had made me master of his household but not of himself, and that as he had ordered it so must it be.' Hans—'blustering also a little myself'—threatened to retire from his service, and the Duke, though swearing that Hans's arrival at that moment must have been arranged by the devil himself, at length consented to postpone the business to another time.

Meanwhile Imperial Majesty had issued a command that, pending the assembly of the proposed commission, Duke Heinrich was to live frugally on his estates at Hainau, being supported by an allowance of food and necessaries from his brother Friedrich. So the move took place, giving Hans 'no little trouble and care.' But, as the allowance only arrived in the most desultory fashion and as, whenever possible, Duke Friedrich's servants stole away even the produce of the Hainau flour-mills, upon which the steward depended for the sustenance of his little company, his burdens were by no means lightened by the change. Soon, too, the prince again grew restless, and numerous journeys and borrowings were the result, during which time the entire responsibility fell upon Hans. 'His Grace travelled up and down the country, but left the household to me, to find food and drink for them as best I could.' To add to his embarrassments, his persistent creditor, Christoph Braun, also appeared upon the scene, and by his account of the transaction at Cologne, 'did me great harm in the land of Silesia, all which for my lord's sake I had to bear.' Nor were his private affairs in any more satisfactory condition, for his constant occupations at the Court necessitated the neglect of his own property, and he now learned, he bitterly declares, 'what it means to depend upon brothers.'

At length Duke Heinrich, having also, it appears,

learned this salutary lesson, decided to have the matter out with Duke Friedrich. An interview was accordingly arranged in an open field, to which the elder brother repaired with characteristic gaiety and confidence, and the younger with characteristic gloom and distrust. The two princes walked up and down for two hours, deep in an argument which Hans was not privileged to overhear. But when at last they separated the steward caught these ominous words from his master: 'Brother, you will repent. The time may come when I shall speak to you no more thus brotherly. So think well, my dear prince, and have no part with those who have betrayed me.' Duke Friedrich was silent, and, though Heinrich then amiably invited him to breakfast, would utter no word: 'and the two lords parted more in hate (though secret) than in love.' Friedrich, adds Hans, had worn armour under his doublet, and had twenty horsemen in ambush. 'Had Duke Heinrich but known thereof, no good would have come of it.'

Matters were advanced no further by this meeting, and it was impossible to keep house any longer at Hainau; so Duke Heinrich wrote to the Emperor, announcing that, as Duke Friedrich never gave him the stipulated allowance, he should thenceforward take it where he could. To this there came no answer. Nor, indeed, could any have come of practical use: 'By neither side could Imperial Majesty's command have been obeyed, seeing that if the one prince broke pots, the other broke pipkins.'

And now the Duke hatched a plot of new and noble proportions. For, having become aware that the ducal bailiffs had laid up a great provision of corn on the Gröditzberg, he determined to take possession of this Castle and keep house there till the Imperial decision was made known. Hans, as usual, remonstrated with him, pointing out that the Emperor would assuredly regard such an act as a trespass and an outrage, so that his affairs would be the worse and

not the better. 'And because I discoursed somewhat to His Grace on this matter, he was ill content with me, said I knew nothing about such things.' The business was quickly put in hand, Hans being commanded to have twelve mounted horsemen made ready to ride with their lord. He himself was to remain at Hainau until summoned; but the Duke promised that, if he succeeded in entering the Castle during the night, he would quickly send back a mounted messenger, who would prove his genuineness by firing a shot, and would then give the steward his further instructions. 'And so His Grace departed from Hainau on August 18 (1578) at two o'clock for the Gröditzberg.'

The achievement presented no great difficulties. When the little company reached the wood at the foot of the hill, the Duke sent up two horsemen, as though to inspect the house, with orders to find out who was there and, if the business seemed feasible, to loose off a shot; and since they found no more than two men in residence, this duly happened. Heinrich then boldly climbed up and took possession, sending a mounted messenger to Hans at three in the morning, according to arrangement. 'And when the shot went off,' records Schweinichen, 'I feared most greatly, and I said to those who lay in the chamber with me: "This shot will ruin my lord with his country and his people."' The doors having been opened, Hans learned that his fears were well founded, and that his master was indeed snug in the Castle: 'nor did His Grace think to come down again quickly.' The horses, servants and baggage were to be sent up the hill immediately, but the steward was to wait at Hainau till further notice. 'And since I could not undo what was done, I obeyed and sent His Grace all that was to hand.'

Again Hans's only consolation was his inexpensive solitude, and again this was not to last. Before two days had elapsed the Duke had burdened him with

two Polish visitors, sending him, with unusual generosity, six thalers wherewith to entertain them: 'and although they had brought but sixteen horses, yet the six thalers went in wine alone for the first meal.' Their entertainers, indeed, would soon have been sorely put to it to keep their souls in their bodies had not Heinrich changed his mind and summoned the whole party to the Gröditzberg, where they found His Princely Grace protected by a guard of twenty footmen with long hackbuts; 'and he had turned himself into a man of war, had us announced by the blowing of six trumpets and a kettle-drum.'

On the summit, therefore, of this Silesian mountain, Duke Heinrich XI. of Liegnitz—an unusual Moses—now sat, surveying his promised land. Nor did he find the occupation a tedious one. For, if his army were small and his coffers empty, his courage was unalterably gay; and with so efficient an aide-de-camp as Hans at his beck and call, there was but little likelihood of its failing through lack of refreshment. From the first moment, indeed, their days were thronged, and amid the customary delights of banquets and bonfires, drinkings and dancings, the hours passed quickly away. More than one wedding was celebrated at the Castle, each occasion being productive of lively incidents such as rejoiced the heart of His Grace; while the ordinary necessities of food and drink entailed a career of constant adventure no less exhilarating than precarious.

For, even on this Pisgah-height, the steward's embarrassments were considerable. The great provision of corn had vanished quickly away, 'no one knew whither,' and the little store of money had proved as fleeting as a summer dream. So, with sixty persons and half as many horses to feed, it soon became necessary to provision the Castle by the useful method of purchase without payment, or the even simpler device of seizure. Flour, salt, pigs, oxen and a valuable cargo of lead were thus appropriated from

the neighbourhood, and the unpopularity of the enterprise grew to an alarming extent. The people soon complained to the Bishop, and the prelate sent a deputation to the offender, ordering him to give up both castle and provender. But the Duke, having entertained the emissaries generously for three days, dismissed them with polite unconcern. Moreover, on the withdrawal of the deputation, he collected all his artillery, consisting of about one hundred and fifty hackbuts and muskets, and loosed them all off with a running fire one after the other, 'which struck the envoys rarely, for they had not imagined that ten pieces were to hand. And after this they announced that His Princely Grace had taken a company of soldiers there with him, though there were not more than three persons that loosed off the shots. His Princely Grace remained sitting on the Gröditzberg.'

The catering, therefore, continued in the same lively, if desultory, fashion. Three hundred and twenty-five aged rams, so old that none other would buy them, were obtained on credit from a cousin of Hans, while various birds were caught in the woods by means of snares and springes. The retrieving of these birds became, in fact, Duke Heinrich's favourite morning pastime, and, to the great wrath of the retinue, it was strictly forbidden for any one else to interfere with the sport. 'Wherefore I had to imprison the pages in the guard-room, and set the servants in the tower. And I came thereby into great disfavour, and yet was but little helped.' Not infrequently also the daily bag was supplemented in an unexpected fashion. Thus one of the two Polish noblemen, whom Hans was by way of instructing in the gentler manners of Germany, shot at a sparrow and killed an ox. When rebuked he displayed impenitence, not to say triumph, whereupon his tutor desired to chastise him. This, however, the Duke forbade, as a highly impolitic act, since, 'when I am King of Poland, this youth may turn you into a great lord.'

Fish was procured in a masterly manner. Having heard that a vast quantity of carp was preserved by Duke Friedrich in the neighbouring tanks of Arnsdorf, Duke Heinrich promptly netted five waggon-loads of the fish, and returned in triumph to the Gröditzberg. Friedrich stormed in vain, and threatened, if it happened again, to repel force with force. But this merely incited Heinrich to more brilliant efforts, and when he received news that 'the usurper' would, on a certain day, go a-fishing himself in the tanks with a guard of fifty hackbutterers and twenty-five horse, he resolved upon immediate action. 'Hans,' he said, 'we must arrange a diversion: make a reckoning of how many horses strong we can set out, and we will go down and frighten brother Friedrich a little by the Arnsdorf pond.' Hans once more remonstrated in vain: 'His Grace would not be turned therefrom, advised me to waste no ill words upon any one, and I should soon see how he would chase away Duke Friedrich and his guard.'

They started out bravely with a company of nineteen horses, three trumpeters, six hackbutterers, two lackeys, and a waggon full of fishing-nets. When they arrived on the spot they heard that Duke Friedrich was out on the pond in a little boat. 'And His Grace said to me, "Hans, now is the time; get you to work."' At sight of the invaders Friedrich's watchman fired a warning shot, whereupon Hans let the trumpets blow, at first in succession and then all at a time. A great commotion instantly arose among Friedrich's servants, every man running for his armour, and all who could, including the hackbutterers, fleeing into the bushes by the meadows. As for the princely fisherman himself, he 'became so uneasy on his pond that hardly could he be brought from thence without fainting'; in short, he jumped out of the boat, waded in the mud, and 'so lost all his breath.' When, finally, he cried for his marksmen and found that none were there, his fears got the better of him, and 'with six

horses and his heart in his mouth, he fell on to his palfrey and so back to Liegnitz. And when the others saw how His Grace rode, then rode they also every man at his pleasure.' Duke Heinrich smiled amiably upon the few Liegnitzers who had bravely remained to watch him, and invited them to come with their master to the Gröditzberg and eat the fish which he was now collecting at his leisure: 'But if your master will not come, then come yourselves, for you are honest fellows; and be no more frightened.' And he left benevolently with the words: 'Good luck, I will come again to-morrow.' The next day, accordingly, Duke Friedrich surrounded the pond with hackbutterers and cavalry; but, needless to say, Hans's master never dreamed of returning.

Nor was this the end of the adventure; for, while Duke Friedrich and the whole defensive force of Liegnitz were still intent upon protecting Arnsdorf—'and his pond-fishing soon cost him more than the fish were worth'—Duke Heinrich gained knowledge of a great store of wool that lay not far off. This he at once took to himself, together with four dozen fine fat sheep and ten kegs of butter which had been expressly intended for the ducal table at Liegnitz; and, the better to point his moral, he wrote next day to his brother and thanked him warmly for having 'made such good wool to grow upon the sheep, fattened such excellent mutton and prepared such beautiful butter.' So there were gay hearts on the Gröditzberg: 'After the evil days came once more princes' and lords' days; and we let them not burn away, but lived in joy and knew no want.'

But this halcyon calm was not to last. Soon after the raid the Bishop again interfered, and this time he remonstrated with Duke Heinrich in so friendly a fashion that His Grace felt constrained to make a similar response. Hans was entrusted with the delicate business, and acquitted himself brilliantly, explaining to the prelate and commissioners that the

Duke had only acquired his predatory habits on the cessation of the allowance from his brother, when, unused to nourish himself with wind, he had been forced to procure sustenance as best he might; that this allowance had been continued but for four weeks after the Imperial command, and that therefore more than two thousand thalers' worth of food were still owing to him; and finally, that it behoved both the Bishop and the Emperor to attend rather to the due delivery of this allowance than to the manner in which the unfortunate victim was meanwhile compelled to gain his precarious livelihood. And with this answer the Bishop had perforce to content himself. Heinrich, it must be added, was perfectly ready to confront his brother in any number of interviews, and several were actually arranged. But Friedrich had no stomach for the matter, and at the last moment the meeting was invariably postponed.

Winter, however, was approaching, and the airy fortress promised soon to become unliveable. So, not without many misgivings, Duke Heinrich determined to brave once more the lukewarm zephyrs of respectability: once more to visit Prague and his offended suzerain, and once more to coax from the princes of the Empire such letters of goodwill as should lend a lustre and more great opinion to the enterprise. This visiting—accomplished in his own incomparable manner—occupied the best part of a year, and it was not till the August of 1579 that the party reached Prague. It was then even more impressive and more expensive than on former occasions, for not only had the Duchess been hastily collected to add an aureole of conjugal devotion to the princely brow, but the young princesses had at last been successfully abstracted from the protecting wing of their kinsman. Nor, when the wanderers assembled in the Bohemian capital, were their purses any the heavier for the ducal vagaries of a twelvemonth.

Hans, indeed, complains bitterly of his griefs. He

had himself—on the pretext of illness—spent the summer weeks at Liegnitz, courting the lady of his heart and rejoicing in his well-earned holiday. But now, he groans, ‘I fell out of heaven into hell, out of joy into misery and lamentation ; had again to order and arrange both kitchen and cellar and all necessities, and there was no money to hand.’ His diary develops a tense and almost tragic tone: ‘Pledged a golden musket of His Princely Grace.’ ‘Pledged a golden cup, from which His Grace at all times drank.’ ‘Pledged a ring with diamonds and a medallion, with which ring the Jew made off.’ ‘Pledged a jewel and a pocket time-piece for forty thalers—were worth more than a hundred.’ ‘Pledged His Grace’s gilded rapier.’ ‘Pledged a silver porringer belonging to the Duchess, and therewith a little cup ; and this happened because the Duchess had at play lost a breakfast to the Herr von Hassenstein.’ ‘Pledged my sword, that the Duchess might have one single meal.’ ‘Pledged an emerald cross for twenty thalers, but it went quickly, since certain lords came to pay court to the princesses.’ ‘Pledged His Grace’s golden saddle with the velvet housings, on which he daily rode to the Castle.’ And at last (O cruel day), ‘pledged the curtains of His Grace’s bed.’

Duchess Sophia herself was finally sent forth with her daughters to beg for a loan of four thousand thalers from a wealthy Bohemian of the neighbourhood, who, having no children or encumbrances of his own, would surely, thought the Duke, be generously inclined towards those of others. But the nobleman—so ‘over-rich’ that his very carrying-chair, with all its poles, was of gilded silver—had no ready money to spare, and the good Duchess returned almost as empty-handed as she went. Indeed, by the time she had entertained all the suitors who came to welcome the young princesses after their three days’ absence, there was little or nothing to show for her pains. One of these suitors, by the way, raised glorious hopes in the ducal breast,

having made known, through the medium of a Jew broker, that on condition of his marriage with the Lady Emilia he was willing to lend no less a sum than ten thousand thalers. Duke Heinrich was charmed, but not so Emilia. Hans, whose sympathies were with the princess, went promptly to reconnoitre, and discovered a French lady 'in every corner' of the would-be bridegroom's house. When the elderly gentleman not only boasted of his harem, but actually showed it off with pride, the visitor remarked diplomatically that, if the marriage were accomplished, 'all these little doves and mice' would have to depart, and hereupon the suitor, surprised and dismayed, relinquished his pretensions. Hans returned home in triumph, dragging with him the chief villain of the piece: 'and what tricks I played that Jew on the way back are not to be told.'

These transactions did not assist the empty exchequer, and the little company was often sorely put to it to procure even one good meal a day. Duke Heinrich, indeed, was no great sufferer himself; for 'when His Princely Grace knew that there was little forthcoming in the lodging, then he came not home to his meals, but stayed at the Court, and left it to me to feed the Duchess and the princesses. But when he knew that I had money and could give food, he not only came home but also brought guests with him. And what this caused me of grief, care, trouble and inconvenience I can never sufficiently tell. For the one wanted this, and the other wanted that, and there was nothing available; and when I had nothing to give them, I had to fight. And my master was vexed with me when there was nothing to hand; thought not otherwise than that I was in fault.' Hans would, in brief, advise no young man to take upon him such a life, for 'I have verily received nothing in return, not so much as would pay for a quart of wine.'

This state of things continued for months, since it was necessary to wait for the Emperor's decision, and

the Emperor seemed unable to make up his mind. Twice did Hans go home to Liegnitz to see what he could procure, and twice came back with empty hands, to find the princely ladies starving in their rooms, the princely horses starving in their stalls. Duke Friedrich finally arrived and was constrained to pay the much-disputed allowance; yet this was but a cupful in the ocean of debt. Even the Papal Nuncio was tried and found wanting, for although he eagerly offered both to lend '1,000 and yet another 100 florins' and to reinstate Heinrich in his duchy, this was only on condition of his reverting to the old religion. 'And that is what I call burning a candle to the devil, and being led by the devil on to a high mountain. But albeit His Grace's need was great, yet he would budge no inch in the matter of religion.'

One lonely gleam traversed the poor steward's dismal days, and this was when, having sold the countless valuable objects already in pawn, he obtained a sum of quite imposing dimensions. He tells the story with child-like pleasure: 'Because I saw that His Grace and his princely consort were suffering from want, I rose early and counted out the money from the sold pledges on to the table, shut the door, and went away. Now His Grace lay somewhat long that morning, more from misery than any other reason. And when he rose and went into the other room he saw no one, but only the table laid out with gold, and could not imagine whence the money might have come; had indeed the thought that a spirit had brought it to him; cried to the pages that they should seek for me, but would allow no other in the room. And His Grace was impatient for my presence, for I tarried. At length I let myself be found, and went to him in his chamber; and there was great joy abroad. And His Grace was well pleased, and was "liebes Kind" thereat, and had I now asked him for a great favour he would not have denied me, even to several thousand thalers. And after this His Grace was gay, and ordered me

to arrange a banquet ; for after sorrow would he have gladness.'

At length, in September 1580, after more than a year's delay, the Emperor appointed a day for the great announcement. Duke Heinrich, who during all this period had industriously waited upon his sovereign's pleasure at least twice a day, now redoubled his attentions, while Hans had to visit so many distinguished people to obtain their support for his master that 'I received no little injury to my body, and shall in my old age well feel those steps of Prague.' The immediate result, however, was brilliant, for on the fateful day no less than fifty-six gentlemen of the Court rode with Duke Heinrich from the old town to the Castle, and His Grace's procession made so fine a show that even Imperial Majesty itself had to praise him with the words : 'The Duke of Liegnitz is verily a courtier.' As for the worthy but unimpressive Friedrich, he had a modest escort of three Silesians only.

Yet, even now, the Imperial decision was only partially revealed, and it was not till a month later, when the little company, having with infinite difficulty won loose from their creditors at Prague, arrived in Liegnitz, that the full charm of the situation was made known to them. For the long-expected judgment was of a humorous character, and reminds us not a little of the *Ingoldsby Legends* : 'Duke Heinrich should live at Liegnitz and Duke Friedrich at Hainau,' was the brief announcement, 'and they should reign together, and together share the income, and live with each other in friendly and brotherly fashion.' So the keys of the Castle were taken from the younger and given to the elder brother, and Heinrich forthwith handed them, in the presence of all, to Hans, exclaiming with pride, 'Now again am I Duke of Liegnitz.' But the unlucky Friedrich, besides being evicted from his home, was forced to divide all the stores and provender which he had left there on his

departure ; and he betook himself to Hainau 'not in the same gay mood as my lord, but rather with trembling and gloom.'

And now at last, thought Hans, would debtors cease from troubling and a weary steward be at rest.

V

BUT the Duke in possession was not greatly more prosperous than the Duke in exile, and the windy night had its yet more rainy morrow. Provisions there were indeed—half Friedrich's—and for a time the Duchess might have her full five meals a day. But there was still no coin in the exchequer. The fame of Duke Heinrich had gone abroad, and with wonderful unanimity his loyal subjects, when approached, 'schlugen gänzlich ab.' Old creditors also appeared, and would by no means be satisfied. Moreover, His Grace—who wished at any cost 'to hold a great Court,' yet thoroughly distrusted his former Silesian courtiers—insisted upon bestowing all the household appointments upon foreigners ; and, since these had no interest in anything save expenditure and greed, the snowball of extravagance rolled merrily on. The new Court-Marshal, appointed to relieve Schweinichen of the commissariat department of his now multifarious duties, was an especial thorn in his superior's side ; for he did little or nothing, complains Hans, 'but lay in his house from one meal to another. When the time came for the table to be laid for dinner, and the cook leaned out of the kitchen window screaming, "Herr Marshal, there is nothing to eat," he only raised such a cursing and scolding that it would have been no wonder had the Castle sunk into the earth.'

So poor Hans passed his days in turmoil : 'Laid me down with sorrow and rose up with care.' His Grace, on the other hand, was 'lustig und guter Dinge':

'let sleeping dogs lie, thought himself at large among the roses ; daily must the trumpets blow to table with the beating of kettle-drums, and almost daily was he cheerful with tilting at the ring, riding, dancing, drinking and other diversions. And if aught were lacking, no matter what, so said His Grace: "Hans, see to it, order it, bring it about," and laid the burden on to my shoulders. Yet I also was gay and glad, and so passed the time away.'

Hans, indeed, had at this time special reasons for being gay and glad. Some two or three years before he had entered into a 'sweethearting' more serious than usual. He had first met the lady, Jungfrau Margarethe Schellendorf von Hermsdorf, at a wedding, where he does not seem to have impressed her favourably. When her mother told her that he was a nobleman, she replied incredulously, 'He is surely no noble, he is far too ugly.' But he soon converted her to a better frame of mind: 'I spoke with the aforesaid maid one evening for several hours in a window, and asked her if she could love me, and whether she would take me' (O cautious Hans) 'if I desired it. Whereupon she said yes, if I were in earnest she would never take any but me. And so it remained, and we were cheerful and *buhleten flugs nein*.' When camping on the Gröditzberg he seized every excuse for paying a visit to his lady, and it is wonderful how convenient a spot Hermsdorf proved itself to be for the transaction of the various commissions on which he was constantly being dispatched by his master. On one occasion, in fact, he remained so long absent that, on his tardy return, Duke Heinrich was seriously annoyed and threatened to have him arrested ; and it might have gone ill with him had he not been able to soften the princely heart by pointing out that it 'had no right to be angry, since I had only been dallying among lovely heads, such as His Grace also gladly frequented.' His enforced absences with his vagrant lord had tried him sorely, but Margarethe

had promised to wait. 'Her mother indeed warned her not to set her heart upon me, for I was a courtier and would surely deceive her; I was now riding away; who knew when I should return?' But the maiden let herself not be persuaded nor moved, and remained steadfast.

Now, therefore, in this year of 1581, 'I prayed that my heart might be enlightened as to whither I was wending, whether I should remain in my present condition, or give myself over to the state of matrimony; whereupon Almighty God, without doubt, heard my prayer, and so disposed my heart that I gained a wonderful love and longing for marriage.' On Christmas morning, in the middle of the sermon, 'it came to me in my heart, and as though it had been whispered in one ear: "Take the Duke with thee, and ask for the maid; and go thither in the sleigh; but if thou goest not to-morrow, the maid will not be given to thee."' And that night again the same words came to him. Hans, therefore, confided the matter to his master, and His Princely Grace, who was still an ardent matchmaker, gave prompt consent. Setting out, as directed, with four hunting-sleighs and an escort of twelve cavaliers, they arrived at Hermsdorf, finding, to their horror, a pack of other young dogs evidently bent on the same errand. The Duke instantly led the 'lady mother' on one side, and 'not a quarter of an hour had passed when His Grace came to me and said: "Hans, the maid is thine: be joyful."' 'And so all these *Compopers*,' he proudly concludes, 'had to fare away, and I held my ground alone.'

The only difficulty now was to fix the happy day. Frau Schellendorf, who was not over-pleased at the match, declared roundly that her house was too small for the entertainment of guests in cold weather, and that the function must be postponed till the summer. But at this Duke Heinrich again intervened, averring that the ceremony should certainly be accomplished in the Castle of Liegnitz, and that without loss of time.

The wedding was therefore arranged for the middle of February, and the formal betrothal took place at once.

Nor was even this a light matter, for the customs of Silesia demanded no meagre allowance of pomps and etiquettes. The first step was for the intending bridegroom to invite all his male friends to supper, and this Hans accordingly did, entertaining with 'lordly hospitality His Princely Grace and three tables full of Silesian nobility. On the morrow the Duke—when he willed, the most amiable and amenable of princes—was sent with an escort of kinsmen and cavalry to make the formal demand for the lady's hand, and a few hours after Hans himself, accompanied by a troop of horse and the 'women-kind' of his family, followed to Hermsdorf. The ducal cavalry also turned back to meet him, so he made an entry as glorious 'as though it had been the wedding itself.' Yet still among his roses lurked irritating thorns. He had ordered his friends, in the event of the still possible refusal, to warn him by loosing off 'a few shots into the windmill,' and as he approached the happy bourne of his hopes no less than 1,000 shots were, to his horror, discharged. This proved to be a practical joke on the part of his convivial kinsmen, but in sober fact the mother-in-law-to-be was taking a very exalted line about the settlements, and showing herself a most obdurate bargainer.

Thanks chiefly to the firmness of the ducal trustee, the matter was finally compromised, and the great moment arrived for Hans to make the betrothal speech. 'Wherefore,' he tells with satisfaction, 'I rehearsed the whole cause and circumstances that had moved me to such a marriage, namely, the high and noble race, the honourableness and constancy of the maiden, and furthermore, the feeling that it was the special ordination of God, and that the maiden had been singled out for me by God; the which, with many corollaries, lasted for half an hour, so that even

the damsel's friends declared that they had never heard such a comprehensive, well-reasoned request as this of mine, and that it must in truth come from my heart.' When the speech was at an end the company feasted and rejoiced to the uttermost, 'especially many guests who had ridden up merely for curiosity's sake.'

The Duke insisted on the wedding being celebrated with marked splendour, though with the sensible and characteristic proviso that the bride's mother should pay the most of the expenses and the bridegroom undertake all the toil—His Princely Grace himself 'remaining wholly unmolested.' Hans, therefore, grew quite thin with fussiness; for now he had to consider not only how to arrange the eating, drinking and inviting, but also how to dress both himself and his bride for the (should-be) unique occasion. Off he went to Breslau, to choose the wherewithal for the dresses at the excellent warehouse of Adam Mühl-pforten: 'so for myself and my bride a green silken satin, lined with a silk of silver; furthermore, for myself a red velvet for the coat slashed with red double taffeta, in good German fashion, as it was at this time worn; so also for the servants and pages all necessities of armour and fustian, and I had them clad in scarlet and white; and I ordered white crane's feathers and heron's feathers for my horse's plumes.'

His troubles, however, were not yet at an end; for when, exhausted with shopping and yearning for a little rest, he returned from Breslau to Mertschütz, he found not only Duke Heinrich himself but also the ladies Kittlitzin, old and young, comfortably ensconced in the family mansion, and being exceedingly hilarious at their unwilling host's expense. 'And this for no reason save that I was to bring some small fairings for His Grace also, and that he was desirous to wait for them.' Furthermore, hilarity notwithstanding, the ladies were in exceedingly bad tempers, and determined to mark in no dubious fashion their disapproval

of Hans's marriage. In the morning, therefore—the victim had arrived late at night—when they came into the sitting-room, they vouchsafed him no greeting of any kind, although 'we had formerly been such great friends, and I was their host.' Greatly annoyed, he let fly an exclamation of wrath concerning unsolicited visitors. This unfortunately gave the shrewish females their opportunity of revenge, and they instantly went to the Duke, declaring that Hans was mad, that he had declined to speak to them, and that he had even said with sacrilegious tongue, 'May the devil fly away with all guests!' At this misrepresentation Duke Heinrich was so hurt and offended, that, despite his host's 'sweet words' and excuses, despite even the beguiling information that he had brought back from Breslau a specially 'good little cask of wine,' His Grace climbed *stracks* into his coach, and so departed away, repeating with emphasis that Hans might have his wedding where he chose—except at the Castle.

The bridegroom was in despair, for the august occasion was but two weeks off and everything was already arranged. His mourning, however, was of no long duration, for—thanks, we may suppose, to that special casklet of wine—even while he was still sitting disconsolately in his room, the irate one returned. 'And he asked where I was, and they said in my chamber. And His Grace said, "Ho, then, we will tease the young wooer." And he said to my brother, "George, I will breakfast with thee, but with Hansy not" (*id est*, me).' Hans, though overjoyed, sat still and feigned ignorance, till Heinrich broke into the room, exclaiming: 'Up, bridegroom, the bride has come.' 'And then I jumped up as though I was sorely startled, and bade His Grace obediently welcome. And thus were we master and man again, and drank together till His Grace could not walk. And I made it right with Frau Kittlitzin, and there was on all sides peace.' Even so, indeed, there was one more

lion, or rather lioness, in his path; for when he returned to Liegnitz he found that the Duchess was incensed against him for entertaining her lord and the Kittlitzin together at Mertschütz, and it was not till he had promised that the offensive rival should not be at the wedding that Her Grace consented to attend it: 'And I had to give Her Grace a signed and sealed document, that she should not be present.'

All these vexatious storms being at length satisfactorily lulled, Hans proceeded with his preparations for the arduous glories of his espousals. Nor were his labours thrown away, for when, on the great day, he equipped himself for the entry into Liegnitz, he amazed all beholders. 'And God gave me important friends,' he writes with pleasant arrogance, 'with whom I stood well. Wherefore I had 54 horsemen as escort, with 13 carriages of men and womenkind, 106 horses all told, and at Hainau the night before I had spent 72 thalers, for I had entertained all my friends.' On the bride's side, the more distinguished acquaintances unfortunately stayed away out of dislike to His Grace, having, indeed, heard a report that he intended to take all the women's ornaments from them. But the Duke himself sent out 48 horsemen to meet the bridegroom: 'so there was a fine procession, being in truth too much for a mere nobleman, but His Grace my master would have it so.'

Hans, however, was not too intent on his glories to play a trick on an ancient enemy. Some time before his engagement he had agreed with one Kaspar Heillungen, a rival in the ducal household, that whichever of the two should be the first to marry should forfeit the wedding-horse, with all its trappings, to the other. The moment had now come to keep the agreement, and this Hans hastened, in his own fashion, to do. It was a part of the bond that the winner of the horse should hold the stirrup for the bridegroom when he dismounted, take the animal from him, mount it, and ride away. Hans, therefore, possessing

a brown horse which was so lively 'a kicker, biter and roarer, that if one rode alone his life was not safe thereon,' naturally chose this animal for his wedding-charger, and adorned it finely with white crane and heron feathers.¹ Naturally, also, Kaspar, who realised the situation, did not put in an appearance at the dismounting, and Hans, having let the horse stand for an hour unheld, triumphantly ordered his servant to lead it, plumes and all, back to his own stables. Heillungen afterwards, feigning ignorance, reminded Hans of the agreement, and demanded a hundred florins instead of the horse. But the bridegroom retorted that the animal was still there, and that he had but to take it away. 'Thereupon he waxed wroth, but obtained not much from me. And I kept the horse.'

Meanwhile the Duke, with grave formality, had sent a messenger to meet the procession and invite it to the Castle. And thither the company went. 'Had dressed myself,' writes the hero, 'in green of a silken satin lined with a silk of silver, and all my womenkind in the same green;'² went from my lodging with drums and pipes as a landsknecht.' On their arrival at the Castle the kettle-drums were beaten and the trumpets blown, and the bridegroom was summoned to the former women's apartments to receive His Grace and the bride. 'And I was forthwith led by His Grace to the great hall for the wedding, my bride and her womenkind being all clad in green. When the wedding and surrender was accomplished, we were all together well and royally entertained, and therewith glad and gay of heart. The Rose Room' (no longer iron-bound, let us hope) 'was given to us by his Grace, wherein we met with happiness and honour; and I was, like the

¹ Crane-feathers were a favourite adornment of men, women and horses. 'As I understand that in the Marck there are many crane-feathers to be procured,' writes Countess Elizabeth of Württemberg to Anna of Brandenburg, 'I pray you to send me some that are fine and white and long enough to make a plume.' Duchess Sophia of Pomerania sends to Dantzic for a 'bush' to give her son-in-law. (*Privatbriefe*.)

² See Illustrative Notes, 75.

bride, a clean virgin, and neither had aught with which to reproach the other.'

A lively week was now spent at Liegnitz with banquets and masquerades, at which the Duke affably assisted, hanging his hat upon a nail with the words: 'There hangs the prince, here sits a good brother.' 'And he was soon a full brother,' adds Hans sardonically. At the conclusion of the festivities, the new husband and wife went to Mertschütz for the honeymoon, and here for a fortnight they were 'merry and of good cheer' and bore them 'as married people use.' Yet even at this crowning moment of his life poor Hans was pursued by money troubles. 'In my affairs,' he sadly writes, 'the debts began again to trouble me. And I had by no means the privilege, as named in the Old Testament, that young married people should for the first year be free of all burdens; rather had I to take upon myself much trouble and care, both for myself and in my service. None the less was I joyful, let not a bitter wind blow round me, but trusted God and loved my Maurauschlein, and left nothing undone in my master's service.'

VI

BUT this year of 1581 was to be of moment both to Hans and to Heinrich in ways other and less cheerful than these pleasant paths of matrimony. The first hint of danger appeared when the Duke was commanded to attend the Diet of Breslau. His Grace, uneasy in his conscience and dreading bad faith, sent Hans in his stead. And the envoy returned with a strong presentiment that there was mischief brewing. Soon after this Duke Heinrich was summoned to Prague to render his oath of allegiance, and again, fearing that he might be detained indefinitely, he sent word that he had caught a cough, and was wholly unable to come. So the blow fell, and the Emperor—

already incensed against Heinrich on account of his 'evil life, his disorderly government and his Polish plottings,' and now doubly vexed by this disregard of his orders—sent a command to the Silesian Estates that His Grace was to be besieged at Liegnitz and reduced to obedience.

To this the Duke's loyal subjects most joyfully acceded, and, at two o'clock in the night of June 6, news came to the Castle that the Bishop and Duke Friedrich were advancing upon it with various Silesian notabilities and a large contingent of horse and foot.

When Duke Heinrich learned the terrible tidings 'it was not well with him,' and he was at a loss to know what steps he should take. As something must be done, he ordered Hans to beat up the town. So the steward fell on to a horse and galloped through the streets, with drummers running and drumming by his side. The burghers, though in their first sleep, showed all haste to respond. Instantly there appeared on each house a lantern with a light, and in an hour there were over 1,000 men with 'their best weapons' assembled in the market-place. In the meantime the Duke was doing his utmost to prepare the Castle for a siege, ordering the cannon on the walls and himself, with the Court household, fetching in cattle, corn and wood. When all this was arranged His Grace rode to the town hall, explained to the Council how matters stood, and asked their intentions. The burghers, reflecting perhaps that the extravagance of Heinrich was more profitable to them than the parsimony of his brother, showed a gallant spirit, requesting their lord 'to dispose of them, honour, property, life and limb; and rather than that a hair should be taken from His Grace would the whole town go to ruin: and so all held up their hands.' After this the Duke went to the market-place and harangued the populace, who, when they learned what the Council and elders had conceded, agreed 'with great eagerness and joy, each one crying, "Yea, yea, yea, life and limb will we lay

down for His Grace.” Officers were now appointed, and the walls manned, Hans himself commanding a hundred marksmen and fifty hackbutter on the Castle wall; and, when day dawned, Duke Heinrich sent eight trumpeters, a kettle-drum and three small pieces to the top of the main tower.¹

At seven in the morning the fun began. The watchmen on the tower cried: ‘They are moving towards us by all the roads, like black crows.’ And hereupon the Duke commanded that the cannon should be let off, the trumpets blown and the drums beaten, as a sign both of his stoutness of heart and of his contempt of the Imperial enterprise. The attacking army, about 3,000 strong, encamped by the little fortress in the meadows; but it was greatly dismayed by its martial reception. ‘We have been betrayed,’ said the Lord Bishop, when he heard the ‘drumming and the trumpeting, ‘and shall gain nothing but mockery, nor bring away aught but disaster.’ The princes and officers dismounted from their horses to consult, having become aware that the Duke ‘was joyful with his Liegnitzers and well off, and that they must see to it to extricate themselves from such a farce.’ Scarcely, however, had they left their saddles, when there arose a cry that Duke Heinrich was falling upon them with horse and foot several hundred strong, and at this there grew such a terror among them that the Council was hurriedly abandoned. ‘The lords, supposing that the danger was pressing, clamoured sorely that their horses might be brought to them; and many of the foot-soldiers threw away their armour and fled: in such wise that one of the Schweidnitz’s choked and remained dead from the running which he did.’

It soon appeared that the cause of this panic was no more than a frightened horse galloping upon the causeway. None the less, exhausted by the violence

¹ Two fine brick towers, dating from the fifteenth century, are still standing. The Schloss is now a museum.

of their alarm, and still further dismayed by the intelligence that, despite their utmost precautions, a reinforcement of fifty hackbutters had already passed into the Castle, the episcopal army quickly decided that negotiation was the safer plan. With much blowing of trumpets, therefore, and in the hearing of all, they proclaimed the causes of the Imperial dissatisfaction, which, briefly put, were the disobedience of the Duke concerning the oath, and the evil condition in which he maintained both his house and his duchy. His Princely Grace returned soft words and honeyed explanations, and, after considerable discussion, the matter was seemingly settled. Heinrich consented to render the oath of allegiance at the Bishop's palace, and the princes, spiritual and temporal, rode away. The 'Butter-War' of Liegnitz was at an end. Three persons came by their death in it, concludes Hans: 'whether they died of fright or other causes is not known to me, but no man was shot. The cows on the ramparts had the worst of it, since they had nothing to eat and were hourly in fear of their necks.'

But the trouble was by no means over, and retribution was already overtaking Duke Heinrich. Only a few days later His Princely Grace was once more ordered to Prague, and this time he dared not disobey. Hans had retired to Mertschütz to comfort his Maurauschlein for her recent terrors, and received his summons with the gravest distaste: 'It was not good news to me, and especially not to my dear wife, wherefore I let two or three commands slide by; but at last one morning, as I was still sleeping, His Grace came himself and took me out of my bed. So began again my misery and martyrdom, for there was much to order and no money to hand.'

At Prague they learned that Duke Friedrich had also been summoned, and the news struck a chill to their hearts. Moreover, a rumour soon reached the ears of Heinrich that Imperial Majesty intended to arrest him, at which 'he was not a little harassed and grief-laden.'

He consulted his three attendants as to the best line of action under these distressing circumstances, and at length determined to ride incontinently away, leaving the unfortunate trio to excuse him as best they might to the Emperor. To this, however, Hans, emboldened by the responsibilities of husbandhood, would by no means agree, although the other two councillors both gave their consent: 'I announced clearly,' he tells, 'that if His Princely Grace rode forth, so would I also ride or run thence on foot, for I would not take this burden on myself.' The Duke was displeased with this obstinacy, and for a time adhered to his decision. Indeed, a horse was actually saddled, and a Polack prepared to assist his flight. Hans, however, continued to argue, and finally brought his master round to the opinion 'that, should he ride away, he would ride out of the hearts of his country and his people.' The horse and the Polack were therefore unharnessed, and Duke Heinrich, with reluctant courage, remained to confront his fate.

Nor did the sword remain long in suspension, for but a few days later there came one of the Emperor's Trabants, announcing the Imperial mandate that the Duke was on the morrow, at nine in the morning, to betake himself to the dining-hall of the Castle and there await further instructions. The summons was 'as a gun-shot' to His Princely Grace, and again he would gladly have escaped. But on all sides, though secretly, a watch had been set: 'even in the house had one been laid, so that His Grace could not away, but must perforce remain.'

And on the morrow—October 13, 1581—the end came. At seven in the morning Heinrich and Hans, too uneasy for slumber, betook themselves to the Castle: the Duke to perambulate the great hall, and his attendant to make such investigations as he could. When he came to the Presence-chamber, Hans beheld, with alarm, that it was furnished with a high seat and a bar, and prepared in all ways as

when Imperial Majesty was about to pass sentence of death: 'whereat I was appalled; and I went to His Grace and told him, and he was even more terrified.' Moreover, when the fatal hour of nine drew near, the whole of the guard turned out with drums and pipes, and this, being almost unknown on a week-day, made the Duke even more fearful. Once again he 'would fain have been gone,' but he was hemmed about by secret spies, and flight was now out of the question.

As there seemed to be no alternative, the Duke at length made up his mind to enter the Presence-chamber. Indeed, he now faced the situation with a touch of his old reckless gaiety, displayed a joyful mien, 'so that none should note his uneasiness,' and replied to his accusers with tears of innocency and terms of zeal. But it was of no avail. The Emperor himself was not present, and his officers had received their orders. 'An elegant speech' from the lord of Rosenberg,¹ officer of the Crown of Bohemia, expounded the case against the culprit, and Duke Heinrich was taken into arrest. 'When His Grace,' laments Hans, 'would further have declared his guiltlessness there was no more hearing for him; for the lord of Rosenberg broke in and said that it was Imperial Majesty's command that His Grace should go with him. And he took His Grace by the hand.'

The guard now began to file out of the chamber, and with them went the Crown officer and his prisoner: 'and there was a great crowding, for every man wished to see what would come of it.' Across the great square they went, to the great hall, and thus to the upper room over the hall. And among the crowd went the faithful Hans, pressing with great eagerness after his master, 'even as Peter followed our Lord.'

Hans, indeed, was in no small anxiety, obliged as he was to behold not only his master but also Hans

¹ This is Dr. Dee's 'my Lord Rosenberg' (see *Diary*). It is a pity that the ingenious alchemist did not go to Bohemia till 1586, and so missed the acquaintance of Duke Heinrich.

Schramm, the worthy chancellor of Liegnitz, led away into custody. Even old Lassota, the third of the ducal attendants, had disappeared from his sight, and the steward was filled with fears for his own liberty. The crowd was so great that he could not make his way up the stairs, and while he was still striving to ascend he heard Rosenberg, who had already securely folded the peccant sheep, inquiring with unpleasant insistence after his whereabouts. 'Marshal,' so ran the ominous words, 'where is the Schweinichen, the Duke of Liegnitz's steward?' And the answer came, with regrettable promptitude: 'He will not be far, for I have but now spoken with him.' 'I was in truth not far,' adds Hans, 'but these words broke my heart, for I would verily have wished to be at home with my Morauschein, or over a hundred miles away; could not, however, disappear.'

Compelled, as his master before him, to put a brave face on the matter, he pressed forward and made known his presence with the remark, "'Gracious sir, here I am": for 'I thought, break or crack, you must go through with it.' Matters, however, were less serious than he expected, for it appeared that he was required for no graver purpose than the bodily comfort of his master. Rosenberg, in fact, gave him his hand, expressed his warm sympathy for both the Duke and himself, and promised that they should be consoled with every manner of good favour and good treatment. Hans's joy at these benevolent words was as lively as his previous disquietude, and, having returned 'great and obedient thanks,' and commended himself to the aforesaid favour, he departed to the kitchen and cellar to be instructed. This, moreover, he accomplished in so efficient a manner that in the briefest possible time the Duke was being served with sixteen dishes and an excellent wine. 'And although the good gentleman was sad, he took heart that it would not last long, for the lords had comforted His Grace also.'

Yet Duke Heinrich's comfort can have been but

chilly and fleeting, for here, in the upper room of the Castle of Prague, the final act of this debtor's comedy was drawing to its close. Here took place a last bright outburst of borrowing and pawning, and here also was accomplished a last sad parting between the prince and his faithful servant. For this crisis ended the court life of Hans von Schweinichen; ended at least that period of his court life in which he had the careless, cashless, conscienceless Heinrich as his master. Feeling that he was of but little use to the prisoner, and desiring greatly to behold once more 'his dear wife and Tüplein (*little jug*),' he obtained permission to return with the useless and starving retinue to Liegnitz; and he saw his master in life no more, nor even performed for him the last high duty. The Duke was removed to a further and more severe imprisonment at Breslau, thus fulfilling his father's prediction. After some years he contrived to escape, characteristically enough, by giving his gaolers a generous potion of wine as a preservative against the then prevalent plague. Passing over the Oder, he made his way to Poland and Sweden, returning thence with the Swedish king for the coronation at Cracow: 'whereby great terror arose in Silesia.' 'But there, of a sudden, His Princely Grace was stricken and overtaken by a sore fever, and so desired some milk wherewith to refresh himself; and so soon as His Grace had drunk of it, two hours thereafter he was pale in death. Wherefore it is held for certain that His Grace was undone by poison.' Duke Friedrich, by order of the Emperor, declined to have the body sent to Liegnitz for burial, and a resting-place had to be found at Cracow. Since all here was Papist, even this was a difficulty; but finally, with meagre ceremony and none to mourn, Duke Heinrich was laid away on a shelf in the little chapel of the Begging Friars, 'where without doubt the good gentleman will remain to the Last Day.'

So drops away into obscurity this mountebank of a

man : 'his life, like a can too full, spills upon the bench.' Nor can it be said that the loss of him was a signal one, whether to Europe or to Silesia. Akin (if but humbly) to the immortal Falstaff—lean of purse as he was round of person, and with a heart unconquerably young and gay—he had had a kind of alacrity in sinking, and had passed his gross, good-natured, godless life slidingly, in a hurly-burly of useless journeyings and unproductive debts. Hans sums up the situation in an epitaph which is itself a masterpiece of discretion. 'The pious gentleman,' he gravely writes, 'suffered upon earth much woe and many reverses, and had much tribulation among his people, albeit there were many who loved and adhered to him ; and thus he died, in such misery that it has never been known that a Silesian prince has thus perished ; and it is also a miracle and greatly to be marvelled at that even the earth refused to let him in or take him, so that by the special appointing of God he is and remains unburied, above and over ground. Why this happened God alone knoweth, and it pertains to His judgement.¹ And by the said decease of this wise and pious prince (which truly and heartily grieved me) was much uneasiness removed from the hearts of the people, which had feared him greatly ; contrariwise, hope fell from the hearts of many who had placed trust in him. May God be gracious to the lovely pious princely soul, give the body a blessed rest in its walled-up chapel, and from the said chapel grant His Princely Grace on the Last Day a joyous uprising.'

Heinrich XI., indeed, had died with the same incomparable inconsequence with which he had lived. A hardy and strenuous drinker, he had perished of a mouthful of milk ; a confirmed Protestant, he had found no final resting-place save the sanctuary of

¹ There was a strong belief at this period that the earth refused to welcome certain sinners to her bosom. Giustiniani saw a coffin at Cologne which had been four times buried, each time more deeply, and four times vomited forth. (Bizoni.)

a Popish order; a constant pretender to the throne of Poland, he had died at a rival's coronation, and with difficulty secured even the humble grace of sepulture. In life, his first care had been his comfort and his coffers, and in the uniting of these two had lain his soul and its faculties. In death, his despised and discarded bones took grateful refuge on the desolate shelf of a pauper fraternity.

And so 'I ended my princely service,' concludes Hans. 'May God now give and grant to me and my Maurauschlein His grace, happiness and health; provide and give our daily bread and what is good for body and soul, and hold us by His Word to the end. Amen.'

Schweinichen now entered the service, first, of old Duke Georg of Brieg, and, later, of Duke Friedrich of Liegnitz and his heirs, wherein he seems still to have had ample cause for bemoaning himself over the scarcity of money. He had several children; but all died in early life and left him alone with his Maurauschlein. And at last even his little bat flew away. 'Ah, dear my heart,' she said, '*wie Weh thut scheiden*: how it hurts to be divided from thee.' And again: 'Lay me by the window,' that I see thee perchance a while longer. And so her little soul fled, 'soft and still, without a shudder, from the world, all here in this my house at Liegnitz, in the upper room, by the window that looks on to the street.'

Candour compels the confession that Hans married again within the year. But, after all, had it not been foretold to him in his nativity that he should be three times wed? And since it was so evidently the will of an all-wise Providence, it was surely best to be through with the matter quickly. We leave him, therefore, (or, rather, he leaves us) at the age of fifty, with a new wife royally clad and garlanded in silken robes and carnations from the gardens of a new 'Princely Grace': 'and I was as the dear Tobias with his bride.' He ended his days—distressed by

gout, but surrounded by respect: whiling the slow sad hours with wistful memories of a gayer past. For Hans was no sudden scholar to relentless life, and though consideration, in the guise of age and infirmity, might 'like an angel come and whip the offending Adam out of him,' he kept to the last a tender sentiment for the braver courses of his youth.

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

INTRODUCTION

1 (p. iv.). Prof. Isidoor Hye's comments on the travels of Rozmital (*Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par les Étrangers*, Gand, 1847) were made the subject of an article in *The Quarterly Review* for 1850 by Richard Ford, and the Hakluyt Society seems to have intended—but failed—to publish versions of both the Latin and the German narratives. Recently, also, the late Dr. Richard Garnett devoted a chapter of his 'Alms to Oblivion' in *The Cornhill Magazine* to some of the minor adventures of the Palsgrave Frederick. But these, so far as I am aware, are the sole appearances of these chronicles in an English dress, and even they were not known to me until I had practically finished the present papers. [Since the book has been in the press, I have had the pleasure of reading Professor Armstrong's references to Rozmital in his interesting article on Antonio de Beatiss in *The Quarterly Review* for July, 1908.]

2 (p. vii.). Of three of these Gentlemen Errant there seem to be no likenesses in any shape. In the case of Rozmital and Schaumburg the period is too early to produce portraits of any save personages of high distinction or great wealth; while Schweinichen was, it would seem, not sufficiently exalted to be portrayed even in a more lavish age of art. The Count Palatine Frederick, on the other hand, is represented by several pictures and medals, having sat to Albrecht Dürer himself at least four times. Indeed, according to Herr Alfred Peltzer, the relations between these two men were probably even closer and more constant than those that existed between the great master and the more illustrious Frederick the Wise of Saxony, hitherto regarded as his chief patron. With reference to the portraits chosen for this book, the one which appears as frontispiece is from a woodcut by Ostendorfer, in the British Museum, executed in commemoration of Frederick's triumphs at the head of the Imperial Forces, and now reproduced for the first time. The picture which faces p. 241 is in the private collection of the Grand Duke of Hesse-

Darmstadt, and has recently been identified by Herr Peltzer as a missing portrait, by Albrecht Durer, of Frederick in youth, painted most probably about 1499 or 1500, and showing in the background the earliest known representation of the Castle of Heidelberg. There seems little doubt that it is a genuine presentment of the Palsgrave; but its ascription to Durer is not accepted by all authorities. The portrait facing p. 372 is from a drawing by Albrecht Durer now in the British Museum, being a sketch for the medal struck at Nuremberg in 1523, in commemoration of Frederick's assumption of the dignity of 'Locumtenens Cæsaris Majestatis.'

THE BOHEMIAN ULYSSES

3 (p. 29). This bath is also mentioned at Mechlin and at Brussels. 'The bathing together of men and women, skin-bare, is here reckoned as innocent as is, with us, a visit to church,' writes Pero Tafur, who describes himself elsewhere as throwing coins into the baths for the ladies to fish up in their mouths. Both Germans and Netherlanders were addicted to bathing. 'Do you wish to be merry? Go to the bath,' says an old German proverb. If a man had nothing better to do he would order a hot bath and sit in it, perhaps for twenty-four hours, with his wife or a friend, emptying a cask of wine. The poetess, Clara Hatzlerin, sets the bath above all other pleasures: 'Bathing is as clean a passion as can be upon earth. Has a man served lovely women in the joust? Has he borne him well in the lists? Has he made pilgrimage or a far journey? Still, before all joys he will set the bath.' (*Liederbuch.*) Even in later centuries the manners of Central Europe were in this respect still primitive. When passing through the Tyrol in 1606, the Marchese Giustiniani leaned against the wall of his inn to admire the view. Suddenly a door opened, and out came two damsels with no clothing save their floating hair, who strolled down to the lake and took a leisurely bath. (Bizoni.) Compare also Hans von Schweinichen's experiences (*supra*, p. 411), and the many accounts of fashionable watering-places, such as Baden.

4 (p. 30). The horrors of the Channel passage are the constant theme of foreign visitors. Eustache Deschamps wrote piteously:

Adieu, molz liz, adieu, piteux regars
 Adieu pain fres que l'on souloit trouver;
 Il me convient porter honeur aux lars,
 Aux commutres qui ne font que siffler;
 Il me convient aux et becut riffer,
 Et chevauchier un perilleux cheval;
 Voirre n'aray ne tasse, et pour trinquer
 Desor me faut boire à un vermicel.

The sea was no fit place for a nobleman, complained Charles of Orléans, for thereon 'il y a danger et perdicion de vie, et dieu sceit

quelle pitié quant il fait tourmente, et si est la maladie de la mer forte à endurer à plusieurs gens.' The French, he adds, preferred very sensibly to fight on land, a statement which is confirmed by the report of the eye-witness of Agincourt, that the French nobles who were taken prisoner considered their sufferings on the day of the battle not to have exceeded their sufferings on the passage to England. (Cf. *Débat des Héraulx*, and *Battle of Agincourt*, Nicolas.) See also the delightful poem on the Pilgrims' Sea-Voyage (E.E.T.S. vol. xxv.) that begins :

Men may leve alle gamys
That saylen to seynt Jamys,
Ffor many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.

The Manor of Archer's Court, near Dover, was possessed upon the remarkable condition that the owner or owners 'should hold the King's head when he passes to Calais, and by the working of the sea should be obliged to vomit.' (*Villare Cantianum*. Cf. Rye's notes to *Journals of Dukes of Wurtemberg*.) Nor were nausea and shipwreck the only drawbacks of a voyage. One should be careful, wrote Giacomo Fantuzzi, to take off one's spurs, as the shipmen were in the habit of removing them from those who were sick and incapable. It was wise, indeed, to avoid these sailors, as, besides being thieves, they were also covered with vermin. (Notes on Travel. Cf. *Aventures d'un Grand Seigneur Italien*. Rodocanachi.) Curious ceremonies were performed to procure favourable weather. 'To obtain a wind, my Lord Secretary, with devout and humble heart, pledged and bent silver to the most blessed and glorious Virgin, Mary of Eton. (*Journal of Beckington's Embassy*, 1442, Nicolas.) When overtaken by a storm, the captain of a pilgrim galley filled a cap with peas, and made each passenger draw one. The unfortunate individual who drew a black pea was compelled, willy-nilly, to promise, and eventually perform, a pilgrimage to Compostella. (Cf. Rohricht.) Erasmus, in his colloquy of *The Shipwreck*, describes the passengers as 'adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some incensed Prince.' 'Whoso would learn to pray, let him go on a ship,' said a German proverb.

5 (p. 31). Even the skill of the sailor was not admitted by Capgrave in his account of Henry VI.'s navy. 'Our enemies laugh at us. They say, "Take off the ship from your precious money, and stamp a sheep upon it to signify your sheepish minds." We, who used to be conquerors of all nations, are now conquered by all. The men of old used to say that the sea was England's wall, and now our enemies have got upon the wall; what, think you, they will do to the defenceless inhabitants? Because this business has been neglected for so many years it now happens that ships are scanty, and sailors also few, and such as we have unskilled for want of exercise. May God take

away our reproach, and raise up a spirit of bravery in our nation !'
(*De Illust. Henricis.*) See also the *Libel of English Policy*:

Where bene oure shippes ? where bene oure swerdes become ?

Owre ennyes bid for the shippe sette a shepe.

Allas ! oure reule halteth, hit is benome ;

Who dare weel say that lordeshyppe shulde take kepe ?

(*Political Songs*, II.)

Sir John Fortescue, writing at the very moment of the Bohemian embassy, strikes a curiously modern note in regard to the 'kepynge off the sea': 'And though we have not alwey werre vppon the see, yet it shalbe nescessarie that the kyng have always some ffloute apou the see, ffor the repressyng off rovers, savyng off owre marchauntes, owre ffishers, and the dwellers vppon owre costes ; and that the kyng kepe alway some grete and myghty vessels, ffor the brekyng off an armye when any shall be made ayen hym apou the see. Ffor thanne it shall be too late to do make such vessailles. And yet with owt thaym all the kynges navey shall not suffice to borde with carrikkes and other grete vessailles, nor yet to mowe breke a mighty ffloute gadered off purpose.' (*The Governance of England.*)

6 (p. 39). The *maraviglioso silentio* that prevailed at English banquets is mentioned in the *Relation of England*. Harrison also speaks of 'the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable and wiser sort, generallie over all the realme (albeit that too much deserveth no comendation, for it belongeth to gests neither to be muti nor loquaces).' 'Ils dinent copieusement et ne parlent point,' wrote a visitor in 1698. (*Voyages Historiques.*) Yet a century later, Arthur Young criticised the taciturnity of the French in comparison with his own countrymen. Indeed, England was by no means alone in this matter: 'Taciturnité entre viandes est nécessaire,' declared a French teacher of manners in the thirteenth century: 'Certes la langue laquelle est en tout temps encline de court à péché, et plus périlleusement est relaschée de parler quant par superfluité de manger seroit emflambée.' (*Civilité* of Hugues de Saint Victor in the *Miroir hystorial* of Jean de Vignay.) Even Erasmus, though he does not recommend dumbness for men, decides that silence at meals adorns women and, still more, the young. (*De Civilitate Morum*. Cf. Franklin.)

7 (p. 41). According to William Harrison, the London gardens did not come to full perfection till the sixteenth century: 'If you look into our gardens annexed to our houses, how wonderfull is their beautie increased, not onelie with floures and varietie of curious and costlie workmanship, but also with rare and medicinable hearbes sought up in the land within these fortie yeares ; so that in comparison of this present, the ancient gardens were but dunghills and laistowes to such as did possess them.' Roger Ascham does not allow even

these later marvels to pass without criticism. In Germany, he writes, 'ye shall see round about the walls of every city, half a mile compass from the walls, gardens full of herbs and roots, whereby the cities most part do live. No herb is stolen, such justice is exercised. If only London would use, about the void places of the city, these gardens full of herbs, and if it were but to serve the strangers that would live with these herbs, beside a multitude whom need, covetousness or temperance would in few years bring to the same, all England should have victuals better cheap.'

8 (p. 41). 'Every one who makes a tour in the island will soon become aware of this great wealth . . . for there is no small inn-keeper, however poor and humble he may be, who does not serve his table with silver dishes and drinking cups; and no one, who has not in his house silver plate to the amount of at least £100 sterling, which is equivalent to 500 golden crowns with us, is considered by the English to be a person of any consequence. But above all are their riches displayed in the church treasures; for there is not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, and cups of silver.' (*Relation of England*.) 'There are few,' wrote Polydore Vergil, 'whose tables are not daily provided with spoons, cups, and a salt-cellar of silver.' This abundance of the precious metals arose from the fact that no foreigner was allowed to take more than the value of twenty crowns in money or plate out of the country. If he had wealth to carry away, he was compelled to convert it into merchandise, since all the gold and silver was forcibly kept on English soil, and every departing stranger, unless an ambassador, was rigorously searched. 'It is no wonder,' said the English Herald with satisfaction, 'that there should be great riches of gold and silver in England, since they are constantly imported and it is not permitted to carry them away.' (*Débat des Héraulx*.)

9 (p. 42). According to his Household Ordinances, Edward IV. had at this time twenty-six Chaplains and Clerks of the Chapel, 'men of worshipp, endowed with vertuose morall and speculatif, as of theyre musike, shewing in descant, clene voyseed, well releesed and pronouncynge, eloquent in reding, sufficiaunt in organes pleyng, and modestiall in all other manner of behaving'; also eight Children of Chapel taught by the 'maistyr of songes': 'and he to drawe these chyl dren . . . in songe, organes, or suche other vertuous thinges.' (Cf. Furnivall, E.E.T.S. vol. xxxii.) England seems to have been considered a musical nation by foreigners:

'Farewell, with glorious victory,
Blessid Ingland, ful of melody;
Thou may be cleped of Angel nature;
Thou servist God so with bysy cure,'

exclaimed the servants of the Emperor Sigismund on their departure. (Cf. Capgrave.) And a century later Perlin wrote: 'Les Anglais . . .

sont joyeux et aiment fort la musique ; car ne sçauroit estre si petite esglise en laquelle on ne chante de musique.' Hentzner pays a more doubtful compliment : 'The English excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French. . . . They are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums and the ringing of bells ; so that in London it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise.'

10 (p. 42). 'In this country there are goddess girls, divinely fair, suasive and persuadable. And they have a habit, too, which is praiseworthy beyond description. Wherever you arrive you are received with a kiss. When you leave you carry a kiss with you. You come back again, and so does the kiss. They come to see you and drink your health in kisses. They go away and you share the spoil of kisses. In fact, whomsoever you meet, there are kisses in plenty, and wherever you go, the world is full of kisses waiting.' (Letter of Erasmus to Fausto Andrelini, 1499.) There is plenty of evidence to bear out these statements of Rozmital and Erasmus. Niklas Poppel (1470) likens England roundly to the Venusberg, seeing that in every town and inn he found the most lovely ladies willing to be kissed : 'They like the Germans, jest with them gladly and give them friendly kisses. This they do openly in the church, in the street, everywhere.' (Cf. Krone.) Laonicus Chalcondyles thinks the English habits 'excessively simple,' since in every house and in every street the wives and daughters are willing to be kissed. (*De Rebus Turcicis*, cited by Nichols in his *Epistles of Erasmus*.) A Venetian Report of 1512 describes with zest this strange custom of London : 'When they walk in the street, if they meet a friend, they take his hand and kiss him full on the mouth, and go into some tavern and eat with him. And their people do not take it ill. And they are most beautiful ladies, and most pleasant.' (*Costumi di Londra*.) 'They receive guests with bare head and bended knee, and therewith a kiss when it is a woman, yet without any wantonness,' writes Sebastian Franck, and Nicander Nucius repeats the tale with the prim comment : 'to themselves they appear by no means indecent.' Samuel Kiechel, practical as ever, instructs his readers in the art of receiving these charming advances : for when a guest is thus made welcome ('*wülkom heist*, as it is called in their tongue'), by a lady, 'he does well to take her in his arms and to kiss her, which is the custom of the country, and whoso does it not is looked upon as ignorant and ill-bred.' Nicolaus Bethlen, who came to England in the reign of Charles II., expounds the correct method as a kiss on 'the end of the mouth,' and describes the sad blunder into which he fell. 'We kissed the girls, but not the married women, which gave offence ; but Duval . . . taught us manners. We had to start with kissing the hostess, and then the others

according to seniority as they stood, finishing up with the girls. After dinner the hostess was kissed again. (Cf. Szamota.) Even Giordano Bruno regrets the 'alluring lips' of 'the fair and gracious nymphs of England.' (*Cena de la Ceneri.*) Nor was the fashion neglected in literature, for in the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, written at the Court of Burgundy not long before the visit of Rozmital, the young Englishman 'Jehan Stocton' opens his suit to the landlady with this excuse: 'Lors s'approucha d'elle, et luy requist ung baiser, dont les dames et damoiselles du dist pays d'Angleterre sont asses libérales de l'accorder.' (*Nouvelle LXII.*) In fact, to foreign eyes English women had many advantages. 'As their beauty, so also their prerogatives are the greatest of any nation,' declared Heylyn; 'neither so servilely submissee as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian; but keeping so true a decorum, that England, as it is tearmed the Purgatory of Servants and the Hell of Horses, so it is acknowledged the Paradise of Women. And it is a common by-word among the Italians, that if there were a bridge built over the narrow seas, all the women of Europe would runne into England. For here they have the upper hand in the streets; the upper place at the table . . . [and like] priviledges wherewith other women are not acquainted.'

The custom of a kiss for greeting seems, however, to have become increasingly common all over Europe. Thus, in the sixteenth century, Henri Estienne writes: 'Si mademoiselle est en l'église, . . . et arrive quelque gentillastre, il faut pour entretenir les coustumes de noblesse) qu'elle se lève parmi tout le peuple, et qu'elle le baise bec à bec.' Again: 'Celuy qui entre en un lieu où se trouve une grande assemblée de dames ou demoiselles, ne baise pas seulement celle ou celles qu'il connaît, mais par compagnie toutes les autres, lesquelles que peut-être il n'aura jamais vues . . . et tant s'en faut que cette coustume commence à s'abolir, qu'au contraire elle est en vogue plus que jamais.' Montaigne notices the growing fashion with disapproval. 'Things farrefetcht and dearly bought are good for Ladyes. It is the deare price makes viands savour the better. See but how the form of salutations . . . doth by its facility bastardize the grace of kisses . . . It is an displeasing and injurious custome unto Ladies, that they must afford their lips to any man that hath but three Lackies following him, how unhand-some and lothsome soever he be. Nor do we our selves gaine much by it: for as the world is divided into foure parts, so for foure faire ones, we must kiss fiftie foule: and to a nice and tender stomach, as are those of mine age, one ill kisse doth surpay one good.' (*Essays.*) The Church also did not sanction such levities. 'It becometh nat,' writes Whytford sternly, 'the persones religious to folowe the maner of secular persones, that in theyr congresses and commune metyngs or departyngs done use to kysse, take hands, or such other touchings, that good religious

persones shulde utterly avoyde.' (*Pyper of Perfection*, 1532.) On the other hand, the ceremony was much used in royal circles, and Rozmital, as will be seen, was greeted in this manner by Queen Charlotte of France. Brantôme relates that the Cardinal of Lorraine 'allant trouver Mme. la duchesse de Savoie en sa chambre pour la saluer, et s'approchant d'elle, elle, qui estoit la mesme arrogance du monde, luy présenta la main pour la baiser. M. le Cardinal, impatient de cet affront, s'approcha pour la baiser à la bouche, et elle de reculer. Lui, perdant patience et s'approchant de plus près encore d'elle, la prend par la teste et, en dépit d'elle, la baise deux ou trois fois: "Comment," dit il, "est-ce à moi à qui il faut user de cette mine et façon? Je baise bien la Reyne ma maîtresse, qui est la plus grande reyne du monde, et vous je ne vous baiserais pas, qui n'estes qu'une petite duchesse crottée." (*Recueil des Dames*.) The fashion lasted on the Continent long after it had fallen into disrepute in England, Spain, indeed, being always an exception, since the Spaniards (writes Swinburne) were of so combustible a constitution that 'the custom of embracing persons of the other sex, which is used on many occasions by foreigners, sets them all on fire.' They would as soon adopt the habits of Diderot's Island as suffer any man to give their ladies a kiss.

11 (p. 44). These were the famous sheep which were so soon to become the theme of a whole literature of anguish and complaint (cf. many volumes of the E.E.T.S., etc.), headed by the striking indictment in More's *Utopia*: 'Shepe, that were wont to be so myke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saie, be become so greate devowerers, and so wylde, that they eate up and swallow down the very men them selves. They consume, destroy, and devoure hole fields, howses, and cities.' The owners of the land turn all to pasture: 'they throw downe houses; they plucke downe townes; and leave nothing stondynge but only the churche, to make of it a shepehowse.' As for the husbandmen: 'by howke or crooke, they must needes departe awaye, pore, sylie, wretched soules. . . . Awaye they trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed howses, fynding no places to rest in.' The epigram in Bastard's *Chrestoleros* tells the same story:

Sheepe have eate vp our medows and our downes,
Our corne, our wood, whole villages and townes,
Yea, they have eate vp many wealthy men,
Besides widowes and orphan children,
Besides our statutes and our iron lawes,
Which they have swallowed down into their maws.
Till now I thought the proverbe did but jest,
Which said 'a blacke sheepe was a biting beast'

(*Ballads from MSS.*, vol. i.)

Cf. also *Now-a-dayes*, and other ballads. 'What shepe ground scapeth these caterpyllers of the commune weale?' wrote Becon.

'Howe swarme they wyth abundaunce of flockes of shepe? and yet when was wool ever so dere, or mutton of so great price? . . . These gredy woulves and comberous cormerauntes, will eyther sell theyr woll and theyr shepe at theyr own pryce or els they wyll sell none.' (*Jewel of Joy*.)

12 (p. 45). 'Godale' was the usual French rendering of the word. 'Allez boire vostre godale, allez,' says Froissart. If wine and oil are lacking to England, writes Sir John Fortescue, 'God hath sent us agenwarde ryght goode ale and myghty drynke for the comune people.' (*Tract on the Commodities of England*.) And compare the old song, 'Bryng us in good ale' (E.E.T.S., vol. xxxii.), which enumerates and rejects every other possible article of food or drink. Harrison, indeed, writes of ale as 'sometime our onelie, but now taken with manie for old and sickmens drinke,' being 'more thicke, fulsome, and of no such continuance' as beer. 'But what for that?' he adds: 'Certes I know some aleknights so much addicted therunto, that they will not cease from morow until even to visit the same.' Boorde takes a different view: 'Ale for an Englyssheman is a naturall drinke . . . it maketh a man stronge'; while 'bere' is much used to the 'detriment of many Englysshe men.'

13 (p. 45). This is the judgment of Froissart. Eustache Deschamps writes even more strongly:

Visage d'Ange portez; mais la pensée
De diable est en vous toudis sortissans,
À Lucifer par orgueil comparée . . .

(*De la prophécie Merlin sur la destruction d'Angleterre qui doit brief advenir*.)

Reue en paon et parole de gay,
Cuer de lièvre mis en corps de lion,
Gueule à serpent, séjour de papegay,
Chièvre gratant, de chien condicion. . . .
Car en toy n'a que variacion,
Envie, orgueil, convoitise et mesdis,
Sanz craindre Dieu, sanz bonne affection,
Lasches, couars, récréans et faillis.

(*Vision prophétique de l'Angleterre*.)

The German traveller, Niklas Poppel, compares the English to Poles for ostentation, thievishness and ill-breeding; to Hungarians for mad cruelty; and to Lombards for avarice. 'Angli, perfidi, inflati, feri, contemptores, stolidi, amentes, inertes, inhospitales, immanes,' says Scaliger. 'Inconstant, rash, vain-glorious, light and deceiving,' writes Van Meteren, 'and very suspicious, especially of foreigners whom they despise.' (Cf. Rye's notes to *Journals of Dukes of Wurtemberg*.) 'Fier et superbe,' declares Payen, 'et si fort adonné au larcin que ne pouvant satisfaire sur la terre à ses mauvaises inclinations, il monte en mer, écume et pyrate de tous costez.' Estienne Perlin speaks with the utmost bitterness: 'Et fault noter

qu'en ce Royaume tant excellent, il n'y a nul ordre comme jay dict. Les gens sont resproves et du tout ennemis de bonnes meurs et des bonnes lettres. On peult dire des Angloys ny en la guerre ilz ne sont fors, ny en la paix ils ne sont fidèles, et comme dict l'Espagnol, Angleterre bonne terre male gente. . . . Le peuple fier et seditieux et de mauvaise conscience, et infidelle à leur parole, comme il est appart par experience. Ces vilains là hayent toute sorte d'estrangers, et jaçois qu'ilz soyent en bonne terre et bonne contreé . . . sont méchans et addonnés à tout vent.' As for the foreign Ambassadors, they never cease in their complaints of 'les humeurs' of the people of London, who throw stones at their windows, and pelt their children and themselves.

Some of the critics seek and find strange causes for these characteristics. It is all because 'these islanders eat so much beef, and are afraid of nobody,' says the Portuguese Pero Nino, a statement that recalls Sir William Forrest's *Pleasaunt Poesye of Princelie Practise* :

Owre Englische nature cannot lyve by Rooatis,
by water, herbys or suche beggerye baggage
that may well serve for vile owtelandische Crooatis :
geeve Englische men meate after their olde usage,
Beef, Mutton, Veale, to cheare their courage ;
and then I dare to this byll sett my hande :
they shall defende this owre noble Englande.

'Soit pour estre insulaires ou pour tenir ce naturel de la marine, ou pour en estre les mœurs corrompus,' suggests Simon Renard. (*Papiers d'État de Gramvulle*, t. iv.) It seems more probable, however, that (at least in the time of Rozmital) much of this national antagonism arose from commercial jealousy. For already in 1461, five years before the arrival of the Bohemians, Edward IV. had been compelled to prohibit the importation of innumerable foreign goods, on account of the vehement complaints of his subjects, who were being undersold by their continental rivals. And only a few years later violent tumults were to arise in London against the unceasing immigration of aliens. Great irritation was also caused by that custom of searching travellers for gold of which Erasmus, among others, complains so bitterly. 'It was done by the chief, I had almost written thief, of the port (a præfecto, pene dixeram a prædone, literis),' he writes on one occasion ; and on another, 'I often wonder that such scoundrels are tolerated by the English Government, to the great annoyance of those who visit the country, and the greatest discredit of the whole island, as every traveller carries home the story of the inhuman reception he has met with, and other people form an estimate of the nation by the acts of these robbers.' (Letter to Ammonius, 1514.) The 'submissive knee' to which Schaschek alludes so slightly was presumably the 'bended knee' of salutation mentioned by Sebastian Münster.

14 (p. 48). These are the famous 'barnacle-byrdes,' so beloved

by the epicures of the Middle Ages. 'These animals they eat on fast days without scruple,' writes Nicander Nucius, who describes them as a kind of fish, with the wings, beaks, and feet of a duck. 'These, the fishermen affirm, that they draw up from the rocks in the recesses of the sea. . . . And the animals being killed there in the water, the blood loses its crimson hue, and becomes the colour of water. . . . And they have no voice, but only croak with volubility.' The origin of the myth seems, in fact, to have been a desire to find a new food with which to break the monotony of fast days. 'Il est mis au rang des poissons,' explains Nicolas de Bonnefons in his cookery book, 'à cause qu'il a le sang froid, qui est la seule cause qui nous fait faire la distinction des alimens pour les jours gras ou les maigres.' (*Délices de la Campagne*, 1655. Cf. Franklin.) The Church, it is true, expressly denied the penitential character of the dish; but no one paid any attention to the fact, and even the highest ecclesiastics devoured the food with avidity. Thus the Bishop of Nantes himself affirmed to Beatis that on the rotting pine masts of ships sunk in ocean waters were born certain birds called *anaveche*, *barnatie* and *zopponi*: 'these stick to the said masts by their beaks till they have made the feathers with which they fly, when they come out of the water and live upon the earth; the which is contrary to philosophy, which declares that no animal that has lungs can live without air. In these parts there are infinite numbers of them, and of the largest size, whence experience contradicts natural reason.' In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the belief still flourished. Sir Kenelm Digby, for one, held firmly to the tradition. 'He had enlarged,' says Lady Fanshawe, when describing the hero's conversation, 'somewhat more in extraordinary stories than might be averred, and all of them passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table; but the concluding one was, that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish in appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth, it was the only thing true he had discoursed with them; that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine-bred gentleman.' (*Memoirs*.) In the common version of the legend, however, the birds were geese, and grew on trees in the Orkney Islands (cf. Æneas Sylvius, Gerarde, and many others). In Belle Forest's edition of Münster's *Cosmographie* (1575) there is an agreeable picture of the 'tree-goslings' swimming away from the boughs on which they had grown 'as fruit enveloped in leaves.' It was under this form that the tradition became a popular simile for satire (cf. Butler, Cleveland, etc.). It is interesting to learn that Rozmital and his company liked the 'duck birds,' as, according to Boorde, one of the chief characteristics of Bohemians is that 'they do love no Duckes nor Malardes.' Buffon, moreover, declared the creatures' flesh to be so black, dry, hard and nasty, that it was a fit

'food for mortification.' We may suppose that they were kin to Lawrens Andrewe's 'Pecocke of the Se,' who resembled his terrestrial brother in the splendour of his upper portions, but whose 'nether body is fissue.'

15 (p. 62). Sir John Fortescue, who was at this very moment a resident in France with his pupil, Prince Edward of Lancaster, agrees with the Bohemians as to the fertility of the country, but gives a gloomy account of the state of its inhabitants. These, he declares, are 'so impoverysshid and destroyed, that thai mowe unneth leve. Thai drinken water, thai eyten apples, with brede right browne made of rye; thai eyten no flesshe but yf it be right seldom a little larde, or of the entrales and heydes of bestis slayn for the nobles and marchauntes of the lande. Thai weren no wolen, but yf it be a pouere cote undir thair uttermost garnement, made of grete caunvas, and callid a frokke. Thair hausyn beth of lyke caunvas, and passyn not thair kne, wherfore thai beth gartered and ther theis bare. Thair wyfes and childeren gone bare fote. . . . Thai gon crokyd, and ben feble, not able to fight, nor to defende the realme; nor thai have wepen, nor money to bie thaim wepen with all. But verely thai liven in the most extreme povertie and miserie, and yet dwellyn thai in the most fertile reaum of the worlde.' How different, he continues, is the happy state of England, where the people never drink water except for penance; eat every manner of flesh and fish; are clothed throughout in good woollens; and are provided with all sorts of household goods. (*Governance of England.*)

16 (p. 66) This tenacity would seem to imply that they were of the British breed of bull-dog, which had long been preferred in Italy. When the bull was very unruly, wrote Clarendon, the king sent for the Spanish dogs, and if these could not master him, and were themselves killed, as frequently happened, he called for the English mastiffs. 'of which they seldom turn out above one at a time, and he rarely misses taking the bull, and holding him by the nose, till men run in.' (*Life.*) 'Quand les taureaux se défendent trop longtemps,' says Mme. d'Aulnoy, 'l'on amène les dogues d'Angleterre. Ils ne sont pas si grands que ceux que l'on voit d'ordinaire; c'est une race semblable à ceux que les espagnols amenaient aux Indes lorsqu'ils en firent la conquête, mais si forts que quand une fois ils tiennent une goulée ils ne lâchent point, et ils se laisseraient plutôt couper par morceaux.' The chief features of these early bull-fights was the noble birth and frequent death of the combatants. In the great Spanish feast held in the Colosseum at Rome in 1332, eleven bulls and eighteen nobles of the highest families were killed (Gibbon, ch. lxxi.), and, even in later and less brutal days, deaths were common. Lord Clarendon himself saw on one day four or five champions killed, besides many others 'perpetually maimed.' 'C'est une terrible beauté que cette fête,' wrote Madame de Villars: 'quand les chevaux sont tués, il faut que les seigneurs combattent à pied, l'épée

à la main, contre ces bêtes furieuses.' According to Laurent Vital, who gives a long description of a bull-fight under Charles V., the spears then in common use were 'des gaules de dix pieds de long qui ont au bout une pointe de fer bien poindante comme une alenne.' But Madame d'Aulnoy describes the 'rejoncs or garrochions' as 'lances made of very dry fir, about four or five foot long, painted and gilt, and the ironwork very well polished.' Van Aarssens speaks of 'little javelins (which for their better support through the air are winged with red paper).'

The variations in the entertainments were sometimes remarkable. See, for instance, Erasmus' accounts of the bull-feasts which he witnessed in Italy. One in the piazza at Siena he describes as a last remnant of ancient Paganism and license: 'The bull was driven forth, and at once assailed by machines which were constructed of wooden beams, and made in the likeness of a ram, a tortoise, or some other living animal; while within were the men who worked the machines. These having duly pulled the ropes, the tortoise opened its mouth in a wide grin, gaped, rattled its jaws, twisted its neck hither and thither, threatening horrible things to the bull, and seeming as though about to devour it.' The poor brute was petrified with terror, to the great joy of the populace. (*Supputatio errorum Bedæ*. Cf. Nollac, *Erasme en Italie*.) Again, in Rome, Erasmus describes a bull-fight in which the animal was baited in every possible manner by a personage 'sinistram manum habens toga obvolutam, dextra gladium gestans.' (Answer to Corsi. Cf. *Ibid.*) Compare also Rabelais' descriptions in his account of '*La Sciomackie et Festins faits à Rome*' (Lyons, 1549).

17 (p. 87). Scallop shells—'Shelles of Galice,' Piers Plowman calls them—were the special tokens of St. James, gathered by his worshippers on the shores that had welcomed his mutilated body. Felix Fabri describes how, after Mass in the famous Cathedral, the Sion-pilgrims hired a ship: 'And they fared forth upon the sea; and there is an island of St. Michael, and one of St. Mary, and one of Jesus Christ, and one of St. George, and one of St. Andrew . . . and they found there on the sea-shore many rare shells great and small, and they took them on their hats and cloaks as the James-pilgrims do, and stayed the night at St. Michael.' (*Die Geistliche Pilgerfahrt*, given by Habler.) In Erasmus' colloquy of *The Pilgrimage*, Ogygyus, who has just returned from Compostella, professes to have received his shell from the Saint himself. None the less Menedemus mocks at him. 'I pray you, what araye is this that you be in; me thynke that you be clothyd with cockle shelles, and be laden on every side with bruches of lead and tynne. And you be pretely garnyshed with wrethes of strawe, and your arme is full of snakes egges.' Hall describes a masquerade at the Court of Henry VIII., in which Lord Dorset and Sir Thomas Boleyn, appeared like 'two pilgrims from saint James. . . . their taberdes

hattes and trappers set with scaloppe schelles of fyne golde and strippes of black velvet, every strip set with a scalop shell; their servauntes all in blacke Satyn, with scalop shelles of gold in their breastes.'

18 (p. 92). Death howlings were a very widespread custom, and loved equally by Moors and Irishmen. 'In all these countreys,' writes Boorde of the Spanish peninsula, 'yf any man, or woman, or chylde, do dye, at theyr burying, and many other tymes after that they be buried, they wyl make an exclamacyon, saying, "why dydest thou dye? haddest not thou good freendes? myghtyst not thou have had golde and sylver, and ryches and good clothynge? for why diddest thou dye?" crying and clatryng many suche folysh wordes; and commonly every day they wyll bryng to church a cloth, or a pilo carpit, and cast over the grave, and set over it, bread, wyne, and candyllyght; and then they wyll pray, and make suche a foolyshe exclamacion, as I sayd afore, that al the church shall ryng; this wyll they doe although theyr freendes dyed vii. yere before; and this foolyshe vse is vsed in Bisca, Castyle, Spayne, Aragon, and Navaerre.' And here again appears the likeness between Wales and Spain, for in Welsh lands, 'yf any of theyr frendes do dye, and whan they shall be buried and put in to the grave, in certayne places they wyl cry out, making an exclamacion, and sayeing, "O venit!" that is to saye, "O swetyng! why dost thou dye? thou shalt not go from us!" and will pul away the corse, sayeing, "Venit! we wyl die with the, or els thou shalt tary with vs!" wyth many other foolyshe wordes, as the Castilions and the Spaniardes do say and do at the burieng of theyr frendes.' Hentzner describes the practice in Languedoc.

19 (p. 111). 'Deux grands Bois de Licorne,' notes Payen of these two treasures of Venice; 'le masle est d'une couleur qui n'est pas tout-à-fait rouge, et la femelle est blanche.' They 'are plain and best accord with those of the Indian ass,' wrote Sir Thomas Browne. 'Unicorn's' horns were immensely valued at this time both as ornaments and as antidote against poisoning. The best kind (narwhal or rhinoceros) sold for more than its weight in gold, and the Princes of Europe vied with one another in the length and value of their specimens. Charles the Bold, with his usual lavishness, displayed no less than six horns on the occasion of his banquet to the Emperor at Treves (see *supra*, p. 143), of which two were eight feet long, two six feet long, and two five feet long: 'and they were beyond price.' (*Speierische Chronik*) Benvenuto Cellini tells of one—'the finest ever seen, which had cost seventeen thousand ducats of the Camera'—for which, at the Pope's command, he made a design, 'the finest thing imaginable, modelled half on a horse and half on a stag, with a very fine mane and other adornments.' The horn at Saint Denis is described by Coryat as being 'about three yardes high, even so high that I could hardly reach

to the top of it,' and by Sir Thomas Browne as having 'wreathy spires and cochleary turnings.' The Prince of Anhalt saw two at Windsor 'well-nigh four ells long.' (*Itinerary*, 1596.) And Hentzner was shown one 'above eight spans and a half in length, valued at above 100,000 golden pounds.' Their chief popularity was no doubt owing to their supposed faculty of discovering poison in such dishes as they touched by instantly sweating blood—a superstition that died hard. Even in the days of Sir Thomas Browne it still flourished. 'With what security a man may rely on this remedy, he remarks caustically, 'the mistress of fools hath already instructed some, and to wisdom (which is never too wise to learn) it is not too late to consider.' In this matter, indeed, the seventeenth century was divided by no wide gulf from the century in which Pliny wrote: 'the most fell and furious beast of all others, is the licorne or monoceros: his bodie resembleth an horse, his head a stagge, his feet an elephant, his taile a bore; he loweth after an hideous manner; one blacke horne he hath in the mids of his forehead, bearing out two cubits in length; by report this wild beast cannot possibly be caught alive.' (*Naturall Historie*, tr. by Philemon Holland, 1601.)

20 (p. 115). The fact that Schaschek specially mentions this *fumarium* shows that chimneys were still uncommon and regarded as a luxury. In Venice and Padua, indeed, they were already of long standing, as appears from Villani's description of the earthquake of 1347, when many *fumajuoli* were thrown down. But when in that same century Francesco da Carrara, Lord of Padua, visited Rome, he found no such luxuries: 'because chimneys were not then used in Rome, but they all made fires in the middle of the house on the floor, and they made these fires in pots (*cassoni*) filled with earth.' Francesco, 'not thinking this comfortable,' fetched workmen from Padua and had chimneys erected. (*Chronicon Patavinum*, Muratori, vol. xvii., and cf. Beckmann.) The doctor Hippolyt Guarinonius paints in lively colours the contrast between the Italian chimneys and his own beloved German stoves. 'Hereby we may know what to think of these Italian chimneys, wherein in the winter-time they light their fires: they sit round, each one with iron tongs in his hand, and keep up such a ceaseless poking, pushing, stirring, blowing, making as much business of the fire as though many high and important matters hung thereon; and at best one man has a warm foot and a cold back, another a warm hand and a cold stomach, a third dim, reddened, and often weeping eyes therefrom; and the while one warms himself he can neither do nor arrange aught else. And albeit they laugh at the German stoves, yet when they come to one, none can tear them away.' (*Gewel der Verwüstung*.) The methods of cleaning were sometimes strange. Thus, in the year 1503 the king's palace at Dijon was burnt down 'by the firing of a culverin up the chimney to clean it.' (Desrey.) In England a 'chimney' originally meant a movable

fireplace—chimneys, in our sense of the word, being known as early as the twelfth century, but not common till the reign of Elizabeth. 'Now have we manie chimnies,' writes Harrison, 'and yet our tenderlings complaine of rheumes, catarhs and poses. Then had we none but reredosses, and our heads did never ake. For as the smoke in those daies was supposed to be a sufficient hardning for the timber of the house; so it was reputed a far better medicine to keepe the goodman and his familie from the quack or pose, wherewith as then verie few were oft acquainted.'

21 (p. 115). 'À Venise n'a point d'eau douce de la pluye; et quant les cisternes seichent, il fault aller querir l'eau au canal de Padoue.' (*Voyage de la Sainte Cyté*.) 'One thing only appears to me hard in this city,' writes Pietro Casola; 'that is, that although the people are placed in the water up to the mouth they often suffer from thirst, and they have to beg good water for drinking and for cooking, especially in the summer time. It is true that there are many cisterns for collecting the rain water, and also water is sold in large boatloads. In this way indeed they provide for their needs, but with difficulty and expense.' Sansovino (*Venetia Descritta*) also records that there were many of these wells or cisterns (*pozzi*) both public and private. So the surprise of Schaschek seems to imply that this was a real spring of fresh water.

A MASTER OF WAR

22 (p. 127). Compare Luther's sermon *Das man Kinder zur Schulen halten sollte* (1530): 'Many think that the writer's task is an easy one, but that to ride in armour and to suffer heat, frost, dust, thirst, and other discomforts, that is the work of a man. . . . I have heard the dear praiseworthy Emperor Maximilian say, "I can make a knight, but a man of learning I cannot make." . . . There is no great art in hanging two legs over a horse and becoming a Reuter; that he taught me, and it is finely and well spoken.' Other countries seem, however, to have been in much the same condition. Commynes, when describing the young nobles of his acquaintance, declares that 'de nules lettres ils n'ont conaissance. Un seul sage homme on ne leur met à l'entour.' And Alain Chartier complains: 'Ce fol langage court aujourd'hui parmi les curiaux (courtiers) que noble homme ne doit savoir les lettres, et tiennent à reprouche de gentillesse bien lire ou bien escrire. Las! qui pourroit dire plus grant folie, ni plus périlleux erreur publier?' (*L'Espérance*.) Deschamps writes a long ballad on the subject, each verse ending with the plaint: 'Car chevaliers ont honte d'estre clers.' In England, even so early as in 1392, the writer of *Piers Plowman's Crede* lamented: 'Now may

each cobbler send his son to school, and each beggar's brat learn on the book, and wax to a writer and dwell with a lord. So from that beggar's brat shall grow a bishop, to sit high among the peers of the land; and lords' sons and knights, shall creep and crouch to him, the while his sire is a cobbler clad in grease, "his teeth with toylyng of lether tatered as a sawe." And both Richard Pace and Roger Ascham echo his words. (Cf. Furnivall, E.E.T.S., vol. xxxii.)

23 (p. 129). Worthless rogues, wrote Trithemius, with neither honour nor humanity, caring ever for plunder rather than for victory. Surely for their sakes the whole country will, like Sodom and Gomorrah, be destroyed, cried the chronicler of Spires. Sebastian Franck couples their advent with that of the terrible disease which was then decimating Germany: 'Thrusting, hewing, blaspheming, gambling, murdering, burning, robbing, making widows and orphans, is their common craft and highest amusement. If one cannot seize and torture he is good for nothing.' Compare also Erasmus: 'Bellum geritur per homicidas, per incestos, per aleatores, per stupratores, per sordidissimos conductitios milites, quibus lucellum carius est vita.' (*Epistles*, Amsterdam ed., vol. iii.) 'C'étaient la plupart gens de sac et de corde, méchants garnements échappés de justice, marqués à l'épaule, essorillés, avec longs cheveux hérissés et barbes horribles.' (Brantôme, *Des Coronels Français*.) 'Who could oppose them?' asked a witness of their appalling atrocities at the Sack of Rome. 'None dared even lift his voice.' (*Sac de Rome*, by Jacques Buonaparte (d. 1541), tr. by Napoleon Louis Buonaparte, 1830, ed. Buchon.)

24 (p. 131). Thomasin von Zerkläre gives a lively account of medical practice in his day: 'The doctor who doctors well doctors the sick man bravely with thirst, hunger, and burning. One he ties up against the wall, cutting and stabbing him hard. From another, if he wishes him not to sleep too much, he tears the beard and the hair.' Even in the sixteenth century gunshot wounds were held to be poisoned, and were treated with boiling oil or treacle, and red-hot irons, as may be seen in the wood-cuts in Hans von Gersdorf's *Feldtbuch der Wundartzney*, 1528. Compare also the account given by Valleriolus of the English army at Montreuil (1544): 'There was a great rabblement there, that tooke upon them to be chirurgions. Some were sow gelders, and some were horse gelders, with tinkers and coblers . . . in two dressinges they did commonlie make their cures whole and sounde for ever, so that they neither felt heate nor cold, nor no maner of pain after.' (*Office of a Chirurgion*, tr. Gale.) Ambroise Paré himself, 'the John Baptist of surgery,' shared the prevalent passion for strange animal remedies, and retained for the greater part of his life a warm affection for a balsam made of newborn puppies seethed in oil of lilies, and earthworms stewed in turpentine. This, indeed, was a passion that lasted well into the

eighteenth century. Cf. for instance, the famous *Pharmacopée* of Lémery, which recommended for fever an oil of sixty fat spiders; for sleeplessness an unguent of living frogs; to make the hair grow a salve of a dozen live green lizards; for poison, 'three hundred scorpions during the dog days'; and for another disease to 'extract with scissors the tongues of four dozen still living vipers.' A potion of baby magpies and powdered human skull was considered excellent for epilepsy; garden snails mixed with pig's blood unsurpassed for lung-diseases; while, should you wish your spirits to be raised, 'take two handfuls of the fattest ants and crush them in mortar of marble.' In the matter of an organised medical service for soldiers, the city of Nuremberg, when at war with Albert Achilles of Brandenburg, seems (in Germany at least) to have led the way, for the *Chronik* for the years 1449-50 records: 'Item, our masters of the Council had commanded two doctors who should bind and heal the people, were they noble or common, burgher or foot-soldier; and our masters had ordered the doctoring-fees, that none might give them aught.' (Cf. Peters.) Charles the Bold, also, made an effort to improve matters by attaching a surgeon to each company of eight hundred men, and by allowing his own four skilled attendants to be freely employed for the benefit of his troops. 'And there are often so many to be dressed,' writes Olivier de la Marche, 'that there would be enough work for fifty surgeons. These four surgeons of the Duke take nothing from the poor, nor from the foreign soldiers in the Duke's pay.'

25 (p. 137). A like incident had occurred the day before, at the ceremony of welcome in St. Peter's. For when Frederick advanced towards the Pontifical throne to offer greeting and homage to his host, a difficulty at once arose, the Holy Father having ensconced himself 'sundry steps or grades' higher above Imperial Majesty than had been ordained by the bulls, or than could be tolerated by the arrogant Germans. The ceremony was therefore at a standstill until Papal Holiness had stepped down from his undue eminence. Herr Pastor, in his *History of the Popes*, does not mention either of these incidents. 'Throughout these solemnities,' he writes, 'Frederick behaved towards the Pope with the utmost respect and deference.' These experiences of Wilwolt help to explain the remark of the Ferrarese Chroniclers that the Emperor 'went to Rome like a lamb and came back like a lion.' (*Diario Ferrarese*.)

26 (p. 147). Eyb describes Charles's artillery as great pieces, quartans (*cartanen*), culverins, demi-culverins, and *scherphertinern* (*scharfentle*?) a gun of light calibre, drawn by one horse. Cf. Barthold.) Compare Thomas Coryat's observations at Zurich: 'In the lowest roome . . . I noted an exceeding multitude of pieces of ordnance of all sorts, as culverins, demiculverins, demicannons, sacers, basiliskes, etc., whereof some were taken as trophies from the foresaid Duke of Burgundy, being indeed pieces of admirable

beauty and value, adorned with his armes, and many curious borders and works contrived in the same. Amongst the rest I saw one passing great murdering piece, both the ends thereof were so exceeding wide that a very corpulent man might easily enter the same. This also was wonne in the field from the same Duke.' So tremendous was the shooting at Neuss, and so great the damage, that 'I verily believe,' says Eyb, 'that, where the walls had stood, an unarmed man on a horse could have ridden into the town; as I, the writer of this history, could thereafter tell, by the extent of the new walls, and moreover learned in later years from the old burgesses who had been beleaguered therein.' Some of Charles's cannon-balls have been built into the fourteenth century 'Drusus Thor,' or Cologne Gate.

27 (p. 154). Large families were customary at this date in Germany. Compare Jorg von Ehingen's account of his parental home: 'Item, at that time there lived together at the castle of Entringen five noblemen with their wedded wives. They lived together peacefully and in friendship, and one hundred children were born to them. Item, Herr Hans von Halffingen, knight, and Fraw N. von Nippenburg bore twenty children. Item, Ruodolff von Ehingen and Fraw Angngsz, Lady High Stewardess of Haimertinger, bore nineteen children' . . . And the remaining noble and much-married pairs produced between them the magnificent number of sixty-one children. Even this fine record was, however, beaten by the Saxon Christoph Grohmann, who had thirteen sons by one marriage and thirty-three children by another. (Cf. Bösch.) The generations seem also to have succeeded one another with astonishing swiftness. The *Zimmerische Chronik* has an anecdote of 'an old lady' (and in those days eighty was considered the extreme limit of age) who could truthfully say: 'Daughter, tell your daughter that her daughter's daughter's daughter is crying.'

28 (p. 160). Pero Tafur gives an interesting account of the arraignment of offenders in Germany: 'When all are assembled, the oldest knights and sundry worthy matrons draw together, and search out whether any of the nobles present has done aught that he should not: robbed a maiden, offended a lady, seized the property of a helpless orphan, taken to him for base self a plebeian wife, or otherwise transgressed against his estate of knighthood.' If an offender is discovered, a number of knights are warned, and when he rides into the lists they drive him out incontinently with sticks. The matter is then explained to him, and if he consents to appear none the less in the tournaments he is held to be purified of offence and restored to honour. If he refuses, his punishment is doubled. And if he refuses again, he is for ever deprived of his tourney rights.

29 (p. 167). A vigorous but vain attempt at reform was made by the Franconian knights themselves at the great Wurzburg Tournament of 1479, and a regulation was drawn up forbidding all

tilters to wear gold-worked stuffs and embroidered velvets, or to cover their horses with housings and caparisons of gold, on pain of public disgrace and forfeiture of the 'fore dance and guerdon' of the tourney. The 'common nobles,' who had no tilting privileges, were not to be allowed any gold ornaments unless worn hidden, as their forefathers used; or any pearls, 'save one string only on hat or cap'; or any housings or coats of arms soever. As for the ladies, they were to have only four dresses apiece, of which only two were to be of velvet; and even, concludes the order, 'should one of the ladies be decked in anything less costly than velvet, she shall yet be treated with honour according to her rank.' (Cf. Schultz.) An attempt was also made to exclude the rich burghers and all nobles connected in any way with trade. The endeavour was not very successful. 'It suffices to be rich to attain,' wrote Joh. Agricola. 'With our forefathers to ride in a tournament signified freedom from open crime . . . above all usury and trade. Now all is altered: honour no longer avails. . . . Once shopkeepers and merchants were despised, now are they the highest at the board. . . . For many princes and nobles are now not only dealers and tradesmen, but also wine-sellers and beer-brewers, tearing the food from the mouth of the poor.' (*Sprüchwörter*.) Times had indeed changed since the days when Ehingen could write of his father: 'When the said Ruodolff returned to Swabia, he brought with him many costly possessions of horses, raiment and jewels . . . with many precious furs and foods. And seeing that at that time in Swabia it was not the usage or custom to employ such costlinesses, he had them sold and disposed of for 1,500 florins, and sent this sum thereupon to the land and the people of the land.'

30 (p. 176). Hand-guns (*handbüchsen*) seem to have been the common weapon in Duke Albrecht's troops, but hackbuts (*hakenbüchsen*) are also occasionally mentioned by Eyb. Thus at the siege of Leeuwarden (Keller's ed., p. 173) the citizens had a troop of mercenaries, who 'shot with hackbuts, which they laid on trestles (*poock*). The bullets for these pieces were cast in moulds, concerning which Eyb tells a pleasant anecdote. For in the opening engagement of Schaumburg's Hungarian campaign (Keller's ed., p. 75) there came so great a rain that the firearms were rendered useless, and the gunners, stricken with fear, fled from the field, leaving behind them about three hundred hackbuts and hand-guns. The enemy not only possessed themselves of these, but, with an admirable impudence, wrote to request Duke Albrecht to send them also the moulds for the pieces, for otherwise they would not be able to use them. All the earlier German firearms went by the name of *büchse* (cf. *supra*, p. 84, where Tetzl mentions them as in use at Santiago) which apparently arose from their resemblance to a box. The long *buchse*, from their likeness to a pipe, were also called *rohr*, the word commonly used by Hans von Schweinichen. Another primitive 'murdering piece' men-

tioned by Eyb is the balista (*plaiden: Blide*. Keller's ed., p. 36). This is the latest instance of the use of the balista quoted by Schultz, and illustrates curiously the survival of mediæval engines of war, even after the adoption of firearms. ('Balista: A brake or greate engine, wherewith a stone or arrow is shotte. It may be used for a gunne.' Cooper's *Thesaurus*.)

31 (p. 182). The struggle between the Hoeks and Kabeljaws almost rivalled in its protracted and Protean bitterness that of the Guelfs and Ghibellines. Originally, the Hooks were the country nobles and the Codfish the townspeople; but there grew to be a Hook and a Cod party in every town. (Cf. Blok and Fisher.) 'It is well known,' wrote Eyb, 'that almost all the Netherlands are plagued by them, and that the said *scisma* or quarrel has lasted for over two hundred years.' 'The Duke of Saxony,' says Grimeston, 'did suck them in such sort, as Hollande did never suffer the like in the time of any of their earles. Wherein hee tooke delight, to teach them not to bee so cruell and bitter one against another, nor to entertaine factions and partialities amongst themselves, as they had donne manie yeares under the titles of Hoecks and Cabillaux, the which it was impossible to roote out, but by reducing both Factions to extremitie.'

32 (p. 185). The French auxiliaries prayed for quarter, writes Molinet: 'Mais les Englez cognoissans leurs enseignes, comme leurs ennemis anciens, les misrent au trenchant des espées. Franchois crioient: "Ranchon! ranchon! nous sommes compagnons de guerre, ne nous chaille de ces Flamengs!" Et Englez, ignorans leurs langaige, ou faindans que point ne les entendoient, les despeschèrent si nettement qu'il n'en demoura que cinquante, lesquels à très grande paine, se saulvèrent.' 'Of the Englishe Partie, ther was slayn that gentill yong Knight the Lorde Morley, and many Noblemen hurt. . . . Also it is not to be forgotten, but to be had in Remembrance, the goode Courage of an Englysche Yoman called John Person, whiche was somtymes a Baker of Coventre. Whiche John Person, after that a Gounne had borne away his Foote by the Small of the Legge, yet, that notwithstanding, what setting and what kneling, shotte after many of his Arows, and when the Frenchemen fledde, and his Felowers ware in the Chase, he cried to one of his Felowes, and saide, "Have thow these vi. Arows that I have lefte, and folow thow the Chase, for I may not." The whiche John Person died within a few Dayes after, on whose Soulle Gode have Mercy (Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. iv.)

33 (p. 188). The famous Goldsmith's Row was erected in 1491. 'In one single street, named the Strand, leading to St. Paul's, there are fifty-two goldsmiths' shops, so rich and full of silver vessels, great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so many of the magnificence that are to be seen in London.' (*A Relation of England*.) The skill of these artificers had been abundantly shown

a few years before, when a Spaniard had wagered at the Pope's Head, Lombard Street, that Englishmen were not such cunning workmen as his own countrymen. The foreigner, though learned in all the most curious crafts and sleights of Cordova, had been ingloriously routed from the field. (Cf. Richard Ford, in *Quarterly Review*, vol. 50.)

34 (p. 188). The cities of London and Westminster were still quite distinct, as appears in the Venetian Report of 1512 'The Parliament has begun, that is to say all the gentlemen of the kingdom have come, and are making a Parliament in the Palace of the King called *Vasmonestier*, distant from London less than two miles; and all the gentlemen who come have houses in London, and it behoves them to pass before the door of the house of their worshipful Speaker (*Orator*), as well those who go by land as those who go by water; for there is a river called the *Tamixa*, whereon they can go in 100 boats, made after their fashion, from London to the said Vasmonestier. And they are bound to pass before the said worshipful house; and having reached the said door, these gentlemen, for the love that they bear to the magnificent and worshipful Speaker, visit him with 16 and more or less servants; some come to dinner and some to breakfast (*colation*), for this is the custom of the country; they have breakfast every morning. . . . Every morning he goes to Mass with some of these gentlemen, who hold him by the arms and walk up and down with him for an hour; then they go to the Council and he to his house.' (*Costumi di Londra*)

35 (p. 190). This refers to the famous legend of the 'Kentish Longtails.' 'Polydore Virgil,' writes Lambarde, '(handeling that hot contention, betweene King Henrie the second, and Thomas Becket), saith that Becket (being at the length reputed for the king's enimie) began to be so commonly neglected, contemned, and hated, that when as it happened him upon a time to come to Stroude, the inhabitants thereabouts (being desirous to despite that good father) sticked not to cut the taile from the horse on which he roade, binding themselves thereby with a perpetual reproach. For afterwards (by the will of God) it so happened, that every one which came of that kinred of men which had plaid that naughty pranke, were borne with tailes, even as brute beasts bee.' I dare pronounce, he adds, that Kent is little beholden to those who have brought to pass 'that as Kentish men be heere at home merily mocked, so the whole English nation is in foreine countries abroad earnestly flowted, with this dishonourable note, in so much that many believe as verily that we be Monsters and have tailes by nature, as other men have their due partes and members in usuall manner. Behold heere one of the fruites of their spitefull miracles.' (*Perambulation of Kent*.) The legend proved indeed a source of much solace and diversion to England's neighbours.

Eustache Deschamps makes it the theme of several poems, as in the *Rondel*:

Certres plus fors sont les Anglès
Que les François communement.
Car deux tonneaux portent adès
Et une queue proprement.

In one *Balade* each verse ends with the refrain 'Levez vostre queue, levez'; and in another, that describes his adventure at Calais, with 'Où, je voy vo queue.'

. . . 'Lors vint II. Anglois,
Granson devant et moy après
Qui mi prindrent parmi la bride.
L'un me dist: 'Dogue,' l'autre 'ride.'
Lors me devint la coulour bleue:
'Goday,' fait l'un, l'autre: 'Commidre' ('Come hither').
Lors dis: 'Où, je voy vo queue.'

Thus, declares Bale bitterly even in the reign of Edward VI., 'hath England in all other lands a perpetual infamie of tayles by theyre written legendes of lyes. . . . That an Englyshman now cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyng, but it is most contumeliously thrown in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails.' (*Actes of English Votaries*.) 'What the original or occasion of it at first was is hard to say,' writes John Ray, 'whether from wearing a pouch or bag, to carry their baggage in behind their backs, whilst probably the proud Monsieurs had their Lacquies for that purpose; or whether from the mentioned story of Austin. I am sure there are some at this day in foreign parts, who can hardly be perswaded but that Englishmen have tails.' (*Compleat Coll. of English Proverbs*, 1767.) The anecdote was also attributed to St. Augustine in Dorsetshire, as, for instance, in *The Golden Legend*, which ends the narrative with the reassuring words: 'But blessyd be God at this day is no such deformyte.' (*Hist. of St. Austin* [*Augustine*].)

36 (p. 190). Charles d'Orléans (*Débat des Hétraux*) describes Sluys as one of the finest harbours in Christendom, and it was here that in 1386 the great fleet of 900 vessels assembled for the invasion of England. (Cf. Froissart.) 'It holds 1,500 burghers,' wrote Pero Tafur, 'and is strongly fortified with ditches and walls. . . . The harbour of the town has a difficult entry because of the outlying sand-banks, but once the ships are inside they are marvellous safe. With flowing tide they can drive right up to the walls; so at the ebb many are left high and dry, though on such deep sands that they lie as well as on the water. The port looks as though half the world had armed itself to blockade the town, so many ships of all kinds lie there at anchor. And if, in sooth, some be enemies, they let it not be known, but go quietly about their business; for else

were they horribly punished. There can one see all the peoples of the earth sitting by one another peacefully at table.' But already, like Sandwich, Sluys was the victim of a rapidly retreating sea, a fate attributed by Maximilian's friends to the transgressions of Bruges: 'Whom God and nature thereafter sorely punished: since the sea, which had washed the shores with its waters, withdrew and left desolate that noble city of traffic.' (Cuspin. Cf. Kervyn de Lettenhove.)

37 (196). This curious custom seems to have been a speciality of the Netherlands, of Saxony and of Westphalia. Compare Von Schweinichen's account of his experiences at Dannenberg, in Luneburg. He had arrived in the town with his master late on a winter's night: 'In truth, we were all tired, and had rather have slept than danced; but since the women folk were fair, we allowed ourselves for honour's sake to be made use of. At last the lords were full and disappeared, including my company. But since I had the fame of being always the last on the battlefield of drink, I would not have my name taken from me, and stayed up. The lads of the place now disappeared also, as well as the lasses, so that at last there remained with me no more than two maids and one squire; who started to dance, I following his example. Soon my good friend with the one maid slipped into the chamber close to the dancing-room: I, therefore, after him. When we came into the room there were two lads with lasses in bed; and he who had been dancing along with me fell with his maid also into a bed. I inquired of the lady with whom I was dancing what we should do. "After the fashion of Mecklenburg," said she, "I should also climb into your bed." Whereto I stayed not long to be prayed, but laid myself down with cloak and clothing, and the maid also; and thus we discoursed till it was fully day, yet in all honesty. And on the morrow I had done the best, for I had been the longest up and about, and I had the best come through. So I was looked upon with great favour by the womenkind. And this they call sleeping together in faith and fealty; but I choose such sleeping for myself no more, since this sort of faith and fealty might lead to being a rogue.' (See also the *Zimmerische Chronik*, bd. iv., 243.)

38 (p. 197). Compare the accounts sent by the Regent Margaret to Maximilian of a later English expedition under the command of Sir Edward Poyning: 'Et vous assure, Monseigneur, que les Anglois se acquièrent très bien et font plus de guerre aux ennemys que tous les aultres.' And again she declares that the English artillerymen 's'acquièrent merueilleusement bien et trop mieulx que nulz aultres qui soient à ladite armée, dont ilz sont à louer.' (Letters concerning the siege of Venlo, September 1511, in *Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche*. Van den Bergh.) 'You are tall souldiers (said the Spaniards to the English at the siege of Amiens), and therefore when you come downe to the trenches, wee double our guards, and

looke for blowes.' (Heylyn.) Compare also the description by the chronicler Antonio Agapida of the English volunteers who were fighting the Moors of Granada in this very year of 1402 : A comely race of men, too fair and fresh for war ; huge feeders and deep carousers ; noisy and unruly, making their quarter of the camp a scene of loud revel and sudden brawl ; of a pride silent and contumelious, holding themselves, though from a remote and barbarous island, the most perfect men upon earth. Add to this, marvellous good men in the field, dexterous archers, and powerful with the battle-axe, ever seeking, in their great pride and self-will, to press in the advance, and take the post of danger ; going into the fight deliberately, and persisting obstinately, slow to find out when they were beaten. 'Withal they were much esteemed, yet little liked by our soldiery, who considered them staunch companions in the field, yet coveted but little fellowship with them in the camp.' As for the bearing and array of their leaders, it was 'something very magnificent, delectable and strange to behold.' (Cf. Washington Irving, *Conquest of Granada*.)

39 (p. 227). It is the suggestion of Professor Uhnann (*Maximilian I.*, bd. i.), who uses this description as an illustration of the tactics of the day, that the word here should be—not *zuricht* but *zwerichs* : athwart ; for by such a manœuvre the pikes could be struck upwards and rendered useless. This became a favourite device in the Italian wars of the succeeding thirty years. It would appear, indeed, that in this as in other engagements, Schaumburg's tactics were considerably in advance of his age. Machiavelli's main criticism of the German and Swiss pikemen and their methods of fighting is that, though excellent against the rushing charge of cavalry, they were powerless when at close quarters with other footmen. 'The Dutchman,' he declares, 'can not strike the enemie with the Pike, who is upon him, for the length of the staffe.' And Wilwolt's disposition of his men in this battle is in exact accordance with the principles laid down in the *Art of War*. 'I would place the Pikes,' writes Machiavelli in the second book, 'either in the front of the battaile, or where I should feare most the horses, and those with the Targuets and swords, shall serve mee to make a back to the Pikes, and to winne the battaile.' To pass the first points of the pikes is not very difficult, he adds. The trouble comes when 'incountering the one thother, of necessitie they thrust together, after such sort, that they take the one thother by the bosome, and though by the Pikes some bee slaine or overthrowen, those that remaine on their feete be so many, that they suffice to obtain the victory.'

40 (p. 238). The word *kemenate* seems to have signified both the stove or chimney and the chamber (usually the common dwelling-room) in which these were placed. The stove soon became the favourite method of heating in Germany, and aroused strong feelings of pleasure or the reverse in all travellers. Erasmus is eloquent on

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its peculiarities : 'When you have drest your horse, you come *whole* into the stove, boots, luggage, dirt and all ; for that's a common room for all comers.' Here 'you put off your boots, don your shoes, change your shirt, if you will ; hang up your cloaths, or set your self a drying. If you have a mind to wash, the water's ready, but then you must have more water to fetch off the dirt of that.' Often 'you shall have betwixt fourscore and an hundred persons . . . in the same stove : horse and foot, merchants, mariners, wagoners, husbandmen, women and children, sick and sound. One's combing of his head, another wiping off his sweat, a third cleansing of his boots, or hob-nailed shoes ; others belching of garlick ; without more adoe, the confusion of Babel, for men and languages, was nothing to this. The more company, the more fire he puts in the stove, though they were half smothered before : for 'tis a token of respect to stew the people into a sweat. If any man that's ready to choak with the fume, does but open the window never so little, mine host bids him shut it again. If he says he's not able to bear it, get ye to another Inn then (cries the Master).' (Colloquy of *The Inns*.) Ariosto disliked the stove exceedingly, both for its heat and for its regrettable adaptability :

. . . Vi si mangia, giuoca e bee,
E vi si dorme, e vi si fa anche il resto.

Guarini also complained bitterly of the heat and stench of the 'stoves or rather stables,' whence 'the dog and the cat and the hen and the goose and the pig and the calf, and even the child,' made his nights hideous. (Letter quoted by D'Ancona.) Montaigne, on the other hand, delighted in them.

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41 (p. 250). 'The rod of discipline drives folly without pain from the heart of the child,' writes Sebastian Brandt ; 'without castigation is learning seldom acquired.' (*Narrenschiff*.) The punishments were at times very rigorous. Thomas Platter records that his first master 'beat me right evilly, took me often by the ears and lifted me from the ground, so that I squawked like a goose that feels the knife, and the neighbours screamed to ask whether he was seeking to murder me.' Johann Butzbach was tied to a pillar by his parents and soundly thrashed, while his comrades sang a hymn ; Melanchthon received a stroke for every fault in his Latin, his teacher thus making, he declares, 'a grammaticus of me' ; and Luther, who declared the schools to be 'prisons and hells,' was swished fifteen times in one morning. (Cf. Bösch.) Guarinonius describes how he was constantly chastised by a 'school-tyrant' with a scourge that had three thick cutting leather thongs ; and how he had 'deep holes' and wounds

in his flesh, the marks of which remained through life. Compare also the *Praise of Folly*, where Erasmus condemns schoolmasters as of all men the most miserable, growing old in penury and filth, but perfectly satisfied so long as they could yell at their terrified boys, box, beat and flog them, thus indulging their cruel disposition. Matters were not much better in England. In the Paston Letters for 1458, Agnes Paston hopes that her son's master 'wyll trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend : and so ded the last maystr, and the best that ever he had, att Cambrege.' 'Learning is robbed of her best wits by the great beating,' said Roger Ascham, the origin of whose *Scholemaster* was Sir William Cecil's remark 'I have strange news brought me this morning, that divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of beating.' Tusser's poem, written about 1534, tells the same story :

From Paul's I went to Eton sent
To learn straightways the Latin phrase
When fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had :

For fault but small or none at all
It came to pass thus beat I was
See, Udall, see the mercy of thee
To me poor lad.

(Cf. Furnivall, E.E.T.S., vol. xxxii.)

42 (p. 252). "Le Roy menoit l'archiduc à la chasse des grosses bestes, à la vollerye et au jeu de la paume, où souvantes foyz jouèrent tous deux ensemble." (Jean d'Auton.) Fleurange speaks of 'une façon de faire merveilleusement belle la vénerie et la faulconnerie', at the Court of Louis XII., and of how, when the time came, 'pour courir les cerfs à force,' the 'veneurs' assembled 'tous habillés de vert avec leurs trompes.' But he also tells of the King's 'vénerie des toiles,' and of how himself and the future Francis I. 'laschoient des pants de ret, et toute manière de harnois, pour prendre les cerfs et les bêtes sauvages.' Louis was so devoted to the chase that he hunted summer and winter alike. Compare also the unfinished *De la Vénerie* of Charles IX. The German fashion, 'chasses à la manière d'Allemagne,' was introduced by Charles V. into Spain, and appears in the pictures of Velasquez. (Cf. the Marquis de Villars, *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*, 1678.) It is graphically described by Morison : 'The Princes Hunte Redd Deare and Harts seldome, and only at sett tymes of the yeare, and then they rather murther than hunte them. For the Clownes drive whole heardes of them into the Toyles, Compassing a great Circuite of grounde, wherein they shoote at them with gonnes and Crosbowes, and when they are fallen, kill them with shorte swordes, by hundreths at a tyme.' (*Shakespeare's Europe*.)

43 (p. 253). There were several ball games popular at the French

Court at this date, but this appears to have been tennis. Three years earlier Charles VIII. had died from hitting his head against a door on his way 'to see the tennice plaiers in the trenches of the Castle' of Amboise, and three years later Philip himself was to die of a glass of water after a game of tennis. Fleurange, indeed, tells of other games of ball which he was playing at this very moment with the young Francis of Angoulesme, such as 'l'escaigne, qui est un jeu venu d'Italie, de quoi on n'use point ès pays de par decà, et se joue avec une balle pleine de vent, qui est assez grosse; et l'escaigne qu'on tient dans la main est fait le devant en manière d'une petite escabelle, dont les deux pieds sont pleins de plomb, afin qu'elle soit plus pesante et qu'elle donne plus grand coup.' They also played 'à la grosse boule, qui est un jeu d'Italie, non accoustumé par deçà, qui est aussi grosse comme un tonneau, pleine de vent; et se joue avec un brasselet d'estain bien feultreux avec des corroyes de cuir, et s'étend depuis le coude jusques au bout du poing, avec une poignée d'estain qui se tient dedans la main. Et est un jeu fort plaisant à ceux qui s'en sçavent aider.' But these were Italian games, not much practised in France. It was about this time that tennis-players began to use rackets instead of the naked palm of the hand.

44 (p. 254). Laurent Vital puts the matter in a different light. There is a great diversity, he writes, in the treatment both of men and of beasts, between Germany and Castile. 'In Germany it is paradise, as well for the serving men as for the horses who serve their masters. You shall find through all the Germanies the men as well stuffed and furnished as their lords, and the horses nowhere so well groomed, curried, covered and appointed as there.' In Castile, on the other hand, the wretched servitors 'are constrained at all times to play the lackey and run on foot after their masters . . . and they are fortunate if they find a bench or table to rest and sleep upon.' As for the poor horses and mules, 'when at the lodging they should find good provender and good litter, they are hunted out to feed upon misery; whence they are thin, weak and famishing: yet on the morrow must they set again to work.'

45 (p. 255). In other respects, Valladolid seems to have been strangely uncivilised, even for so wild a country as Spain of the fifteenth century. See Laurent Vital for a description of the city worthy of Rabelais. To perambulate its streets and thoroughfares was to traverse a constant cataract of filth, not even the highest ecclesiastic being able to gain redress or apology for that which was dashed upon him from the windows with never so much as a 'Guarda!'; the neighbourhood was littered with 'little children, new-born, piteous and abandoned'; while the whole city was swarming with thieves and criminals, whose common punishment was but to be 'cudgelled about the town on donkeys.' 'Vi si vive con qualche poco meno di severità che non si fa nel resto di Castiglia,' writes Navagero discreetly. It must be admitted, however, that Camillo Borghese, Martin Zeiller, and others

give a not much less revolting account of the streets of Madrid many years later than this.

46 (p. 255). The flagellants of Madrid are the theme of many travellers. Their aim seems to have been both gallantry and penitence. 'The first time I met one of them, I thought I should have swooned away,' says Mme. d'Aulnoy. 'Fancy a man coming so near you, that he will cover you all over with his blood; this, it seems, is one of their pastimes. They give themselves most terrible cuts and slashes upon their shoulders, whence run streams of blood. They walk so softly in the streets as if they counted their steps; they present themselves before their mistresses' window, and there with wonderful patience lash themselves. The lady, through the lattice of her chamber, sees this fine sight, and by some sign encourages her gallant to flay himself alive, and lets him know how very kindly she takes this action of his. When they meet a handsome woman they whip themselves after such a rate, as to make the blood fly about her: this is esteemed a particular civility, and the lady acknowledges and thanks them for it. . . . After these servants of God are returned home there is a magnificent supper of all sorts of meat; and observe, that this is on the last day of Passion week. But after so good a work, they think they may do a little evil.' The penitent 'sets himself at the table with his friends, and receives from them the eulogies and applause which he believes he has merited. Every one in his turn tells him that in the memory of man none was ever seen to receive the discipline with so good a grace. . . . Sometimes he that has been so well flogged, is so sick, that he cannot go to Mass on Easterday.'

But there were also true penitents: 'which indeed troubles one extremely to look on them; they are dressed just as those who give themselves the discipline, except that they are naked from the shoulders to the middle, and with a kind of a narrow matt, are swaddled and bound so hard that all the flesh which appears is black and blue; their arms, stretched out, are wrapped about with the same matt. They carry to the number of seven swords sticking in their backs and arms, which hurt them grievously when they stir too much, or happen to fall, which they often do; for they going bare-footed, and the stones in the streets being sharp, and cutting their feet, they cannot possibly always keep themselves up. There are others, who instead of these swords carry crosses so very heavy that they are even borne down with them; neither would I have you think that these are the ordinary people: some of them are of the highest quality. They are forced to have several of their servants to accompany them, but they are disguised, and their faces covered, lest they should be known. These carry wine, vinegar, and other things, to give their masters from time to time, who very frequently drop down dead with the extream pain and toil they endure. Generally these penances are enjoined by their confessors,

and they are so very severe that he who undergoes them seldom outlives the year.' 'Le jeudi saint,' writes Bassompierre, 'on fit, l'après-dîner, la grande procession des pénitents, où il y eut plus de deux mille hommes qui se fouettèrent.' Compare also the *Battus* of Henri III.

47 (p. 271). According to Herr Peltzer's theory, Albrecht Durer's (?) picture (facing p. 241) shows us the Castle of Heidelberg at this very moment, drawn, if not with absolute faithfulness, at least with as near an accuracy as was ever usual in those days. The chief magnificences of the Castle were to be added by the sons and grandsons of Philip the Upright, including Frederick himself, who built the great Glockenthurm, or Bell Tower, after designs made many years earlier by Albrecht Durer. For a description of it at this later stage see the *Viaje* of Calvete, who visited it in 1549, when Frederick, as Elector, was residing there with his wife. An interesting reference to the treasures of Heidelberg occurs in the biography of Wilwolt von Schaumburg. For in his later life this hero took a brief part in the Bavarian War of Succession, fighting on the side of the Palatine princes; and had not these behaved 'altogether foolishly' (says Eyb), ousting him through jealousy from his command, matters might have gone very differently. Considering his former exploits on an empty purse, what might he not have done when backed by a tower containing 'over twelve times a hundred thousand florins, several tons of beautiful pearls, gold plate and marvellous jewels to the value of three hundred thousand florins;' not to speak of vast stores of ammunition.

48 (p. 273). Young as he was, writes Hubertus proudly, the Palsgrave knew so well how to remind the Emperor both of the constant devotion of the Palatine House and of the constant intrigues of the Bavarian, that after many days, which the Emperor took for reflection, he attained his end. It must be admitted that, despite the complacency of old Thomas, this end signified no great glory for the Palatinate; for most of the disputed dominions remained in the hands of the Dukes of Bavaria, while the remainder were appropriated by Maximilian himself. A small portion, including the towns of Sulzbach and Neuburg—the so-called Junge Pfalz—was, however, carved off on behalf of the Palatine claimants, while Frederick himself, as their guardian and representative, was awarded the rank of mediatised Prince of the Empire.

49 (p. 274). This friendship had a curious result, for when the Papal commissaries saw that the Palsgrave Frederick stood so high in the confidence of the Emperor, they reflected, says Hubertus, how they might turn it to account, and quickly offered him 'a good part of Italy to govern, if he would but remain with them.' When the Count Palatine reported this to Maximilian, with a request for advice: 'I perceive,' replied the Emperor, 'that as yet you know neither the wits of these Italians, nor their cunning, nor the goal

whereat they aim. . . . They only now promise you great riches, in order to have in their power one whom (when it suits them or he might prove of service to me) they can instantly banish or undo with poison; against which we Germans know not in the least how to protect ourselves, being so easily taken in by flattering words, and so little given to deceit, that they reckon and despise us as beasts. Again and again therefore I exhort and pray you to give them no trust or belief.' Maximilian's letters to his daughter Margaret show his constant fear of Italian poisoners.

50 (p. 279). The moment had not yet come when Charles V., by shaving his aching head, caused a revolution in the fashion of hair-dressing, and Frederick still wore his hair as flowing as that of the St. George of Carpaccio. German men were, indeed, almost as careful of their locks as the Bohemians. Hans Folz (1480) in his poem '*Von einem Buler*' tells of the lover's 'martyrdom' over his hair: 'In winter it must be crisply curled once or twice a day; sometimes it must be stuck into sulphur; what was before frozen with cold must now be held right in hot smoke. Now it must be plucked with the hand; now it must be bound up with a rag and whirled into a knot. Sometimes they beat eggs and wax into it till it is like a cake. And when at last they come to dress it out, behold it neither yellow nor crisped, and they peer out from there under as from a door with a portcullis.' (Cf. Keller, *Fastnachtspiele*.) The third sign of a fool, according to the preacher Geiler von Kaisersberg, was 'to adorn the hair, making it yellow, curling and long.' Even the women now imitated the men and let their hair hang to their hips under bonnets and caps, emblaved with cocks' feathers and stitchery, or puffed out into haloes round their heads 'like the saints in the churches.' 'Fie on the shame and immodesty! O people, why thus display your long hair, full of lice and vermin?' (*Brösamlin*, 1517.) Murner, in the *Narrenbeschwörung*, gives an even more explicit description of the drawbacks of an abundant and ornate head of hair.

51 (p. 280). Antonio de Beatis, who was at Brussels in 1517, describes the grounds of the Palace in which these lovers may have wandered. Chief among the spots likely to have afforded them solitude was 'a vast labyrinth, with many chambers and passages more than two paces broad and twelve spans high, thick-roofed and interwoven with the boughs of certain shrubs that grow in the woods, having leaves like to those of the hazel, but smoother and more shining: the which is in truth a most beautiful thing to see.' This enclosed garden was called *La Folia*, writes Calvete, and was composed of trees ordered and interlaced 'with such great ingenuity, artifice, labour and elegance, that it was incredible the freshness of it; with so many doorways, alleys, inlets and outlets, arbours and retreats, ponds, lakelets and fountains, that it was another labyrinth of Crete.' In this garden was a private tiltyard where the nobles practised for the jousts,

and gave banquets to their ladies. On another side of the Palace was the 'great and deep' swan-pond seen in its winter array by Rozmital, with a columned summer-house (*cenadero*) rising in the midst; and on a third side was a vine-clad slope that 'made most fresh and reposeful the view from the windows of the Palace.' Beyond these gardens lay the park, where the hunting-parties took place: 'a great level forest, very green with oaks and beeches and other big trees, in which are many fallow deer, roe deer, hares and rabbits, which may be seen from the palace feeding.' 'This park,' writes John Evelyn, 'for being entirely within the walls of the city is particularly remarkable; nor is it less pleasant than if in the most solitary recesses; so naturally is it furnished with whatever may render it agreeable, melancholy and country-like.'

52 (p. 285). This seems to have been unusual among German princesses at this time. Cf., for instance, Wotton's letters to Henry VIII. concerning Anne of Cleves: 'She canne not synge, nor pleye upon onye instrument; for they take it heere yn Germanye for a rebuke, and an occasion of lightenesse that great Ladyes shuld be lernyd or have enye knowledge of musike.' (*Original Letters*, ed. Ellis, vol. ii.) The organist of the archducal chapel, Henri Bredeniers, received in 1511 the gift of a hundred pounds 'pour le recompenser du soin, peine et travail qu'il a pris et prend encore chacun jour à instruire et apprendre mon dit seigneur l'archiduc, et mes dites dames ses sœurs au jeu du clavicorde et autres instruments.' (*Comptes de Lille*, quoted by Moeller.) 'In this country three things are of supreme excellence,' wrote Vincenzo Quirini in 1505, and of these one was 'music, 'of which it may undoubtedly be said that it is perfect.' (Alberi, Ser. I. t. i.)

53 (p. 287). Vital describes the two kinds of jousts at this time popular, in his account of the reception of Charles V. at Valladolid. The first was the 'joute réelle,' a comparatively gentle sport, accomplished with enormous targes and blurred spears. But the second was a serious business. 'L'autre joute étoit à heaume et harnois de guerre, les lances de fer esmoulu, qui estoit une fort périlleuse joute comme bien y parut. . . . Entre lesquels jouteurs en y eût un qui eût l'épaule percée de part en part, tellement que le tronçon de la lance, de deux pieds et demi de long, lui demeura dedans l'épaule, et en partoît sang en grande abondance. Et y eût là des aussi rudes coups de lances donnés que on sauroit, et tout plein de lances rompus, plusieurs gentilshommes endormis, et tout plein de portés par terre.' Maquériaux also gives a vivid account of this particular joust, which so horrified Charles that he forbade the practice: 'Néanmoins ceux qui demeurèrent à cheval, recommencèrent de telle sorte qu'on ne les pouvait séparer. Les plumards saillaient en l'air. Les harnais tombaient enemy le marché. Le sang des hommes et des chevaux desravaient de tous côtés. Les gens qui les regardaient, criaient: "Jésus! Jésus!" Le Roy, étant aux fenêtres, défendait de frapper.

Les demoiselles criaient et pleuraient de compassion qui s'y fesait. Quelque cri qu'il y eût, les capitaines rendaient courage à leurs gens et recommençaient de plus beau. À la fin, le Roy envoya tant de gens qu'on rompit la mêlée. . . . Il fit le serment que jamais de son vivant, il ne souffrirait encore pareil tournoi.' The enthusiasm of the Palsgrave for this dangerous amusement seems, however, to have lasted into his old age, for when, in 1549, he was visited at Heidelberg by Philip of Spain, one of the chief diversions provided was 'une justa de plançones y silla rasa al'antigua.' 'It was wonderful,' adds Calvete, 'to see the encounters and the falls which these German caballeros gave one another.'

54 (p. 295). Professor Moeller reproduces (in modernised form) four letters written at this time by Palsgrave Frederick. Of these, three are to Charles, in which the culprit deprecates the royal 'malivolance,' and declares his submission to the royal will, his innocence at all times of any intention to thwart it, his readiness to justify himself either 'de mon corps' or by oath, and his passionate desire not to be banished without either a hearing or the 'bénéfice' of his 'bons et longs services.' The fourth letter is to the Princess of Orange, imploring her intercession and disclaiming any fault save 'jeunesse et folie d'amour.' Professor Moeller also gives a modernised version of the *procès-verbal*, an interesting document, which fully confirms the narrative of Hubertus. A facsimile of Frederick's handwriting is published in Lanz, *Correspondenz K. Karls V.*, vol. ii.

55 (p. 302). In the will of the Elector Palatine Philip the customary order of descent was interrupted, and the name of Frederick placed directly after that of Ludwig, the immediate heir—an arrangement that later procured for the Palsgrave the dignity of the Electorate. The old Prince had also ordained that Frederick should meanwhile share with his eldest brother the principality of the Upper Palatinate, or Nordgau, which usually formed the appanage of the heir-apparent, and possessed an administration, independent of Heidelberg, with its own chancery and its own court of justice. The inheritance, however, was crippled with debt, and the division of authority had not proved wholly satisfactory, so Frederick had left his share of the succession in his brother's hands. It was now agreed, not without much discussion, that the Elector should rule on the Rhine, while the Palsgrave administered the Oberpfalz, or Nordgau. The nephews were the sons of his elder brother Rupert, and claimants through their mother of the disputed Bavarian Succession. Two of them were those Counts Palatine Otto Henry and Philip, whose portraits, according to Mr. Dickes, appear in Holbein's picture of the (so-called) 'Ambassadors' in the National Gallery. (Cf. *Holbein's Celebrated Picture*, 1903.)

56 (p. 303). These words were echoed by Chièvres when Frederick bore the news of Charles's election to Spain. The Count Palatine had brought them an honour which cost much gold,

and could well have been dispensed with, he peevishly declared: 'Your German Empire is no more than the name of a vanished glory, and what does any one gain therefrom, save countless expenses and infinite pains?' 'If you hold the Holy Roman Empire for so little worth,' retorted Frederick, 'why have you so constantly exhorted us to spare no money to satisfy your longings? Since you regret what you have spent, give us back this name of a vanished glory, and I vow that your money shall be repaid to you, aye, with interest': at which dignified reply, Chièvres was stricken dumb. Compare also Granvelle's words at the Diet of Spires: 'The Emperor has for the support of his dignity not a hazel-nut's worth of profit from the Empire.' (Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*.)

57 (p. 311). 'To say truth,' writes Fynes Morison, 'the Germans are in high excesse subject to this vice of drinking. . . . I know not how the fellowship of drunkards is so pleasing to them, as a man shall with no other quality make so many friends as with this, so as he that wil be welcome in their company, or desires to learne their language, must needs practice this excesse in some measure. When they drinke, if any man chance to come in and sit in the roome, though he be a stranger of another Nation, they doe not onely conjure him to pledge them by the bond of friendship, of his Father's Nobility, and his Mother's chastity, but (if need be) compell him by force thereunto.' 'Yet,' he adds, 'in their drinking they use no mirth, and little discourse, but sadly ply the business, sometimes crying one to the other, *Seyte frolich* (Be merry), *Drinke aus* (Drinke out), and as (according to the Proverbe) every Psalme ends in *Gloria*, so every speech of theirs ends in *Ich brings euch* (I drinke to you). For frolicks they pinch, and that very rudely, their next Neighbours arme or thigh, which goes round about the Table.' 'They shake the wine over the children in the cradle,' said Sebastian Franck, 'for fear they should not learn it of themselves. . . . The nobility can now scarce keep the roofs on the castles that their fathers built from the ground. And why? Because when they are together they behave as though they were bound in one day to ruin all in drink and play.' (*Von dem Grewlichen Laster der Trunkenheit*, 1531.) 'Young children practise this vice,' echoed Matthaüs Friedrich: 'they can all already drink half bumpers to one another. The parents teach it to their children. "Let us see what you can do," says the father to the small son; "bring him a half or a whole!"' (*Wider den Saufteuffel*.) 'I saw the Germanes drink helter-skelter very sociably,' writes Coryat. 'It is their custome, whensoever they drink to another, to see their glasse filled up incontinent (for therein they most commonly drinke), and then they deliver it into the hand of him to whome they drinke, esteeming him a very curteous man that doth pledge the whole. . . . But, on the contrary side, they deeme that man for a very rustical and unsociable peasant, utterly unworthy of their company, that will not with reciprocal turnes mutually retaliate a health. And they verifie

the olde speech, ἢ πῖθι ἢ ἀπιθι, that is, eyther drinke or be gon.' 'Leur vin se sert dans des vaisseaux come grandes cruches,' said Montaigne, 'et est un crime de voir un gobelet vuide qu'ils ne remplissent soudain, & jamais de l'eau, non pas à ceus mesme qui en demandent, s'ils ne sont bien respectés. . . . Ils sont glorieux, cholères et yvrognes.' (*Journal*.)

58 (p. 313). 'Gulæ tumor, struma sive scrophum.' 'Struma: a swelling within the throte: the King's Evill.' (Cooper's *Thesaurus*.) This was the famous King's Evil, which brought people even from afar to be healed by the royal touch. 'From Spaine also there come to France many poore Spaniards to bee cured of the King's Evill,' writes Howell. (*Forreine Travell*.) The origin of this privilege of the French crown has been a source of disagreement among chroniclers, but it was commonly attributed (as this account of Hubertus Thomas shows) to the miraculous chrysom of St. Remigius. (See *The Golden Legend*.) The touch was accompanied by the words 'Le roi te touche, Dieu te guérit.' Ambroise Paré, a contemporary of Hubertus, had no great faith in the cure. 'At Bayonne,' he tells, 'I dressed a Spanish gentleman, who had a great and enormous swelling of the throat. He had lately been touched by the deceased King Charles (IX.) for the King's Evil.' The practice lasted till the Revolution, and Louis XVI. touched no less than 2,400 sufferers in one day, of whom only five were cured.

When Hubertus advises the English kings to strengthen their claim to the French throne by this device he goes astray, for they had already, from Edward the Confessor downwards, 'touched' for the King's Evil. 'The kynges of England,' writes Boorde, 'by the power that God hath given to them, dothe make sicke men whole of a sycknes called kinge's evyll. . . . For this matter let every man make frendes to the Kinges majestie, for it doth pertayne to a Kynge to helpe this infirmitie by the grace the which is geven to a Kynge anoynted.' Henry VIII. made a gratuity of 7s. 6d. to all persons whom he touched—a circumstance not unlikely to promote the disease. Dr. Johnson was touched as a child for scrofula by Queen Anne, of whom 'he had,' he said, 'a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.' And Barrington tells of meeting another of this Queen's child-patients, who, when asked whether he had really been cured, answered, with a significant smile, 'that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the Evil, but that his Parents were poor, and had no objection to the bit of Gold.' (Cf. Brand's *Antiquities*.)

59 (p. 338). The Sudor Anglicus, or English sweat, had a mysterious career. It first appeared after the battle of Bosworth Field, and was, says Hall, 'so sure, so peynfull, and sharp, that the lyke was never harde of, to any mannes remembrance before that tyme. For sodenly a dedly and burnyng sweate invaded their bodyes and

vexed their bloud with a most ardent heat, infested the stomack and the head greuously : by the tormentyng and vexacion of which sicknes, men were so sore handled and so painfully pangued. . . . All in maner assone as the sweate toke them, or within a short space after, yielded up their ghost. So that of all them that sickened, ther was not one emongest an hundreth that escaped.' It came again in 1506, 1517, 1528 ('The Great Mortality') and 1551, since when it has never been heard of. Its 'soubdeine sharpeness and unwont cruernes passed the Pestilence,' wrote Dr. Kaye. For while the Plague commonly gave a few days' respite to its victims, the Sweating Sickness 'immediatly killed': 'Some in opening theire windowes, some in plaieng with children in their strete dores, some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed, and at the longest to them that merilye dined it gave a sorowful Supper. As it founde them, so it toke them, some in sleape some in wake, some in mirthe' some in care, some fasting and some ful, some busy and some idle, and in one house sometye three, sometye five, sometye seven, sometye eight, sometye more, sometye all' (*The Sweate*, by Dr. Kaye, founder of Caius College, ed. Babington, 1889.) If a man took cold, declared Hayward, 'he died within three hours ; if he slept within six hours, as he should be desirous to do, he died raving.' A physician is useless, wrote Du Bellay, 'for whether you wrap yourself up much or little, in four hours, sometimes in two or three, you are despatched without languishing.' (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. iv.)

It was supposed to be a purely English disease, and was attributed by most foreigners to the sins of Englishmen—by Erasmus to the filthiness of their streets and houses. But in 1529, the year of Hubertus' adventure, it reached and ravaged Europe. The English treatment, owing to greater experience, was kinder and more agreeable than that of the Continent. Dr. Kaye recommends 'competent open aier,' and only a little fire of 'sweet wode as juniper, fyrr, or pine,' with no 'smodyerynge' the patient. If the sufferers are too anxious for sleep, 'call them by their names, and beate them with a rosemary braunche or some other swete like thyng. . . . And if their strength be sore wasted, let them smelle to an old swiet apple or hotte new bread . . . dipped in wel smelling wyne.' 'Beware of wyne, bere and cyder,' writes Boorde.

60 (p. 347.) This was the Nuremberg Conference which, according to Mr. Dicks's ingenious theory, is commemorated in the Holbein picture (see Illustrative Note 55). With regard to the devising of the scheme, Hubertus Thomas relates an anecdote that has also been attributed to the Elector Palatine Ludwig. (Cf. Häusser.) Having, as he thought, discovered a feasible plan for reconciling the opposing forces of Papalism and Lutheranism that were rending both the Diet and the Empire, Frederick betook himself one day before dawn to the Emperor, who 'for thinking on the matter, had not slept for many

nights.' He waited outside the Imperial apartments till a groom of the chamber came out, whom he asked if the Emperor were awake. Having obtained admittance: 'Whither so early, dear Palsgrave?' asked Charles: 'What good news bring you?' Frederick opened the matter to him, and 'the Emperor raised his hands with these words to heaven: Now blessed be God therefor! Call together Granvelle and my other Councillors, and lay it before them. I will put on my clothes, and soon be with you.' And the whole Council agreed with acclamation.

61 (p. 354). 'Jentaculum · a breakfaste. Jentare · To eate meate afore dinner.' (Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1584.) 'Jantaculum: A dynere.' (*Medulla Gramatice*, 1499.) 'Merenda: meate eaten at afternoone; a collation; a noone meale; a boyver.' (Cooper.) 'Merenda: a Nunmete.' (*Medulla*.) Two meals a day was the ordinary allowance of this time. 'These od repasts,' writes Harrison, 'thanked be God, are verie well left, and ech one, in manner (except, here and there, some young hungrie stomach, that cannot fast till dinner-time), contenteth himself with dinner and supper onelie. . . . With us the nobilitie, gentrie and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at five, or between five and six at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldome before twelve at noone, and six at night, especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine at high noone, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight: but out of the tearme in our universities, the scholars dine at ten. As to the poorest sort, they generallie dine and sup when they may, so that to talk of their order or repast, it were but a needlesse matter.' The French hours were rather earlier. A proverb of the day, quoted in *Pantagruel*, says:

Lever à cinq, disner à neuf,
Soupper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre l'homme d'ans nonante neuf.

But the hours were later altered to *six* and *dix*. 'In France,' writes Bizoni, 'it is the custom to eat five times a day: you break fast on rising, you dine, you take a snack, you sup, and you have a last meal on going to bed.' The Germans, an immemorially hungry people, had also five meals a day, as Hubertus himself tells us. (See *supra*, p. 379.) It may be added that the English meals made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. 'In number of dishes and change of meate,' says Harrison again, 'the nobilitie of Englande do most exceede, sith there is no daye in maner that passeth over their heades, wherein they have not onely beefe, mutton, veale, lambe, kidde, pork, conie, capon, pigge, or so many of these as the season yieldeth; but also some portion of the redde or fallow deere, beside great varietie of fishe and wilde fowle, and thereto sundrie other delicates, wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring portingale is not wanting.'

62 (p. 357). Henry VIII. was to set a fashion in this tossing-off of bumpers. 'The truth is,' wrote Owen Feltham in the next century,

'the compleatest drinker in Europe is your English Gallant : there is no such consumer of liquor as the quaffing off of his healths. Time was, the Dutchman had the better of it, but of late he hath lost it by prating too long over his pot. . . . But the Englishman charges home on the sudden, swallows it whole, and, like a hasty tyde, fills and flows himself, till the mad brain swims and tosses on the hasty fume. . . . So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer ; as if, striving to recover the wager, the Dutchman would still be the perfectest Soaker.' (*Lusoria*.) 'Even the Germans,' says Coryat, 'impose not such an inevitable necessity of drinking a whole health, especially those of the greater size, as many of our English gallants doe, a custome (in my opinion) most barbarous, and fitter to bee used amongst the rude Scythians and Gothes than civill Christians : yet so frequently practised in England, that I have often most heartily wished it were clean abolished out of our land, as being no small blemish to so renowned and well-governed a Kingdome as England is.' The Germans, writes Morison, will 'spend an Age in swoping and sipping,' but in great draughts 'our Countrymen put them downe.'

63 (p. 358). 'As the Countie Palatine esteems the pleasure of hunting with great greyhounds and mastiffs, please advertise the King to send him two greyhounds and two mastiffs. They will be esteemed as much as precious jewels.' (Letter of Cranmer to Cromwell, June 10, 1533. *L. and P.*, *Henry VIII.*, vol. vi.) English sporting dogs were much prized in Germany at this time, especially those great hounds whose size made them available for hunting wild boars and bears. Robert, Lord Leicester, sent a present of some to the Margrave George Frederick of Brandenburg, with these words: 'Canes, quos requirit Amplitudo Vestra, misimus per hunc nuncium, nempe aprorum et ursorum venationibus aptos duos, qui sauciat feras venatur, unum. Hi, si Ampl. V. placuerunt (quod valde optamus), plures utriusque generis, quando vultis et mandabitis, mittentur. Hibernicos item alios mittemus, cum primum illinc haberi possunt.' (Cf. Voigt.) Samuel Kiechel saw in the Tower of London about two hundred and fifty 'dockhen,' or mastiffs. Bizoni declared that English dogs had the aspect of lions.

64 (p. 358). 'I did not dare,' writes Chapuys, 'to put any questions to him on account of the company present, hoping that he would come back and see me, as he promised ; but either his business, or the suspicions of the Council, have prevented him. He has denied on oath that his master meant to marry in France. He is to leave to-morrow for Paris to see his son ; and, for all the good cheer I have made him, has been sorry to be detained so long here on matters so unimportant.' (Letter to Charles V.) The Imperial Ambassador also mentions the Polish youth as giving cause for suspicion by the unnecessary length of his stay and the frequency of his visits to Cromwell. With regard to both men, however, Chapuys discovers comfort in the thought, probably not far from the truth, that

the warmth of their reception had been caused by the desire of Henry and his ministers 'to make people believe that they have great intelligence with Germany.' (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. vi.)

65 (p. 364). Monasteries seem often to have proved perilous shelters for the unwary traveller. Thus, on one occasion when Hubertus and his master were exploring the recesses of a Monastery Church near Cambray, they suddenly became aware of a man in chains, who so terrified them by his rattlings that they sprang back all pale and horror-stricken. When they finally ventured into the 'horrible hole' they found a nobleman of East Friesland. Having halted here (so he told them) a few days before, he had partaken of supper with the Provost, cheerfully singing the while in Friesland fashion and drinking perhaps somewhat excessively. The Provost repeatedly asked him to leave his horse behind, but this he declined to do, having plenty of money in his pocket. Instead, 'after the custom of the Germans when they are full,' he raised his hand in the air and shouted; whereupon the cleric and twelve peasants overpowered him, and, on the plea of madness, imprisoned him in this cell, appropriating both horse and money. Finding that the prisoner, when released, showed no signs of insanity beyond 'eating above measure much,' the Palsgrave compelled the Provost to disgorge his spoil.

66 (p. 371). Montluc spoke highly of the new recruits: 'D'autres en ay veu parvenir, qui ont pourté la pique à six francs de paye, fere des actes si bellicqueux, et se sont trovés si cappables, qu'il y en a eu prou qu'estaienct fiez de pouvres laboreurs et se sont mis devant beaucoup de nobles pour leur hardiesse et vertu.' Brantôme also was enthusiastic: 'Je pense qu'il n'y a rien de si brave et si superbe à voir qu'un gentil soldat. . . . tirer son harquebuzade, tout nud, désarmé, aussi résolument que les mieux armez. . . . Et ce que j'admire autant en ces fantassins, c'est que vous verrez des jeunes gens sortir des villages, des boutiques, des escoles, des postes, des forges, des escuries. . . . ils n'ont pas plus tost demeurez parmy cette infanterie quelques temps que vous les voyez aussitost faictz, aguerriz, façonnez que, de rien qu'ils estoient, viennent à estre capitaines et esgaux aux gentilshommes.' (*Des Coronnels Français.*) Giustiniani, on the other hand, was critical: 'The French legionaries are nothing but peasants, brought up in servitude, with no experience soever of the practice of arms; and since they pass at a bound from utter subjection to the freedom and license of war, it happens, as in all sudden changes, that they no longer obey their masters.' (*Tom-maseo*, t. i.) Montluc probably went to the root of the matter in his later comment. The invention was excellent, he declared, had it been well followed up; but the regulations and laws were properly observed for a time only, and afterwards all fell to pieces. And he added the indisputable axiom that the true method to have a good army of infantry is to keep the nation in a state of war.

67 (p. 384). See many letters in *L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. xiv.

pt i.) There seems to have been question of a bargain, for, in January 1538, Castillon wrote to Montmorency that Henry wished to convey the impression 'que pour une seule bonne parole d'elle, il seroit bien pour recouvrer le royaume de Dannemarke.' Frederick formed apparently a convenient screen for the intrigues and indecisions of Charles. Compare Wriothesley's description of his conversation with Queen Maria: 'The Chancellour [he told her] said that thEmperour had in this matyer of thalliaunce with the Duchesse of Millain, declared his hole mynde and resolution to the Countie Palantyne Frederyke, and that the said Countie had taken his leave, and wold addresse hetherwardes shortly. The Kinges Majestie knoweth that the said Countye was not yet com to thEmperour, whenne the said Chancellour said that he had taken his leave.' Maria replied that the Chancellor must have mistaken his 'arrant': 'The letters conteyned, that thEmperours ful resolution in al thise thinges stayed uppon tharryval in Spayne of the Countie Palantyne, who as thenne was arryved, but nothing nere thEmperour; because His Majestie thought it mete, seing he hath marryed thelder suster, and was at hande to speke with Him, for the more full perfectyon of his resolution in all thinges that be to be remembered; and that doon (that is to saye), he being ones spoken withal, we should be advertised incontinently, and with all diligence.' (*State Papers, Henry VIII.*, vol. viii. pt. v. cont.) Wyatt also writes to Henry VIII. that, when the Imperialists seek to win time or to 'have a colour to stert out, they will depend the matter upon a third person not present.' For instance, in treating with the King for the Duchess of Milan, they depended the matter now upon the Queen of Hungary, now upon Duke Frederick, and now upon their ambassador, 'till they saw their purpose, and then quailed the matter with that excuse that was long afore in sight, and had nothing a do with the dependings that they pretended.' (*L. and P., Henry VIII.*, vol. xiv. pt. ii.) Charles is ever 'knitting one delay to the tail of another,' writes Henry himself.

68 (p. 395). Frederick seems, despite the regrettable absence of goblets, to have carried away a kindly and enduring recollection of Henry VIII. 'The Palsgrave showeth a singular affection to the King's Majesty,' wrote Sir Richard Morysine, some thirteen years later, in the reign of Edward VI.: 'a constant memory of the great goodness showed to him and to his family by the King's Majesty's most noble father. . . . He said at his table, his hemet (hemd), that is, his shirt, was never so nigh his skin as the King's Majesty's father was, and should be while he had any breath in him, nigh his heart.' In fact, the 'good old Palsgrave of the Rhene' (as Roger Ascham calls him) could not, in these later years, do enough to show his love and zeal for England and her ambassador. He 'hath so feasted me and others that came at my desire,' continues Morysine, 'as he must think me an ungrateful man if I make not as much suit as I can to purchase him thanks from the King's Majesty. His wife beareth the title of a

queen, and yet, by no intreaty, would he suffer her to wash with me. When we went a-hunting, he would needs I should leave my horse and go in a waggon with him ; setting me in his lady's place, and sending her amongst her women. He came within a mile of Spires, because I did not come to him ; and lay there three days ere I could go to him.' The fact that 'his queen would fain have me to send or bring my wife thither,' would seem, under the circumstances, to have been very amiable of Dorothea. (Cf. Tytler, *England under Edward VI.*)

69 (p. 395). The English were famous for their fickleness in dress. Boorde describes the Englishman as devoted to new fashions :

I am an English man, and naked I stand here,
Musyng in my mynde what rayment I shal were ;
For now I wyl were thys, and now I wyl were that ;
Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.
All new fashyons be plesaunt to me ;
I wyl have them, whether I thryve or thee.

'We English,' writes Coryat, 'use many more colours then are in the rainbow ; all the most light, garish, and unseemely colours that are in the world. Also for fashion we are much inferiour. . . . For we weare more phantasticall fashions than any Nation under the Sunne doth, the French onely excepted ; which hath given occasion both to the Venetian and other Italians to brand the Englishman with a notable marke of levity, by painting him starke naked with a paire of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vaine invention of his braine-sicke head, not to comeliness and decorum.' In books, says Wilson, men are painted out in their colours, and the Englishman's speciality is 'for feeding and chaunging for apparell.' (*Arte of Rhetorique.*) Every man might choose his fashions for himself. A man is as free to sin in Italy, declares Roger Ascham, 'as it is free in the citie of London to chose without all blame, whether a man lust to weare shoo or pantocle.' (*The Scholemaster.*)

AN EPIC OF DEBTS

70 (p. 415). Carriages were still regarded in Germany as an effeminate luxury. 'Who knows,' writes Fischart ironically, 'he might get tired, like our coach-youths of to-day, wherever Max Fucker complains in his stud-book, that, since people have taken to carriages, there are no more good saddle-horses to be had in Germany.' (*Geschichtsklitterung.*) In some parts of the Empire their use was entirely prohibited, under pain of incurring the punishment of felony. Thus, even in 1588, some twenty years after this expedition of Hans, Duke Julius of Brunswick published an order by which his vassals were forbidden to use carriages, on the ground that thereby discipline and skill in riding had been almost lost : 'the principal cause of this

is that our vassals, servants, and kinsmen, without distinction, young and old, have dared to give themselves up to indolence and to driving in coaches, and that few of them provide themselves with well-equipped riding-horses, and with skilful experienced servants, and boys acquainted with the roads.' (Cf. Beckmann.) The reason of the sudden popularity of vehicles was that the builders had learned to swing the bodies in straps, which made the jolting less. Germany appears to have set the fashion in the matter of carriages throughout Europe. 'Of late years,' writes Stow, 'the use of coaches, brought out of Germany, is taken up, and made so common as there is neither distinction of time nor difference of persons observed ; for the world runs on wheels with many whose parents were glad to go on foot.' In Spain, however, so late as 1623, their abolition was still regarded as a possible reform, and a member of the Cortes deplored their use to King Philip IV. 'With respect to coaches, great evil is caused and offence given to God, seeing the disquiet they bring to women who own them ; for they never stay at home, but leave their children and servants to run riot with the evil example of the mistress being always gadding abroad. The art of horsemanship is dying out, and those who ought to be mounted crowd, six or eight of them together, in a coach, talking to wenches rather than learning how to ride. Very different gentlemen, indeed, will they grow up who have all their youth been lolling about in coaches instead of riding.' (*Apuntamientos de Lison y Biedma*, quoted by Major Martin Hume in his *Court of Philip IV.*)

71 (p. 424). Garlands were much beloved in Germany. At wedding feasts, says Fynes Morison, 'the young men on their bare heads wear krantzies ; that is Garlands of Roses, both in winter and summer, presented them for a favour by the bride at the door of her house, as we present gloves. The women likewise wear Garlands of Roses on their heads, and Chayns about their necks. And during the Feast the young men and virgins, for tokens of love, exchanged garlandes, and the young men sometimes wore the virgins Chaynes, as also the Bridegroom on the first day of the Feast did wear the Bride's Coronet of Gold and Pearles on his bare head.' Indeed, even on less gay occasions, 'the Gentlewomen wear a border of pearle, and all other, from the highest to the lowest, commonly wear garlands of roses (which they call Crantzies). For they keep roses all winter in little pots of earth, whereof they open one each Saturday at night, and distribute the roses among the women of the house, to the very kitchen maide ; others keep them all in one pot, and weekly take as many roses as they need, and cover the rest, keeping them fresh till the next Summer. And the common sort mingle gilded nutmegs with these roses, and make garlands thereof. Only women wear these garlands in winter, but in summer time men of the better sort wear them within doors, and men of the common sort wear them going abroad.' The two Schwarzs of Augsburg

describe themselves constantly in such garlands: at a ball in 'a golden wreath wound with a golden chain'; at a shooting contest in a wreath of white and red; at a wedding in a wreath of gold and scarlet ribbons; travelling in the Tyrol in a yellow wreath with black plumes; and even driving in a sledge wearing 'instead of a hat a green garland run with gold thread.' (*Kleiderbücher Maths. und Veit. Conr. Schwarzens*, in Scheible's *Kloster*, bd. vi.) The use of roses for lovers' garlands was a very ancient German custom. 'He whose heart burns with love should wear a crown of roses,' wrote Tannhauser; and Walther von der Vogelweide gave his lady a garland of roses for her adornment. 'Heart's dearest little son, writes Duchess Sidonia of Saxony to Duke George, 'forget not the rose-wreath and also 12 Ave Marias and at least 5 paternosters. And if all is well with thee, think also of thy faithful mother. . . .' Duchess Anna of Brandenburg sends two rose garlands to comfort and adorn Albert Achilles at the siege of Neuss, and he in return sends her 'a big, apple-green (*apffel-groen*), well-paced, well-mannered palfrey.' (*Privatbriefe*.) The custom was the same in France: 'Il ne fust jour,' says the old French romance, 'où Lancelot, en hiver ou été, n'eust au matin un chapel de fresches roses sur la teste.' The word *krantz* was also used in England. The lines in *Hamlet*, 'allow'd her virgin rites,' first read 'virgin crants.' (Cf. Dr. Johnson's *Notes on Shakespeare*, ed Prof. W. Raleigh.)

72 (p. 425). Not all young courtiers were as reluctant as Hans to take the office of Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Compare Jorg von Ehingen's charming story of how he begged his new master, Duke Albrecht of Austria, to give him some small post near his person, if only for the sake of impressing the old master, Duke Sigismund. 'And the prince began to look at me somewhat tenderly, and laughed, and said, with a short, quick speech, and his usual oath: "God's hanging goose, that shall be." And he called to a nobleman who was one of his chamberlains, and said: "Go, bring the keys of my apartments, and give them to Ehingen." This came to pass, and I was thus received by His Highness among the other lords and nobles in His Highness's chambers. And when my lord Duke Sigmund came, I took a great many keys to myself, and waited most industriously, as a gentleman of the bedchamber, on my gracious lord, Duke Albrecht: wherefore I was held of better account by Duke Sigmund and his princely household. But when my gracious lord, Duke Albrecht, was alone in his apartments and saw me thus blossoming forth, then did His Highness laugh marvellously thereat, and, with me and others who were by, practise many comical compliments and brandishings. Thus I gave and took with His Highness and served him acceptably, as it well beseems a young courtier to do.' (*Reisen nach der Ritterschaft*.)

73 (p. 434). 'When a man takes out a woman to daunce,' writes Fynes Morison, 'he gently putts her Arme under one of his, and his

other under her other Arme, and modestly imbraceth her, and sometymes in lesse solemne meetings of more liberty the men, in jolity, with inarticulate voyces of Joye, will catch the wemen by the middle, and lift them up' (*Shakespeare's Europe*.) Montaigne also describes the citizens of Augsburg dancing: 'Nous vismes aussi la danse de cet' assemblée: ce ne furent qu' Alemandes: ils les rompent à chaque bout de champ, et ramènent seoir les dames qui sont assises en des bancs qui sont par les costés de la sale, à deus rangs, couverts de drap rouge: eus ne se meslent pas à elles. Après avoir faict une petite pose, ils les vont reprendre; ils baissent leurs meins, les dames les reçoivent sans baiser les leurs, et puis leur metant la mein sous l'aisselle, les embrassent et joignent les joues par le costé, et les dames leur metent la mein droite sur l'espaule. Ils dansent et les entretiennent, tout decouverts, et non fort richement vestus.' (*Journal*.) The dance seems to have resembled the 'branle du bouquet,' which Cotgrave expounds as 'the kissing daunce, for there is much kissing in it.' In Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, at the Cardinal's banquet, the King says to Anne Boleyn:

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.

Lovel puts the matter more clearly:

What foole would daunce,
If that when daunce is doone,
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he wonne?

(*Dialogue between Custom and Veritie*, 1581.)

Felix Platter tells of a ball at Montpellier where was a girl who, though pretty enough, had a long nose, 'whence her partner had much ado to kiss her on the lips, as is the custom.' And Noël du Fail makes the apothecary give his wife a pillule as she starts for the dance, 'afin, lui dit-il, que si quelque seigneur vous baise, vous aiez l'haleine plus douce et soeve que pas une de vos compagnes.' (*Eutrapel, l'Apothicaire d'Angers*. Cf. Bonnaffé.)

74 (p. 436). Beatis describes the great palace of the Fuggers as 'adorned with marbles of many hues; the face that turns to the street shows histories painted with much gold and colour. The roof is all of copper. Besides many rooms adorned in German fashion are some most beautiful *à la italiana* and well conceived.' 'How great is the splendour in Anton Fugger's house!' wrote the Beatus Rhenanus. 'It is for the most part vaulted, and supported by marble pillars. What shall I say of the vast and glorious apartments, of the chambers and halls, and even of the private room of the master of the house, which, as well for its gilded woodwork as for its other adornments and for the extraordinary magnificence of the bed, is the most beautiful of all?' Raymond Fugger's mansion, also, was no less

royal, and was so full of pictures, medals, and ancient marbles, 'that I think even in Italy one would not find more in the house of one man.' (Letter in Scheible's *Kloster*, vi.) Montaigne contributes a sober encomium: 'Les Foulcres qui sont plusieurs, & tous très-riches, tiennent les principaux reings de cete ville là. Nous vismes aussi deus sales en leur maison, l'une haute, grande, pavée de marbre; l'autre basse, riche de médailles antiques & modernes, avec une chambrette au bout. Ce sont des plus riches pièces que j'aye jamais veues.' (*Journal*.)

75 (p. 479). 'Si on voyait en France un homme de qualité habillé de verd, on penseroit qu'il eust le cerveau un peu gaillard: au lieu qu'en plusieurs lieux d'Allemagne cest habit semble sentir son bien.' So writes Henri Estienne in the *Apologie* (1566). But in the *Dialogues* of 1578 he laments that green, formerly 'réservée aux fols,' has now, in imitation of Germany, become the fashionable hue. 'The Gentlemen delight in light colours,' says Morison, 'and when I persuaded a familiar friend that blacke and darke colours were more comely, he answered me, that the variety of colours shewed the variety of Gods workes. And the Gentlemen weare Italian silkes and velvets of these colours, but most commonly English cloth, for the most part of yellow or greene colour.' (*Itinerary*.) Red was also a very favourite hue for weddings in Germany: 'I dressed myself at the night dance,' writes Veit Conrad Schwarz in 1560, 'to please the bridegroom, all in red, like himself, all satin guarded with satin . . . and the shoes were likewise red and pointed.' (*Kleiderbucker*, in Scheible's *Kloster*, bd. vi.)

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The names of all books have been given as briefly as possible, with a view to identification only. A list of the principal abbreviations employed will be found at the end.

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PRINCIPAL ABBREVIATIONS EMPLOYED

- Chr. D. S. 'Chroniken der Deutschen Städte.'
- E. E. T. S. Early English Text Society.
- F. D. G. 'Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte.'
- H. V. B. Historischer Verein, Bamberg. 'Quellensammlung.'
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